THE

BOOK of PSALMS

In METRE.

Fitted to the various TUNES in common USE:

WHEREIN

Cloſeneſs to the TEXT, and Smoothneſs of the VERSE, are prefer'd to RHYME.

With a PREFATORY ACCOUNT of the preſent Attempt, and ſome Thoughts on Singing in Social Worſhip.

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2 CHRON. 29, 30.

Hezekiah *the King, and the Princes commanded the* Levites *to ſing Praiſes to the* LORD, *with the* WORDS *of* David, *and* Aſaph *the Seer.*

By Permiſſion of the Company of STATIONERS.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

THE PREFACE.

THE design of this PREFACE is (not so much to recommend as) to give some account of the following version of the Psalms, with the reasons inducing to it; and to suggest some serious thoughts on singing in social worship.

It is well known, that in the last century Mr. *Rouse*'s, and Mr. *Barton*'s versions of the Psalms were much in use, and highly esteem'd, and recommended by many; several other versions also were in use; but the *New England*, and the *Scotch* were sung by many congregations, much recommended, being prefer'd by them, as the closest versions, and most agreeable to the original. For it was then the concurrent judgment of the dissenting churches, that nothing ought to be sung in publick worship, but those Psalms, Hymns, and spiritual Songs, which God has provided his church with in his inspir'd word. But of late years

N. B. That call'd the *Scotch* is no other than Mr. *Rouse*'s version revis'd by the assembly of divines at *Westminster*, and sent down to the *Scotch* Church, and by them again revis'd, and approv'd; and the use of it was enjoin'd there by publick authority, as it was also in *England* to be sung in all churches, chapels, &c.

theſe verſions have been much deſpis'd by ſome, and laid aſide by many congregations, which formerly us'd them; becauſe of the roughneſs of the lines, the unnatural tranſpoſition of words, and the frequent uſe of ſome words now obſolete and unfaſhionable; and other verſions, or rather paraphraſes on the Pſalms, are made uſe of by them. Many others uſe Hymns of mere human compoſure, as preferable to the inſpir'd ones. But there are yet many ſerious chriſtians, and ſome churches, that adhere to the ſentiments of our godly anceſtors, in prefering ſcripture Pſalms, Hymns, and Songs, to any mere human compoſures; leſt they ſhould incur the guilt of bringing ſtrange fire to God's altar: and not a few have long wiſh'd for a verſion of the ſcripture Pſalms, *&c.* as cloſe as might be to the original, freed from the forementioned objections of roughneſs of the lines, obſolete words, *&c.*

This has given occaſion to the preſent attempt, in which the *Hebrew* Text, and ſeveral tranſlations have been conſulted, eſpecially the learned *Ainſworth*'s, which in many places has been follow'd; and a great variety of verſions of the Pſalms into metre compar'd, and made uſe of. And becauſe a ſtrict regard to rhyme has been often found to cramp the ſenſe, and to bring in words leſs proper, or ſignificant: *That* has been neglected in the preſent undertaking, as being no way neceſſary in publick ſinging.

Upon

Upon the whole, it is apprehended that the following verſion is as cloſe as the *Scotch*, or *New England*, and much ſmoother than either of them. Yet it is readily acknowledged, that in this alſo, there are many defects, and imperfections, which were more eaſily diſcover'd, than amended. However, if by the publiſhing this, any perſons of judgment, learning, and abilities be excited to furniſh out a better verſion of the book of Pſalms, together with all the Hymns, Songs, and Doxologies through the Old and New Teſtament; a good end will be anſwered, and ſuch a work would redound to the comfort and thankſgiving of many.

Here, without entering into that controverſy, which has been judiciouſly handled by many in the laſt century, and by ſome in this, *viz.* Whether it be lawful to ſing any thing in publick worſhip beſides the inſpir'd Pſalms, Hymns, and Songs contain'd in the Old and New Teſtament? Perhaps it may not be amiſs to take ſome notice of a popular argument or two for the preference of Hymns, compos'd by a private gift, to the ſcripture ones in publick worſhip, *e. g.*

It is alledg'd by ſome, that all ſinging in the publick worſhip of God is, or ſhould be, an immediate or direct addreſs to God, and therefore we are not to ſing any words, but what we can uſe as our own, or as expreſſive of our own experience, and preſent frame of ſpirit in adoration, praiſe, thankſgiving, and the like. But,

This notion of ſinging is plainly inconſiſtent with the greateſt part of the Book of Pſalms, which all allow to have been deſign'd for the uſe of the Old Teſtament Church, to be ſung by them in their publick worſhip: Some of which Pſalms are altogether doctrinal, or inſtructive; as the firſt Pſalm, and ſeveral others, without ſo much as one ſentence in the whole Pſalm immediately addreſs'd to God; and many others, in their titles, are call'd Pſalms giving, or to give inſtruction, as Pſalm 32. 42. 44. 45. 74. 78. 88. 89. 142. Others are merely, or chiefly, hiſtorical narrations of the wonders God had wrought for the deliverance of his people, deſtruction of their enemies, and vindication of his own glory. In others are recorded the perſonal experiences of *David*, and other inſpir'd penmen of the Pſalms, with their humiliation, confeſſion of their ſins; their ſufferings and deliverances, their prayers and praiſes to God. In others, God the Father is repreſented, as ſpeaking to, and covenanting with his Son. In others are ſet forth the ſufferings and exaltation of Chriſt, and his addreſſing himſelf to his Father; his imprecating and denouncing judgments on his, and his church's enemies; declaring his undertaking the work of redemption; diſplaying his glory in his government of his church, and the world; and many great and precious promiſes of grace, increaſe of grace, perſeverance, and eternal glory. Others are chiefly hortatory, the Pſalmiſt, or the Church, calling on, and exciting

exciting others to ſing to the Lord, to praiſe his name, to ſhew forth his deeds, declare his doings, tell all his wonderous works in creation, providence, and redemption. Agreeable to which the great Apoſtle of the *Gentiles* exhorts New Teſtament Churches, *Eph.* v. 19. *Coloſſ.* iii. 16. And it is remarkable, on that extraordinary occaſion of ſolemn joy, when *David* brought back the ark, as recorded, 1 *Chron.* 16, it is ſaid *v.* 7. *Then on that day* David *delivered firſt this Pſalm to thank the Lord, into the Hand of* Aſaph, *and his brethren. Give thanks unto the Lord*, &c. which is throughout a calling upon, exhorting, exciting one another to this duty, for his wonderful works, grace and mercy, remembring his covenant with *Abraham*, *&c.* which, in the concluſion, is call'd all the people's praiſing the Lord. So that it is very plain, that in the Book of Pſalms, which God in his infinite wiſdom and mercy favour'd his church with, as the matter to be ſung to his glory, and their ſpiritual advantage; there are many, which no one Perſon among them, much leſs the whole congregation, could ſing *as their own words*; and which were not immediate, or direct addreſſes to God: therefore this was not the only way of performing this duty aright; and ſurely none will deny, that *Jehovah*, whoſe underſtanding is infinite, and whoſe mercy never fails, knew beſt what matter, and what form of words were beſt ſuited to be ſung by his covenant people, his viſible church on earth, for exciting their affec-

tions in the advancement of his own glory, and ſhewing forth his praiſe: and to them he gave thoſe Pſalms, Hymns, and ſpiritual Songs, which are recorded in his word for this purpoſe. This has hardly been denied by any; and that they were by God deſign'd (together with others added in the New Teſtament) to be ſung by his New Teſtament Churches, has hardly been queſtion'd by any (that allow of any ſinging in publick worſhip) till of late; and it's very plain, that ſeveral of them relate to, and are peculiarly calculated for, the New Teſtament worſhip. But,

It is pleaded by ſome, that their hearts are not ſo drawn forth, their affections ſo rais'd in ſinging ſcripture Pſalms, *&c.* as in ſinging Hymns of human compoſure, in which, *making the words their own*, they can expreſs to God their own preſent frames of ſpirit, godly ſorrow, faith, hope, joy, *&c.* To this it may be anſwered,

1*ſt*, That our own frames of ſpirit are not the rule of duty; but the unerring word of God; therefore, if ſinging Hymns of human compoſure is not warranted by that, no ſuppos'd enlargement of heart therein, can be a ſufficient warrant for it. But,

2*dly*, Let it be carefully and humbly enquir'd into, for the heart of man is deceitful above all things, how it comes to paſs, that our hearts are no more warmed, affected, and enlarged in ſinging the inſpir'd Pſalms, Hymns, and Songs, contain'd in the word of God. Surely, what-

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ever ſome have ſuggeſted, this cannot ariſe from the *matter*, or *words* of divine inſpiration; God forbid! But it muſt be from our own, either in attention, or want of ſpiritual wiſdom to underſtand, or to make a juſt improvement, or ſuitable application of them to our own ſouls; for inſtance, as has been before obſerv'd, many of them contain great and precious promiſes of God, and declarations of his grace to his people; can any thing be a ſurer foundation for, or greater encouragement to, or excitement of our faith, hope, and joy, than theſe? In others of them are ſet forth the majeſty, the glory, the grace of God in the wonders of creation, providence and redemption; and can any thing tend more to the exciting our admiration, adoration, thankfulneſs, and praiſe to the God of all wiſdom, power and grace? In others are ſet forth, more diſtinctly, the Lord Jeſus Chriſt's readineſs, and fitneſs to undertake the great and gracious work of redemption; his ſufferings, his death, his reſurrection, aſcention, interceſſion, his unchangeable prieſthood, his everlaſting glorious kingdom, his univerſal dominion, ſubduing his and his church's enemies, bringing his people into the obedience of faith, leading, feeding, protecting them; as a wiſe, faithful, tender, almighty ſhepherd (pitying them as a father his children) bringing them back to his fold; ſupplying all their wants, giving grace and glory, and with-holding no good from them that walk uprightly; guiding them by his counſel, till he brings them to

glory, &c. Can any thing tend more to the endearing the Lord Jeſus, and making him precious to our ſouls, and humbling us under our ſtupidity of ſoul, the weakneſs of our faith in him, the coldneſs of our love to him; and ſtirring us up to eager deſires, hungerings, and thirſtings after more intimate communion with him, and greater conformity to him, and earneſt longings to be with him, where he is, to behold his glory, be perfectly transform'd into his image, and ſerve and praiſe him without wearineſs, intermiſſion, or end? When in other Pſalms we ſing of the ſins and falls of the Old Teſtament ſaints recorded therein; Is not this fit matter for our humiliation, who have in us the ſame corruption, and are liable to the like temptations; and for examination, how far we have fallen into the ſame ſins; and for praiſe, if we have been by grace preſerv'd from any of them? When we ſing their confeſſions of ſins, their mournings for them, hatred of them, and their meltings of ſoul before the Lord, becauſe of his hiding his face on account of them; their complaints of broken bones, their eyes failing, their fleſh decay'd, their wakeful nights, watering their couch, making their bed to ſwim with tears, with almoſt innumerable other pathetick expreſſions of their anguiſh of ſoul on account of their ſins and follies; the wit of man cannot invent more moving expreſſions for the exciting our affections to hate all ſin, to confeſs and bewail it, to watch, pray, and ſtrive againſt it. When

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we ſing their earneſt breathings, pantings, thirſtings after God; can any thing be more ſuited to humble and ſhame us for our ſtupidity, hardneſs of heart, careleſs walk, which we have ſo much reaſon to bewail before the Lord? When the joyful matter of our ſong is their chearful praiſes to God, for the forgiveneſs of their ſins, his hearing their prayers, the light of his countenance, enlargement of heart in his ways, their exulting joy in the Lord their rock, their refuge, their high tower, their defence, their deliverer, their ſalvation, &c. What can tend more to excite our faith on God, praiſe to, and joy in him, the rock of ages, the habitation of his people in all generations, whoſe mercy endures for ever, as our God, the God of our ſalvation?

Thus the chriſtian may run through all the ſuch variety in theſe inſpir'd Hymns, Pſalms, and ſpiritual Songs. In which there is ſuch a compendium of evangelical doctrine, intermixt with ſuch a multiplicity of practical inſtructions, exhortations, admonitions, reproofs, and encouragements, ſuited to every relation and condition of life; ſuch hiſtorical narrations of the works of creation and providence; ſo many precious promiſes, and awful threatnings, and examples of mercies and judgments; ſuch divine declarations of the excellency, perfection, purity, ſtability, preciouſneſs, ſweetneſs, and energy of the word of God; ſuch a record of the various experiences of the ſaints, as cannot (all of them) be parallel'd in any other ſingle

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book of holy writ; much leſs can they in any mere human compoſure. And in which there is ſuch a ſavour and majeſty, fulneſs and authority, as vaſtly ſurpaſſes what is to be found in the moſt ingenious and artful compoſures, or the moſt elaborate performances of any uninſpir'd writers, for the affecting the ſoul, and for the drawing forth every grace of the ſpirit in the hearts of believers, on their ſuitable occaſions; which has been witneſs'd to by the profeſſed experience of many thouſands of ſolid and ſerious chriſtians. And ſhall all this plentiful proviſion, which God has graciouſly made for the ordinance of publick ſinging, be laid aſide, or be ſuperſeded by bringing in the ſcanty productions of frail fallible men in the room of it?

But here it is objected by ſome, that in ſeveral of the Pſalms, the Pſalmiſt vents his wrath in curſes on his perſonal enemies, imprecating divine vengeance, and denouncing judgments againſt them; which is contrary to the ſpirit of the goſpel, and unbecoming the New Teſtament diſpenſation, which inculcates love to our enemies, *&c.* Thus inſinuating that a different ſpirit becomes New Teſtament ſaints, than what animated them under the *Jewiſh* œconomy; as if the ſpirit in the inſpired Pſalmiſt then, like the evil ſpirit in men now, luſted to envy. Horrid inſinuation! No, no, the ſame infinitely holy ſpirit implanted, maintain'd, and excited the ſame graces in them, as in New Teſtament believers. See what the in-

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ſpir'd Pſalmiſt himſelf (who knew beſt the workings of his own heart) ſays of his ſpirit, and conduct towards his perſonal enemies, Pſalm vii. 3 — 5. and Pſalm 35. where complaining to God, in the context, of the deceit, the oppreſſion, and inſulting taunts of his enemies, ver. 12, 13, 14. he ſays, *They rewarded me evil for good to the ſpoiling my ſoul; but as for me, when they were ſick, my cloathing was ſackcloth, I humbled my ſoul with faſting, and my prayer return'd into my own boſom; I behav'd myſelf as though he had been my friend or brother; I bow'd down heavily, as one that mourns for his mother.* Are theſe the words, is this the conduct of a man of a wrathful revengeful ſpirit? No ſurely; yet in the ſame context, both before and after theſe words, conſidering himſelf as the king of God's viſible church and people, in this publick capacity, he prays earneſtly for the diſappointment, the confuſion, and deſtruction of them, as his, the church's, and God's implacable enemies. Thus in all thoſe Pſalms, where ſuch curſes are written, the holy Pſalmiſt is to be conſider'd, either as an inſpir'd prophet, foretelling the judgments of God on the wicked; or as a type of Chriſt, and perſonating him, denouncing, or imprecating the vengeance of God on his impenitent and implacable enemies; and how inconſiſtent this is with the ſpirit of the goſpel, ſee *Rev.* xviii. 20 *Rejoice over her, thou heaven, and ye holy apoſtles, and prophets; for God has avenged you on her.* See alſo *Rev.* xix. firſt 6 verſes, *And after*

after these things I heard a great voice of much people in heaven, saying, Alleluia; salvation, and glory, and honour, and power to the Lord our God; for true and righteous are his judgments; for he has judged the great whore, which did tempt the earth with her fornication, and has avenged the blood of his servants at her hand. And again they said, Alleluia; and her smoke rose up for ever and ever. And the four and twenty elders, and the four beasts fell down, and worshipped God, that sat on the throne, saying Amen, Alleluia. And a voice came out of the throne, saying, praise our God, all ye his servants, and ye that fear him, both small and great. And I heard, as it were, the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings, saying, Alleluia; for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth. Surely what, when executed, will be the matter of the highest praise, and ascriptions of glory to God, and exulting joy in the whole church, might well, before it came to pass, be the matter of the prayers of Christ the mediator, of the Psalmist his type, and of the church his spouse, and may now be sung by the believer, or the christian church, in a suitable frame of spirit, for the excitement of an awful reverence, and trembling joy, and praise to the Lord Jesus, the redeemer and the judge, in a lively faith of the destruction of all their temporal and spiritual enemies, and their own compleat salvation, to the eternal glory of him, that sits on the throne, and the lamb for evermore.

more. If therefore our frames are dull, our ſouls ſtupid, our affections not drawn forth, while we are ſinging the inſpir'd Pſalms, Hymns, and Songs, let us not charge our unſuitable frames of ſpirit on theſe, which our gracious God in infinite wiſdom and tender mercy, has provided for the quickening our ſouls, and enlarging our hearts in his praiſe. But let us a little enquire how it comes to paſs, that hymns compos'd by a private gift ſhould have a greater tendency to excite our affections, and the graces of the holy ſpirit in us, than the inſpir'd ones have. Are they a more ſure foundation for our faith? Can they more pathetically ſet forth the various experiences of the ſaints? Do they contain greater encouragement to holineſs, love and obedience? Do they diſcover more of the wiſdom, power, goodneſs and faithfulneſs of God? Do they come with more authority? Are they guided by more unerring wiſdom? No ſurely. But, as was mentioned before,

It is pleaded by many, that they are more affected in ſinging modern hymns of human compoſure; becauſe *in them*, they can addreſs God in words, which they can aſſume as their own, expreſſing their own particular experiences, and preſent frames of ſpirit. But if this plea be duly weigh'd, it will ſoon appear to be as ſtrong an objection againſt ſinging modern hymns, as the ancient inſpir'd ones, in publick worſhip; and the more particularly the ſuppos'd preſent experiences are expreſs'd,

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the more impracticable will it be *ſo* to ſing them; for where is the congregation, or the church to be found, in which all are in the ſame frame of ſpirit at the ſame time; this may be well illuſtrated in the words, with ſome variation, of a late ingenous writer. "Some "ſentences of the *Hymniſt*, that are expreſſive "of the temper of our own hearts, and the "circumſtances of our lives, may compoſe "our ſpirits to ſerioufneſs, and allure us to a "ſweet retirement within ourſelves; but we "meet with a following line, which ſo pecu-"liarly belongs but to *ſome particulur actions*, "or *enjoyments of ſome other chriſtian (whom in "particular we know not)* that breaks off our "ſong in the midſt; our conſciences are af-"frighted, leſt we ſhould ſpeak a falſhood to "God: that the powers of our ſouls are "ſhock'd on a ſudden, and our ſpirits ruffled, "before we have time to reflect, that this may "be ſung only as a hiſtory, *or repreſentation* "of *other* ſaints, and in ſuch inſtances that "ſalvo *will be altogether inſufficient*;" if our ſinging is to be eſteem'd an immediate direct addreſs to God in words of our own. So that this, which is pleaded to be the moſt affecting, and beſt way of ſinging, will moſt effectually render it utterly impoſſible for any church, or publick aſſembly *thus* to ſing with the voice together.

A little to illuſtrate this matter in a few particulars. Suppoſe the hymn ſung in ſocial worſhip, in ſome lines or verſes of it, expreſſes the

he elevated joy of a chriſtian in the full aſſu-
ance of faith, triumphing in Chriſt over all
is temporal and ſpiritual enemies; how many
n a church, or aſſembly, even ſuppoſing (what
s ſcarce to be ſuppos'd) that every one of them
s a true believer, how many among them,
knowing with ſorrow of heart, that this is not
heir preſent experience, or, it may be, never
as been, muſt at once ſtop their mouths?
Becauſe they cannot aſſume the words as their
own, or ſing them to God *as ſuch*. Or ſup-
poſe there are ſome lines, that riſe not ſo high,
ut only expreſs peace, compoſure, tranquility
of ſoul, in a firm adherence to, and fixed con-
idence on Chriſt, or God in Chriſt; many
muſt even here break off the ſong; be-
cauſe they are at the ſame time under great
diſcompoſure of ſpirit from preſent ſtrugglings
with corruptions, and temptations, doubts and
fears; perhaps even queſtioning the very truth
of their faith, becauſe of ſo much unbelief re-
maining; of their love, becauſe of it's coldneſs,
&c. Thus, while there is ſuch variety in their
preſent frames; ſome joyful, others mourning;
ome ſenſible of, and thankful for their preſent
growth in grace; ſome bewailing preſent back-
idings, ſome rejoicing in deliverance from, or
ictory over temptations; ſome lamenting, and
eady to ſink under; ſome got above all fears
f death, longing for their diſſolution, that they
may be with Chriſt, where he is to behold his
glory; others, in great meaſure, in bondage
through fear of death, ſhuddering at the thoughts

of

of it, and earneſtly crying out, as the Pſalmiſt of old, O ſpare me, that I may recover ſtrength, before I go hence, and be no more; how is it poſſible they can all join in expreſſing to God *their* experiences, at the ſame time, *in the ſame words, aſſum'd as their own?* Therefore many perſons of ſerioufneſs and judgment, that conſider what they ſing, are often forc'd to break off in the midſt, to omit whole lines and verſes, even when the beſt human compoſures are us'd; and thus the tune, the ſenſe, and their devotion are interrupted at once; becauſe they dare not ſing without underſtanding, and againſt their conſciences. But where the ſcripture Pſalms, Hymns, and ſpiritual Songs are us'd in ſocial worſhip: We not aſſuming the words as our own, but ſinging them, as the words of the inſpir'd Pſalmiſts, improving and ſuitably applying them to ourſelves, as before in ſome meaſure illuſtrated; all may conſcientiouſly ſing with the voice together; and, according to the meaſure of grace receiv'd, glorify God; and exhorting and admoniſhing one another, may be helpers of each other's faith, hope, and joy; making melody in their hearts to the Lord. To whom be glory in the church by Chriſt Jeſus, throughout all ages, world without end. *Amen.*

THE

THE BOOK of PSALMS, In METRE.

PSALM I. Common Metre.

v. 1.

BLESSED, O bleſſed is the man,
Who wicked counſel ſhuns,
Who ſtands not in the ſinners way,
Nor takes the ſcorners ſeat.

v. 2.

But his continual delight
Is in JEHOVAH's law;
And in his law by day and night
His meditations are.

v. 3.

He ſhall be like a planted tree
Beſide the water ſtreams;
That in due ſeaſon yields his fruit,
Whoſe leaf ſhall never fade.

v. 3, 4.

All that he doth ſhall well ſucceed;
The wicked are not ſo;
But ſhall be like the chaff diſpers'd
Before the ſtormy wind.

v. 5.

The ungodly therefore ſhall not ſtand,
When into judgment brought;
Nor in th' aſſembly of the juſt
Shall wicked men appear.

v. 6.

Becauſe the LORD approves the way,
In which the righteous walk;
Whereas the way of wicked men
Shall utterly decay.

PSALM I. Long Metre.

v. 1.

BLESSED, O bleſſed is the man,
That all ungodly counſel ſhuns,
Who ſtands not in the ſinners way,
Nor ſitteth in the ſcorners ſeat.

v. 2.

But he hath ſet his heart's delight
Upon JEHOVAH's ſacred law;
In this he meditates by day,
And in the watches of the night.

v. 3.

He ſhall be like a ſpreading tree,
That's planted by the river ſide;
Which in his ſeaſon yields his fruit;
Whoſe verdant leaf ſhall never fade.

v. 3, 4.

Whate'er he doth ſhall well ſucceed:
But the ungodly are not ſo;
For they are like the empty chaff,
Diſpers'd before the driving wind.

v. 5.

The wicked therefore ſhall not ſtand
Guiltleſs before the judgment ſeat;
Nor ſhall the ſinner then appear
In the aſſembly of the juſt.

v. 6.

Becauſe the LORD knows, and approves
The way in which the righteous walk;

But all the paths of wicked men
Shall utterly conſume away.

PSALM II. Common Metre.

v. 1, 2.

WHY do the heathen nations rage?
People vain things deviſe?
Kings of the earth do ſet themſelves,
And rulers are combin'd.

v. 2, 3.

With one conſent, againſt the LORD,
Againſt his *Chriſt*, they ſay,
Let us aſunder break their bands,
And from us caſt their cords.

v. 4, 5.

He that in heaven ſits ſhall laugh,
The LORD ſhall them deride.
In anger then to them he'll ſpeak,
And vex them in his wrath.

v. 6, 7.

Yet have I on my holy hill
Of *Zion* ſet my king.
I will declare the firm decree;
To me the LORD hath ſaid;

v. 7, 8.

Thou art my ſon; behold, this day
I have begotten thee.
Aſk me; I'll thee the heathen give
For thine inheritance.

v. 8, 9.

For thy poſſeſſion thou ſhalt have
The bounds of all the earth.
Them ſhalt thou rule with iron rod,
Like potter's veſſels break.

v. 10, 11.

Be wiſe now therefore, O ye kings,
Judges, inſtruction learn:
JEHOVAH ſerve with awful fear,
Tremble when ye rejoice.

v. 12.

Kiſs ye the ſon, leſt, in his wrath,
Ye periſh from the way;
When once his wrath begins to burn,
They're bleſt, that truſt in him.

PSALM II. Long Metre.

v. 1, 2.

WHY do the heathen fiercely rage?
The people meditate vain things?
Kings of the earth have ſet themſelves;
Princes in counſel are combin'd.

v. 2, 3.

With one conſent, againſt the LORD,
And his anointed, thus they ſay,
Let us aſunder break their bands,
And from us caſt their cords away.

v. 4, 5.

He that in heaven ſits ſhall laugh,
JEHOVAH ſhall deride their rage.
Then in his wrath to them he'll ſpeak,
And vex them in diſpleaſure ſore.

v. 6, 7.

Yet I my king on *Sion* ſet,
The mountain of my holineſs.
I will declare throughout the earth
The firm, the uncontroul'd decree.

v. 7, 8.

The LORD ſaid to me, thou my ſon,
This day have I begotten thee.

Aſk me, and I to thee will give
The heathen for thy heritage.

v. 8, 9.

For thy poſſeſſion thou ſhalt have
The utmoſt bounds of all the earth:
Them ſhalt thou rule with iron rod,
And like a potter's veſſel break.

v. 10, 11.

Be wiſe now therefore, O ye kings,
Ye judges of the earth be taught.
With reverence JEHOVAH ſerve,
And with a trembling awe rejoice.

v. 12.

Kiſs ye the ſon, leſt he be wroth,
And ye ſhould periſh from the way;
When once his wrath begins to burn,
They all are bleſt, that on him ſtay.

PSALM II. Short Metre.

v. 1, 2

WHY do the heathen rage?
People vain things deviſe?
Kings of the earth have ſet themſelves,
And princes are combin'd.

v. 2, 3.

Againſt the LORD himſelf,
Againſt his *Chriſt*, they ſay,
Let us aſunder break their bands,
And caſt their cords away.

v. 4, 5.

But God in heav'n ſhall laugh,
The LORD deride their rage;
To them he will in anger ſpeak,
And vex them in his wrath.

v. 6, 7.

Yet have I ſet my king
On *Sion*'s holy hill.
I will declare the firm decree;
To me JEHOVAH ſaid,

v. 7, 8.

Behold thou art my ſon,
This day I thee begat:
Aſk me, and I'll the heathen give
For thine inheritance.

v. 8, 9.

The bounds of all the earth
Shall thy poſſeſſion be:
Them ſhalt thou rule with iron rod,
Like potter's veſſels break.

v. 10, 11.

Therefore ye kings be wiſe,
Ye judges of the earth
Inſtruction learn: ſerve GOD with fear,
With trembling awe rejoice.

v. 12.

O kiſs the ſon, leſt he
Be angry, and ye die:
When once his wrath begins to burn,
Bleſt all who truſt in him!

PSALM III. Commom Metre.

A Pſalm of David, *when he fled from* Abſalom *his Son.*

v. 1, 2.

O LORD how are my foes increas'd!
Againſt me many riſe.
Many, who ſay, that for my ſoul
There is no help in God.

v. 3, 4.

Yet thou my ſhield, my glory art;
Thou lifteſt up my head.

I cry'd;

cry'd; JEHOVAH anſwer'd me
Out of his holy hill.

v. 5, 6.

I laid me down, and ſlept; I wak'd;
JEHOVAH me ſuſtain'd.
I will not fear ten thouſand foes,
That have beſet me round.

v. 7.

Ariſe, and ſave me, O my God,
For thou, O LORD of hoſts,
Haſt on the cheek-bone ſtruck my foes,
And broke th' ungodly's teeth.

v. 8.

Salvation does alone belong
Unto the LORD of hoſts:
Upon the people of thy choice
Thy bleſſing ſhall remain.

PSALM IV. Common Metre.

To the chief Muſician on Neginoth, a Pſalm of David.

v. 1.

GOD of my righteouſneſs give ear,
When unto thee I call:
Thou haſt enlarg'd me in diſtreſs,
In mercy hear my pray'r.

v. 2.

How long will ye, O ſons of men,
My glory turn to ſhame?
How long delight in vanity,
And follow after lies?

v. 3.

But know, the LORD has ſet apart
The godly for himſelf:
JEHOVAH will incline his ear,
When unto him I call;

v. 4.

Stand ye in awe, and do not ſin;
Conſider with yourſelves;
Muſe in your hearts upon your bed,
And humble ſilence keep.

v. 5.

Offer to God the ſacrifice
Of truth and righteouſneſs;
And on JEHOVAH let your truſt,
And confidence be plac'd.

v. 6.

Many there are, that ſay, O who
Will ſhew us any good?
JEHOVAH, lift thou upon us
Thy gracious countenance.

v. 7.

Thou haſt put gladneſs in my heart,
Much more, than in the time,
When they with vaſt increaſe abound,
In ſtores of corn and wine.

v. 8.

I will both lay me down in peace,
And take my quiet ſleep;
Becauſe, JEHOVAH, thou alone
Mak'ſt me in ſafety dwell.

PSALM V. Common Metre.

To the chief Muſician upon Nehiloth, a Pſalm of David.

v. 1, 2.

GIVE ear unto my words, O LORD.
My thoughts of heart regard:
Hear my loud cry, my king, my God;
For I to thee will pray.

v. 3.

In morning thou ſhalt hear my voice,
In early morning, LORD;

To

To thee will I direct my pray'r,
And will be looking up.

v. 4, 5.

Becauſe thou art a mighty God,
That hateſt wickedneſs:
Neither ſhall evil dwell with thee;
Nor fools ſtand in thy ſight.

v. 5, 6.

Workers of wickedneſs thou hat'ſt,
Liars thou wilt deſtroy;
The bloody and deceitful man
JEHOVAH will abhor.

v. 7.

But I will come into thy houſe,
In thy abundant grace:
And I will worſhip in thy fear,
Toward thy holy place.

v. 8.

Conduct me in thy righteouſneſs,
Becauſe of all my foes:
O LORD, make ſtrait before my face
The way, which thou haſt choſe.

v. 9.

For in their mouth there is no truth,
Their hearts are wickedneſs;
Their throat's an open ſepulchre,
They flatter with their tongue.

v. 10.

O God deſtroy them; let them fall
By counſels of their own:
As rebels caſt them out from thee,
In their abounding ſins.

v. 11.

Let all that truſt in thee, rejoice
And ever ſhout for joy:

For them thou ſav'ſt; make glad in thee
All thoſe that love thy name.

v. 12.

For on the righteous, thou, O LORD,
Thy bleſſing wilt beſtow;
And with thy favour, as a ſhield,
Wilt compaſs him around.

PSALM V. Long Metre.

v. 1, 2.

GIVE ear unto my words, O LORD,
My meditation, Lord, regard.
Hear my loud voice, my fervent cry,
My king, my God; to thee I'll pray.

v. 3.

I will direct my pray'r to thee,
O LORD, before the morning light:
In morning thou ſhalt hear my voice,
And I'll with expectation wait.

v. 4, 5.

For thou art not a God, that takes
The leaſt delight in wickedneſs;
Neither ſhall evil dwell with thee:
Neither ſhall fools ſtand in thy ſight.

v. 5, 6.

Thou hateſt all who practice ſin:
Thoſe, who ſpeak lies, thou wilt deſtroy:
JEHOVAH greatly will abhor
The bloody, and deceitful man.

v. 7.

But I into thy houſe will come,
In thy free mercies, which abound;
And I will worſhip in thy fear,
Toward thy holy dwelling place.

LORD

v. 8, 9.

LORD, lead me in thy righteouſneſs,
Becauſe of all, who watch my ſteps:
Make ſtrait thy way before my face:
For in their tongue there is no truth.

v. 9, 10.

Their inward part is full of ſin,
Their throat's an open ſepulchre;
O how they flatter with their tongues!
O God do thou deſtroy them all.

v. 10.

By their own counſels let them fall,
And in their multitude of ſins,
Bring down their power, and caſt them out;
For they againſt thee have rebell'd.

v. 11.

Let all that truſt in thee rejoice,
And ever let them ſhout for joy;
For thou art their defence: let thoſe
That love thy name, triumph in thee.

v. 12.

For thou JEHOVAH, wilt confer
Thy bleſſing on the righteous man,
And with thy favour, as a ſhield,
Thou wilt encompaſs him around.

PSALM VI. Long Metre.

To the chief Muſician upon Neginoth, upon Sheminith, a Pſalm of David.

v. 1, 2.

REBUKE me not, nor chaſten me
In wrath, and hot diſpleaſure, LORD.
LORD, pity me, for I am weak:
LORD, heal me, for my bones are vext.

v. 3, 4.

My ſoul is alſo vexed ſore:
But thou JEHOVAH, O how long!

Return

Return, O LORD, releaſe my ſoul:
O ſave me for thy mercies ſake.

v. 5, 6.

In death there's no remembring thee,
Who in the grave ſhall give thee thanks?
Groaning I faint, all night I make
My bed, my couch to ſwim with tears.

v. 7, 8.

Mine eye, conſum'd with grief, grows old,
Becauſe of all mine enemies.
Depart, depart, away from me,
All ye that work iniquities.

v. 9.

Becauſe JEHOVAH now has heard
The voice of theſe my moanful cries:
The LORD has heard my humble ſuit,
JEHOVAH will receive my pray'r.

v. 10.

Let all that are mine enemies
Be ſorely vexed, and aſham'd;
Yea, let them all be turned back,
And be confounded ſuddenly.

PSALM VII. Long Metre.

Shiggaion of David, *which he ſang unto the* LORD, *concerning the Words of* Cuſh *the* Benjamite.

v. 1, 2.

O LORD, my God, in thee I truſt;
Save me from all my cruel foes;
Leſt, lion like, he rend my ſoul;
While there is no deliv'rer nigh.

v. 3, 4.

O LORD, my God, if I did this;
If there be evil in my hands;
If I return'd an ill reward
To him, that was at peace with me:

Yea

v. 4, 5.

Yea, I my cauſeleſs foe releas'd:
Elſe, let the enemy purſue,
And take my ſoul, tread down my life,
And lay mine honour in the duſt.

v. 6.

Riſe, LORD, in wrath lift up thyſelf,
Becauſe of all mine en'mies rage:
Awake for me, and execute
The judgment, which thou haſt ordain'd.

v. 7.

When thus thy judgment is diſplay'd,
Then ſhall the congregation meet,
The people compaſs thee around:
O for their ſakes return on high.

v. 8.

JEHOVAH ſhall the people judge:
Judge me, O LORD, aſſert my right,
According to my righteouſneſs,
And my integrity of heart.

v. 9.

O make the wicked's malice ceaſe;
In peace eſtabliſh thou the juſt;
Becauſe the righteous God himſelf
Searches, and tries the hearts, and reins.

v. 10, 11.

The mighty God is my defence,
Who ſaves the man of upright heart.
God is a holy righteous judge,
Wroth with the wicked ev'ry day.

v. 12, 13.

Unleſs he turn, he'll whet his ſword,
He has prepar'd, and bent his bow:
The certain inſtruments of death
He alſo has for him prepar'd.

v. 13, 14.

His pointed arrows he ordains
Againſt the perſecuting foe;
Behold, he's travailing with ſin,
Miſchief conceiv'd, and brought forth lies.

v. 15, 16.

He made a pit, and digg'd it deep;
And fell into the ditch he made:
His miſchief on himſelf ſhall come,
His violent dealing on his head.

v. 17.

I will give praiſes to the LORD,
According to his righteouſneſs;
In praiſes will I celebrate
JEHOVAH's name, who is moſt high.

PSALM VIII. Common Metre.

To the chief Muſician upon Gittith, a Pſalm of David.

v. 1.

How excellent, O LORD, our Lord,
Thy name in all the earth!
Above the heavens thou haſt ſet
Thy glorious majeſty.

v. 2.

Out of the mouth of ſucking babes
Haſt thou ordained ſtrength;
That thou might'ſt ſtill the enemy,
And the avenging foe.

v. 3.

When thy vaſt heavens I behold,
Which thy own fingers fram'd;
And when I view the moon and ſtars,
All which thou haſt ordain'd:

v. 4.

O what is man, frail man, that thou
Of him ſhould'ſt mindful be!

And what the ſon of earthly man,
That thou ſhould'ſt viſit him!

v. 5.

For him a little lower than
The angels thou haſt made;
And him haſt thou with honour crown'd,
And glorious dignity.

v. 6.

To him haſt thou dominion giv'n
Over thine handy works;
And in ſubjection thou haſt put
All things beneath his feet.

v. 7, 8.

All oxen and the flocks of ſheep,
And beaſts of ev'ry field:
The fowls within the wide expanſe,
And fiſhes of the ſea:

v. 8, 9.

And whatſoever paſſeth through
The ocean's hidden paths.
How excellent in all the earth,
LORD, our Lord, is thy name!

PSALM IX. Common Metre.

To the chief Muſician upon Muth-labben, a Pſalm of David.

v. 1, 2.

I'LL praiſe thee, LORD, with all my heart,
Thy wond'rous works proclaim.
O thou moſt high, I'll joy in thee;
Thy name I'll gladly praiſe.

v. 3, 4.

When back my foes were turn'd, they fell,
And periſh'd from thy face.
For thou maintain'ſt my right, and cauſe,
Enthron'd, and judging right.

Thou

v. 5.

Thou haſt rebuk'd the heathen land,
Deſtroy'd the wicked one:
For ever, and for ever, thou
Haſt blotted out their name.

v. 6.

Deſtructions, O thou foe, are come
To a perpetual end:
And cities thou haſt overthrown,
With them their mem'ry's loſt.

v. 7, 8.

Ever the LORD endures, his throne
For judgment is prepar'd:
In juſtice he ſhall judge the world,
The people in his truth.

v. 9.

JEHOVAH will a refuge be
For them that are oppreſs'd:
And in the times of their diſtreſs,
He'll be a refuge high.

v. 10.

And ev'ry one, that knows thy name,
Will put his truſt in thee;
For thou haſt not forſaken them,
Who ſeek thy face, O LORD.

v. 11.

O ſing ye praiſes to the LORD,
Who doth in *Sion* dwell;
The mighty deeds, which he hath done,
Among the people ſhew.

v. 12.

When he inquiry makes for blood,
He will remember them:
The cry of the afflicted ones
He never doth forget.

v. 13.

LORD, pity me; behold the grief,
I ſuffer from my foes:
Ev'n thou, that from the gates of death
Doſt lift me up again.

v. 14.

That I may ſhew forth all thy praiſe
In *Sion*'s daughter's gates;
And that I greatly may rejoice
In thy ſalvation, LORD.

v. 15.

Into the pit which they have made
The heathen are ſunk down;
Their feet are taken in the net,
Which privily they laid.

v. 16.

The LORD is by the judgment known,
Which he doth execute:
The wicked in the work is ſnar'd,
Which his own hands have wrought.

v. 17.

The workers of iniquity
Shall into hell be thrown;
And all the nations of the earth,
That have forgotten God.

v. 18.

The needy ſhall not be forgot
For ever by the Lord;
The expectation of the poor
Shall not for ever fail.

v. 19, 20.

Riſe, LORD, and let not man prevail;
Judge heathens in thy ſight:
Put them in fear, O LORD, that they
May know, they are but men.

Psalm IX. Long Metre.

v. 1, 2.

THEE, LORD, I'll praiſe with all my heart,
And ſhew forth all thy wond'rous works.
I will be glad, and joy in thee;
And praiſe thy name, O thou moſt high.

v. 3, 4.

When back mine enemies are turn'd,
They'll fall, and periſh from thy face.
For thou maintain'ſt my righteous cauſe,
Enthron'd, thou ſitteſt judging right.

v. 5.

Thou haſt rebuk'd the heathen lands;
The wicked men thou haſt deſtroy'd;
And thou haſt blotted out their name,
That they may never more be known.

v. 6.

Deſtructions, O thou enemy,
To a perpetual end are come:
Their cities thou haſt overthrown;
With them is their memorial ceas'd.

v. 7, 8.

The LORD, for ever ſhall endure:
For judgment he prepar'd his throne.
In righteouſneſs he'll judge the world,
Judgment in uprightneſs diſpenſe.

v. 9.

JEHOVAH will a refuge be
To ev'ry one that is oppreſs'd;
And in the times of their diſtreſs,
To them he'll be a refuge high.

v. 10.

And they that know thy name, O LORD,
Will place their confidence in thee;

For

For thou haſt not forſaken them,
That ſeek thy gracious countenance.

v. 11.

O ſing ye praiſes to the LORD,
Whoſe dwelling is on *Sion* hill,
Among the people ſhew ye forth
The mighty deeds, which he has done.

v. 12.

When he inquiry makes for blood,
He them in his remembrance bears;
And never will the LORD forget
The cry of the afflicted ones.

v. 13.

Have mercy upon me, O LORD,
See the affliction, I endure
From them that are mine enemies;
And raiſe me from the gates of death.

v. 14.

That I may ſhew forth all thy praiſe,
In *Sion*'s daughter's holy gates;
And that I greatly may rejoice
In the ſalvation wrought by thee.

v. 15.

Down are the heathen nations ſunk
Into the pit themſelves prepar'd;
Their foot is taken in the net,
Which privily themſelves have laid.

v. 16.

The LORD is by the judgment known,
Which on the earth he executes:
The wicked in the work is ſnar'd,
The work which his own hands have wrought.

v. 17.

The workers of iniquity
Shall into hell be turned down;

And all the nations of the earth,
That have forgotten God moſt high.

v. 18.

For the afflicted needy ſoul
Shall not for ever be forgot;
The expectation of the poor
Shall not perpetually fail.

v. 19, 20.

Ariſe, LORD, let not man prevail:
Let heathens in thy ſight be judg'd.
Put them in fear, that nations, LORD,
May know themſelves to be but men.

PSALM X. Long Metre.

v. 1, 2.

WHY doſt thou ſtand far off, O LORD?
Why hide thyſelf in troublous times?
The wicked in his haughty pride
Eagerly perſecutes the poor.

v. 2, 3.

Let them be taken in their craft;
For ſinners boaſt their hearts deſire,
And bleſſed call the covetous,
The perſons whom the LORD abhors.

v. 4, 5.

The wicked ſeeks not after God,
So lofty is his countenance:
For God is not in all his thoughts;
Grievous at all times are his ways.

v. 5, 6.

Thy judgments are above his ſight;
He puffs at all his enemies.
In heart he ſaid, I ſhan't be mov'd;
For I ſhall never be diſtreſt.

His

v. 7.

His mouth's with execrations fill'd,
With lying, falſhood, and deceit;
And underneath his vip'rous tongue
Is miſchief, and iniquity.

v. 8.

He ſits, he lurks in villages;
In ſecret ſlays the innocent;
In ſecret places privily
He ſets his eyes againſt the poor.

v. 9.

He lurks, as lions in their dens,
To catch the poor, he lies in wait:
Snatches away the afflicted poor,
Whom he hath drawn into his net.

v. 10, 11.

He bows, he crouches, that the poor
May be devoured by his ſtrength.
He ſays in heart, God hath forgot:
He hides his face, he'll never ſee.

v. 12, 13.

Ariſe, O LORD, lift up thine hand
O God: be mindful of the meek.
Why doth the wicked ſpurn at God?
And ſay in heart, Thou wilt not know.

v. 14.

Thou doſt behold, thou doſt obſerve;
Miſchief and ſpite thy hand repays,
The poor commits himſelf to thee,
Thou art the orphans help and ſtay.

v. 15, 16.

Break thou the arm of wicked men;
Seek out their ſin, 'till none thou find.
JEHOVAH is for ever king:
Heathens are periſh'd from his land.

O LORD,

v. 17.

O LORD, thou haſt in mercy heard
The humble hearted man's deſire.
Firmly wilt thou prepare their heart,
Thou wilt incline thine ear to hear:

v. 18.

That thou may'ſt judge the fatherleſs,
And thoſe who thro' oppreſſion groan,
That man, who is but ſprung from earth,
May never any more afflict.

PSALM XI. Common Metre.

To the chief Muſician, a Pſalm of David.

v. 1.

I in JEHOVAH put my truſt:
How ſay ye to my ſoul,
Unto your mountain fly away,
Like an affrighted bird?

v. 2.

For lo, the wicked bend their bow,
Arrows on ſtrings prepare,
That they in ſecreſy may ſhoot
At thoſe of upright heart.

v. 3, 4.

If the foundations be deſtroy'd,
What can the righteous do?
The LORD is in his holy place,
JEHOVAH's throne's in heav'n.

v. 4, 5.

His eyes behold, his eye-lids try
The ſons of mortal men;
The juſt he proves, the vile he hates,
And him that violence loves.

v. 6.

Snares fire and brimſtone he will rain
Upon ungodly men,

And

And burning tempeſt; this ſhall be
The portion of their cup.

v. 7.

Becauſe the LORD, the righteous LORD,
Delights in righteouſneſs,
And with a pleaſed countenance
The upright he beholds.

PSALM XII. Common Metre.

To the chief Muſician upon Sheminith, a Pſalm of David.

v. 1.

JEHOVAH, now ſalvation ſend,
Becauſe the godly fail,
And from among the ſons of men
The faithful are decreas'd.

v. 2.

They ev'ry one ſpeak vanity,
And falſhood to their friends;
For with a flatt'ring lip they ſpeak,
And with a double heart.

v. 3, 4.

The LORD ſhall cut off flatt'ring lips,
Tongues that ſpeak proudly, thus;
Our tongues ſhall rule, our lips are ours,
And who ſhall be our Lord?

v. 5.

For the oppreſſion of the poor,
And ſighs of needy ſouls,
JEHOVAH ſays, I will ariſe,
And ſave from ſcornful foes.

v. 6.

JEHOVAH's words are words moſt pure,
Like ſilver that is try'd,
That has in furnaces of earth
Been ſeven times refin'd.

LORD,

And

v. 7, 8.

LORD, thou ſhalt them preſerve and keep
For ever from this race.
The wicked walk on ev'ry ſide,
When vile men are advanc'd.

PSALM XII. Short Metre.

v. 1.

O LORD, ſalvation ſend,
Becauſe the godly fail,
And from among the ſons of men
The faithful are decreas'd.

v. 2.

They all ſpeak vanity
And falſhood to their friend:
For with a double heart they ſpeak
And with a flattering tongue.

v. 3, 4.

LORD, cut off flatt'ring lips,
Tongues that ſpeak proudly, thus,
Our tongues ſhall rule, our lips are ours,
Who is Lord over us?

v. 5.

For the oppreſſed poor,
And ſighs of needy ſouls,
The LORD ſays now I'll riſe, and ſave
Him from from his ſcornful foes.

v. 6.

The LORD's words are moſt pure,
Like ſilver that is tried;
That has in furnaces of earth
Been ſeven times refin'd.

v. 7, 8.

Them ſhalt thou keep, O LORD,
For ever from this race.
The wicked walk on ev'ry ſide
When vile men are advanc'd.

PSALM XIII. Common Metre.

To the chief Muſician, a Pſalm of David.

v. 1.

How long wilt thou forget me, LORD,
Shall it forever be?
How long wilt thou from me conceal
Thy gracious countenance?

v. 2.

How long ſhall my ſoul counſel take
With daily grief of heart?
How long ſhall my oppreſſors be
Exalted over me?

v. 3.

Conſider me, O LORD, my God,
And hearken to my cry;
And, leſt I ſleep the ſleep of death,
Enlighten thou mine eyes.

v. 4.

Leſt my proud enemy ſhould ſay,
Againſt him I prevail,
And they that trouble me rejoice,
When e'er I ſhall be mov'd.

v. 5, 6.

But in thy grace my heart confides,
In thy ſalvation's glad;
I'll ſing unto the LORD, for he
Dealt bounteouſly with me.

PSALM XIII. Long Metre.

v. 1, 2.

How long wilt thou forget me LORD?
Wilt thou for ever hide thy face?
How long ſhall my ſoul counſel take
With ſorrow daily in my heart?

v. 2, 3.

How long ſhall foes o'er me inſult?
Attend and hear me, O my God;
O LORD, enlighten thou mine eyes,
Leſt I ſhould ſleep the ſleep of death.

v. 4.

Leſt my proud enemy ſhould ſay,
Againſt him now have I prevail'd;
And they that trouble me rejoice,
When they ſhall ſee that I am mov'd.

v. 5, 6.

But in thy mercy do I truſt,
My heart in thy ſalvation's glad:
I'll ſing unto the LORD, for he
Has bountifully dealt with me.

PSALM XIII. Short Metre.

v. 1.

How long wilt thou, O LORD,
Of me forgetful be,
For ever? O how long wilt thou
From me conceal thy face?

v. 2.

How long ſhall I conſult
With daily grief of heart?
How long ſhall my oppreſſors be
Exalted over me?

v. 3.

Conſider me O LORD,
And hear my cry, my God,
And, leſt I ſleep the ſleep of death,
Enlighten thou mine eyes.

v. 4.

Leſt my proud foe ſhould ſay,
Againſt him I prevail;
And they that trouble me rejoice,
When ever I am mov'd.

v. 5.

But I have put my truſt
Upon thy mercy kind:
My heart within me ſhall rejoice
In thy ſalvation wrought.

v. 6.

I will unto the LORD
Sing chearful ſongs of praiſe;
Becauſe he has rewarded me
Exceeding bounteouſly.

PSALM XIV. Common Metre.

To the chief Muſician, a Pſalm of David.

v. 1.

THE fool ſaid in his heart, no God:
Corrupted are they all,
They've done abominable works,
There's none that doeth good.

v. 2.

The LORD from heaven looked down
Upon the ſons of men,
To ſee if any underſtood,
If any ſought for God.

v. 3.

They altogether filthy are,
They all have gone aſide:
There is not any worketh good,
No, not ſo much as one.

v. 4.

The workers of iniquity
Do they not know at all?
They eat my people up, as bread,
And call not on the LORD.

v. 5, 6.

There were they greatly terrify'd;
For God is with the juſt.

Ye ſham'd the counſel of the poor,
Whoſe refuge is the LORD.

v. 7.

Salvation out of *Zion* hill
Who ſhall to *Iſrael* give?
When God ſhall bring his captives back,
The tribes ſhall ſhout and ſing.

PSALM XV. Long Metre.
A Pſalm of David.

v. 1, 2.

LORD who ſhall ſojourn in thy tent?
Who in thy holy hill ſhall dwell?
The righteous, and the upright man,
And he that ſpeaks truth in his heart.

v. 3.

Who with his tongue backbiteth not,
Nor doth his neighbour any wrong,
Nor taketh up without a cauſe
Againſt his neighbour ill report.

v. 4.

The man in whoſe diſcerning eyes
The wicked perſon is contemn'd:
But they, that reverence the LORD,
Are honourable in his ſight.

v. 4, 5.

He ſwears to's hurt, and changeth not;
Puts not his wealth to uſury,
Nor takes a bribe againſt the juſt.
He that does thus ſhall not be mov'd.

PSALM XVI. Common Metre.
Michtam of David.

v. 1, 2.

PRESERVE thou me, O mighty God;
Becauſe in thee I truſt.
Thou haſt, my ſoul, ſaid to the LORD,
O LORD, thou art my Lord.

My

v. 2, 3.

My goodneſs don't to thee extend ;
But to the ſaints on earth,
The excellent, in whom I place
The whole of my delight.

v. 4.

Their ſorrows ſhall be multiplied,
Who worſhip other Gods :
Their vile drink offerings of blood
I will not offer up ;

v. 4, 5.

Nor take their names into my lips.
The LORD's my heritage ;
The Lord's the portion of my cup :
Thou haſt maintain'd my lot.

v. 6.

The lines are fallen unto me
In places of delight :
And truly mine inheritance
Is beautiful and fair.

v. 7.

Greatly will I JEHOVAH bleſs,
For he hath counſel'd me :
And in the watches of the night
My reins inſtruction give.

v. 8.

The great JEHOVAH have I ſet
Always before my face :
Becauſe he is at my right hand
I never ſhall be mov'd.

v. 9.

Therefore my heart's exceeding glad :
My tongue, my glory ſings :
Alſo my very fleſh ſhall reſt
In moſt aſſured hope.

v. 10.

Becauſe, I know, thou wilt not leave
My ſoul t'abide in hell:
Nor wilt thou let thy holy one
Any corruption ſee.

v. 11.

Thou wilt ſhew me the path of life:
Fulneſs of joy's with thee:
Pleaſures there are at thy right hand
To all eternity.

PSALM XVI. Long Metre.

v. 1, 2.

PRESERVE thou me, O mighty God;
Becauſe in thee I put my truſt.
I ſaid, O LORD, thou art my Lord,
My goodneſs doth not profit thee:

v. 3, 4.

But ſaints on earth, the excellent,
In whom I place all my delight.
But thoſe that worſhip other Gods,
Their ſorrows ſhall be multiplied.

v. 4, 5.

I will not join in off'ring up
Their vile drink offerings of blood;
Nor take their names into my lips.
The LORD is mine inheritance:

v. 5, 6.

Thou art the portion of my cup,
Thou alſo doſt maintain my lot.
In pleaſant places are my lines,
Yea, I've a goodly heritage.

v. 7.

Greatly will I JEHOVAH bleſs;
For he hath been my counſellor;

And in the watches of the night
My reins to me inſtruction give.

v. 8, 9.

I have at all times ſet the LORD
Before me; he's at my right hand;
And therefore I ſhall not be mov'd:
Therefore my heart and tongue rejoice.

v. 9, 10.

Thou wilt not leave my ſoul in hell;
Therefore my fleſh ſhall reſt in hope;
Nor wilt permit thy holy one
To ſee corruption in the grave.

v. 11.

Thou wilt ſhew me the path of life;
Fullneſs of joy there is with thee;
Pleaſures there are at thy right hand,
That laſt to all eternity.

PSALM XVII. Common Metre.

A Prayer of David.

v. 1, 2.

LORD, hear the right, regard my cry,
My pray'r from lips unfeign'd.
O let my ſentence come from thee:
See things that equal are.

v. 3.

Thou haſt examin'd all my heart,
And viſited by night,
Yea, thou haſt tri'd and ſearched me;
But yet haſt nothing found.

v. 3, 4.

I ſaid my mouth ſhall not tranſgreſs:
As for the works of men,
By thy words, have kept myſelf
From the deſtroyer's paths.

v. 5, 6.

Hold up my goings in thy paths,
Nor let my footſteps ſlide.
O God, I call, for thou wilt hear,
Attend unto my ſpeech.

v. 7.

Thy wond'rous loving kindneſs ſhew,
O ſave by thy right hand:
Thou ſaveſt them, that truſt in thee,
From their inſulting foes.

v. 8, 9.

Keep me as th' apple of the eye:
Hide me beneath thy wings,
From vile oppreſſors, deadly foes,
That compaſs me about.

v. 10, 11.

In their own fat they are inclos'd,
Their mouths do proudly ſpeak.
Now in our ſteps they compaſs us,
With eyes bow'd down to th' earth.

v. 12, 13.

Like lions greedy of their prey,
As lions young he lurks.
Ariſe, and diſappoint his hope,
O LORD, and caſt him down.

v. 13, 14.

My ſoul ſave from the wicked man,
The man which is thy ſword:
From men which are thy hand, O LORD,
From worldly men ſave me;

v. 14.

Which have their portion in this life,
Fill'd with thy hidden ſtore:
Their ſons are ſatisfied, they leave
The reſt unto their babes.

v. 15.

But as for me, I will behold
Thy face in righteouſneſs:
When with thy likeneſs I awake;
I ſhall be ſatisfied.

PSALM XVII. Long Metre.

v. 1.

O thou JEHOVAH, hear the right:
Attend unto my fervent cry,
Incline thine ear unto my pray'r,
That goes not out of feigned lips.

v. 2, 3.

O let my judgment come from thee;
Things equal let thine eyes behold.
Thou haſt examin'd all my heart,
Me thou haſt viſited by night.

v. 3, 4.

Me thou haſt tried, and nothing found;
I ſaid my mouth ſhall not tranſgreſs.
As for mens works, I by thy words
Have kept from the deſtroyers paths.

v. 5, 6.

Hold up my goings in thy paths;
Nor ever let my footſteps ſlide,
I call on thee, for thou wilt hear,
Bow down O God, and hear my ſpeech.

v. 7.

Thy wond'rous loving kindneſs ſhew,
O thou, who ſav'ſt by thy right hand
All them that put their truſt in thee,
From thoſe that up againſt them riſe.

v. 8, 9.

Keep me as th' apple of the eye:
Hide me in ſhadow of thy wings,
From wicked men, oppreſſing me,
From my ſurrounding deadly foes.

v. 10, 11.

In their own fat are they inclos'd,
And with their mouths they proudly ſpeak.
Now in our ſteps they compaſs us,
They ſet their eyes bow'd down to th' earth.

v. 12, 13.

Like lions greedy of their prey,
As lions whelps in ſecret lurk.
Ariſe, and diſappoint his hope,
Ariſe, O LORD, and caſt him down.

v. 13, 14.

O ſet my ſoul at liberty
From wicked men, which are thy ſword;
From men, which are thy hand, O LORD,
Men of this tranſitory world;

v. 14.

Which have their portion in this life,
Whoſe belly's fill'd with thy hid ſtore:
With children they are ſatisfied,
And leave their ſubſtance to their babes.

v. 15.

But as for me, I ſhall behold
Thy countenance in righteouſneſs:
I ſhall be fully ſatisfied,
When with thy likeneſs I awake.

PSALM XVIII. Common Metre.

To the chief Muſician, a Pſalm of David, *the Servant of the* LORD, *who ſpake unto the* LORD *the Words of this Song in the Day the* LORD *delivered him from the Hand of all his Enemies, and from the Hand of* Saul: *And he ſaid,*

v. 1, 2.

THEE will I love, O LORD, my ſtrength
The LORD's my rock and fort;
And my deliverer, my God,
My ſtrength, in whom I truſt.

v. 2, 3.

Of my ſalvation he's the horn,
My buckler, my high tow'r.
I will upon JEHOVAH call,
Moſt worthy to be prais'd:

v. 3, 4.

So ſhall I from my foes be ſav'd.
Death's ſorrows compaſs'd me,
The ſwelling floods of wicked men
Have made me ſore afraid.

v. 5, 6.

The pangs of hell, the ſnares of death,
Compaſs'd, prevented me.
But in the midſt of my diſtreſs
I call'd upon the LORD.

v. 6.

I with my voice cried to my God:
He from his temple heard;
My cry before his preſence came,
It came into his ears.

v. 7.

Then did the earth tremble and ſhake,
The ſtable hills were mov'd,
Foundations of the mountains ſhook;
For he was very wroth.

v. 8.

And while his indignation burn'd,
He made a ſmoak aſcend;
Devouring fire came from his mouth,
Which kindled burning coals.

v. 9, 10.

He bow'd the heavens, and came down,
Darkneſs beneath his feet:
He on a cherub rode, he flew
Upon the wings of wind.

Darkneſs

v. 11.

Darkneſs he made his ſecret place,
And his pavilion was
Darkneſs of waters all around,
And thick clouds of the ſkies.

v. 12.

At the refulgency of light
That was before his face,
His blackeſt clouds all paſs'd away,
Hail-ſtones and coals of fire.

v. 13.

JEHOVAH alſo in the heavens
Made his loud thunder heard:
There the moſt high gave forth his voice;
Hail-ſtones and coals of fire.

v. 14.

Yea, then he ſent his arrows out,
And ſcattered them abroad;
He alſo ſhot his lightnings forth,
And ſtruck them down diſmay'd.

v. 15.

Then were the water's channels bare,
The world's foundations ſeen:
At thy rebuke, O LORD of hoſts,
And at thine angry ſtorm.

v. 16, 17.

He ſent from heaven, took hold on me,
And drew me from the floods;
He ſav'd me from my potent foe,
From them that hated me.

v. 17, 18.

For they were mightier than I,
They had prevented me;
Then, when I was in ſore diſtreſs,
JEHOVAH was my ſtay.

v. 19.

Out of my ſtraits he brought me forth
Into a ſpacious place:
He wrought deliverance for me;
For I was his delight.

v. 20.

According to my righteouſneſs
The LORD rewarded me,
And richly hath he recompenc'd
The cleanneſs of my hands.

v. 21.

Becauſe I had a ſtrict regard
Unto JEHOVAH's ways,
And have not, by preſumptuous ſins,
Departed from my God.

v. 22.

For all the judgments of the LORD
Were ſet before mine eyes;
Nor ever did I put away
From me his ſtatute laws.

v. 23.

I alſo walk'd before his face
In uprightneſs of heart,
And diligently kept myſelf
From mine iniquity.

v. 24.

Therefore JEHOVAH recompenc'd
To me my righteouſneſs;
After the cleanneſs of mine hands,
Which is before his eyes.

v. 25.

In mercy thou wilt ſhew thyſelf
To him, that's merciful,
And with the man of upright heart
Wilt upright ſhew thyſelf.

v. 26.

And with the pure wilt manifeſt
Thy ſelf in purity;
And with the man of frowardneſs
Thou ſurely wilt contend.

v. 27, 28.

For the afflicted thou wilt ſave:
But haughty looks bring down.
Wilt light my lamp: the LORD, my God
Will make my darkneſs light.

v. 29, 30.

By thee have I broke through an hoſt;
I have leap'd o'er a wall:
For I was ſtrengthned by my God;
Moſt perfect is his way.

v. 30, 31.

The LORD's word's tried; he is a ſhield
To them that truſt in him.
Who's God beſides the LORD? or who
A rock, beſides our God?

v. 32, 33.

'Tis God that girdeth me with ſtrength,
And perfect makes my way.
He makes my feet like feet of hinds;
He ſets me ſafe on high.

v. 34, 35.

He ſo inſtructs my hands to war,
My arm breaks bows of ſteel.
Thou freely haſt on me beſtow'd
Salvation as a ſhield.

v. 35, 36.

And thy right hand has held me up,
Thy kindneſs made me great.
Thou alſo haſt upheld my ſteps,
From ſliding kept my feet.

v. 37.

I have purſu'd mine enemies,
And overtaken them:
Neither, 'till they were all conſum'd,
Did I turn back again:

v. 38, 39.

I wounded them, they could not riſe;
Under my feet they fell.
Thou girdeſt me with ſtrength for war;
Thou haſt ſubdu'd my foes.

v. 40.

And thou haſt given me their necks
Who were mine enemies,
That I might utterly deſtroy
All them that hated me.

v. 41.

They cry'd aloud; but there was none,
That could ſalvation bring:
They to the LORD ſent up their cry,
But he no anſwer gave.

v. 42.

Then did I beat them ſmall as duſt
That flies before the wind,
And ſcatter'd them abroad as dirt
That's trampled in the ſtreets.

v. 43.

Thou freed'ſt me from the people's ſtrife;
Of nations mad'ſt me head:
A people, whom I have not known,
To me ſhall homage pay.

v. 44, 45.

At hearing of me they obey:
Strangers ſubmit to me.
Strangers ſhall fail, and be afraid
Out of their ſecret place.

v. 46, 47.

JEHOVAH lives, bleſs'd be my rock:
Exalt my ſaviour, God.
God doth avenge me, and ſubdues
The people under me.

v. 48.

He ſaves me from mine enemies;
Yea, thou haſt rais'd me high
Above my foes, and ſet me free
From men of violence.

v. 49.

Therefore will I give thanks to thee,
To thee, O LORD, moſt high:
I will ſing praiſes to thy name
Among the heathen lands.

v. 50.

He great deliv'rance gives his king:
His mercy he extends
To *David*, his anointed one,
And ever to his ſeed.

PSALM XVIII. Long Metre.

v. 1, 2.

THEE will I love, O LORD, my ſtrength.
JEHOVAH is my rock and fort,
He's my deliv'rer, and my God,
My rock, in whom I put my truſt:

v. 2, 3.

Of my ſalvation he's the horn,
My buckler, my high tow'r is he.
I'll ſeek the LORD, worthy of praiſe;
So ſhall I from my foes be ſav'd.

v. 4, 5.

Death's ſorrows compaſs'd me about,
The floods of ſinners made me fear:
The cords of hell encompaſs'd me;
The ſnares of death prevented me.

v. 6.

In my diſtreſs I ſought the LORD,
And to my God I cry'd aloud:
He heard me from his holy place;
My cry came up, it reach'd his ears.

v. 7.

Then did the earth tremble, and ſhake,
Foundations of the hills were mov'd,
The mountains were with trembling ſeiz'd;
Becauſe his indignation burn'd.

v. 8.

Out of his noſtrils ſmoke aroſe,
A fire proceeded from his mouth,
Which dreadful devaſtation made,
And coals were kindled by the flame.

v. 9, 10.

He bow'd the heavens, and came down,
Thick darkneſs was beneath his feet:
He on a cherub rode, he flew,
Yea, ſwiftly flew on wings of wind.

v. 11.

Darkneſs he made his ſecret place:
And for his tabernacle ſpread
Darkneſs of waters all around,
And the thick clouds of gloomy ſkies.

v. 12.

At the bright ſhining of the light,
That darted from before his face,
His thickeſt clouds did paſs away,
Hail-ſtones, and burning coals of fire.

v. 13.

JEHOVAH alſo in the heav'ns
Then made his awful thunder heard;
And thence the Higheſt gave his voice,
In ſtorms of hail and coals of fire.

Yea,

v. 14.

Yea, he did ſend his arrows out,
Whereby he ſcatter'd them abroad;
He alſo ſhot his lightnings forth,
And in confuſion caſt them down.

v. 15.

Then were the waters chanels ſeen;
The world's foundations were diſclos'd;
At thy rebuke, O mighty LORD,
And at thy blaſt, thy noſtrils breath.

v. 16, 17.

He ſent from heav'n, took hold on me,
From waters great he drew me out;
Freed me from ſtrong, and ſpiteful foes;
For they were mightier than I.

v. 18, 19.

Me they prevented, when diſtreſs'd;
But then JEHOVAH was my ſtay:
He brought me to a ſpacious place;
He ſav'd me; I was his delight.

v. 20.

According to my righteouſneſs
JEHOVAH has rewarded me:
After the cleanneſs of my hands,
He rendered me a recompence.

v. 21, 22.

For I have kept JEHOVAH's ways,
Nor wickedly forſook my God:
Before me all his judgments were;
Nor put I his decrees away.

v. 23, 24.

Upright was I before the LORD,
And kept from mine iniquity:
My righteouſneſs did he reward,
And purity before his eyes.

v. 25.

In mercy thou wilt ſhew thyſelf
To him, that is compaſſionate;
And to the man of upright heart
Wilt manifeſt thy uprightneſs.

v. 26.

And with the man of purity
In purity wilt ſhew thyſelf,
And to the froward hearted man
Thou wilt his frowardneſs reward.

v. 27, 28.

For the afflicted thou wilt ſave;
But haughty looks wilt thou bring down.
My candle thou wilt light, O LORD,
My God will make my darkneſs light.

v. 29, 30.

For I by thee broke through a troop,
And by my God leap'd o'er a wall.
God's way is perfect, tried his word:
To all that truſt him, he's a ſhield.

v. 31, 32.

For who is God beſides the LORD?
Or who a rock beſides our God?
'Tis God that girdeth me with ſtrength,
'Tis he that perfect makes my way.

v. 33, 34.

He makes my feet like feet of hinds;
He ſets me on my places high.
He ſo inſtructs my hands to war,
Mine arms have broke a bow of ſteel.

v. 35.

Freely haſt thou beſtow'd on me
Thy great ſalvation as a ſhield;
And thy right hand hath held me up,
Thy gentleneſs hath made me great.

v. 36, 37.

Greatly haſt thou enlarg'd my path,
So that my foot-ſteps have not ſlipt.
I chas'd, and overtook my foes,
Nor 'till they were conſum'd, turn'd back.

v. 38, 39.

I wounded them, they could not riſe;
But underneath my feet they fell.
Thou girdeſt me with ſtrength for war;
Thou haſt ſubdu'd mine enemies.

v. 40, 41.

Thou mad'ſt my foes to turn their backs,
And I my haters have deſtroy'd:
They cry'd; but there was none to ſave,
Ev'n to the LORD, but he refus'd.

v. 42.

Then did I beat them ſmall as duſt,
That flies before the driving wind:
I alſo caſt them out as dirt,
Like mire, that's trampled in the ſtreets.

v. 43.

Thou freed'ſt me from the people's ſtrife:
Thou mad'ſt me head of heathen lands:
A people pay me homage now,
Whom I had never known before.

v. 44, 45.

At hearing of me they obey:
Strangers ſhall bow themſelves to me.
The ſtranger's ſons ſhall fade away,
In ſecret they ſhall ſhrink for fear.

v. 46, 47.

JEHOVAH lives, bleſs'd be my rock;
Exalted be my ſaviour God.
'Tis God avenges me, 'tis he
Subdues the people under me.

v. 48.

He ſav'd me from mine enemies;
Highly haſt thou exalted me
O'er them that up againſt me riſe,
And ſav'd me from the violent man.

v. 49.

For this cauſe I will render thanks
To thee, ev'n unto thee, O LORD,
Among the heathen nations round:
And will ſing praiſes to thy name.

v. 50.

How great ſalvation does he give
To *David* his anointed king!
To him his loving kindneſs ſhews,
And to his ſeed for evermore.

PSALM XIX. Common Metre.

To the chief Muſician, a Pſalm of David.

v. 1.

THE heavens clearly manifeſt
God's glorious majeſty:
The operation of his hands
The firmament declares.

v. 2, 3.

Day after day, night after night,
Knowledge communicate.
There neither language is, nor ſpeech,
Where their voice is not heard.

v. 4.

Their line's gone out through all the earth,
Their words throughout the world:
A tabernacle for the ſun
In them he has prepar'd.

v. 5.

He to a bridegroom he appears,
That from his chamber comes;

Rejoicing,

Rejoicing, as a mighty man
Prepar'd to run a race.

v. 6.

From th' utmoſt limits of the heav'ns
Is his bright going forth;
He to their utmoſt end revolves:
None from his heat is hid.

v. 7.

Moſt perfect is JEHOVAH's law,
It does convert the ſoul:
His teſtimony is moſt ſure,
Making the ſimple wiſe.

v. 8.

The ſtatutes of the LORD are right,
And they rejoice the heart:
The precept of the LORD is pure,
Enlightening the eyes.

v. 9.

Unſpotted is JEHOVAH's fear,
Enduring evermore:
The judgments of the LORD are true,
And altogether juſt.

v. 10.

More are they to be priz'd than gold,
Yea far, than much fine gold:
They ſweeter than the honey are,
Diſtilling from the comb.

v. 11.

Alſo by them thy ſervant's warn'd,
And circumſpection taught:
In diligently keeping them
There is a great reward.

v. 12.

Who can his errors underſtand?
Cleanſe me from ſecret faults:

LORD alſo keep thy ſervant back
From all preſumptuous ſins.

v. 13.

And never ſuffer them to have
Dominion over me;
Then ſhall I walk in uprightneſs,
From great tranſgreſſions free.

v. 14.

LORD, my redeemer, and my ſtrength,
O let the words I ſpeak,
And meditations of my heart
Be pleaſing in thy ſight.

PSALM XIX. Long Metre.

v. 1.

THE heavens openly declare
The glorious majeſty of God:
The outſpread firmament diſplays
The operation of his hands.

v. 2, 3.

Day after day doth utter ſpeech,
Night after night doth knowledge ſhew:
There neither ſpeech nor language is,
To which their voice doth not extend.

v. 4.

Their line's gone out through all the earth,
To the world's utmoſt end their words:
In them he fitly hath prepar'd
A tabernacle for the ſun.

v. 5.

Like to a bridegroom he appears,
When from his chamber he goes forth,
Rejoicing as a mighty man,
Gladly prepar'd to run a race.

v. 6.

From th' utmoſt limits of the heav'ns
Is his illuſtrious going forth,
His circuit to their utmoſt end;
And nothing from his heat is hid.

v. 7.

Moſt perfect is JEHOVAH's law,
It doth convert the ſinful ſoul:
The teſtimony of the LORD
Is ſure, and makes the ſimple wiſe.

v. 8.

The ſtatutes of the LORD are right,
Greatly do they rejoice the heart;
And the commandment of the LORD
Is pure, enlightening the eyes.

v. 9.

Unſpotted is JEHOVAH's fear,
Enduring to eternity:
The judgments of JEHOVAH are
Moſt true, and altogether juſt.

v. 10.

Much more are they to be deſir'd
Than gold, yea far, than much fine gold:
They ſweeter than the honey are,
And droppings of the honey comb.

v. 11, 12.

Alſo by them thy ſervant's warn'd:
In keeping them is great reward.
Who can his errors underſtand?
O cleanſe thou me from ſecret faults.

v. 13.

With-hold me from preſumptuous ſins,
Againſt me let not them prevail;
Then ſhall thy ſervant upright be,
And from the great tranſgreſſion clear.

v. 14.

et the expreſſions of my mouth,
nd meditations of my heart,
e acceptable in thy ſight,
ORD, my Redeemer, and my ſtrength.

PSALM XX. Common Metre.

To the chief Muſician, a Pſalm of David.

v. 1.

THE LORD give ear to thy requeſt
In day of ſore diſtreſs;
nd let the name of *Jacob*'s God
Be thy ſecure defence.

v. 2, 3.

nd help to thee from's holy place,
From *Zion* ſtrengthen thee.
emember all thine offerings,
Accept thy ſacrifice.

v. 4, 5.

ant thee according to thine heart,
Thy counſels all fulfil.
the ſalvation wrought by thee
We greatly will rejoice.

v. 5.

e in the name of our own God
Our banners will diſplay:
l the petitions of thy heart
JEHOVAH ſhall fulfil.

v. 6.

w do I ſurely know, the LORD
Doth his anointed ſave:
t of his holy heav'ns he'll hear,
And ſave by his right hand.

v. 7.

chariots ſome put confidence,
And ſome in horſes truſt:

But we'll make mention of the name
Of our LORD God alone.

v. 8, 9.

They are brought down, and fall'n; but we
Are ris'n, and firmly ſtand.
Save us, O LORD; let the King hear,
When unto him we call.

PSALM XX. Long Metre.

v. 1.

THE LORD to thy requeſt give ear,
In ev'ry time of thy diſtreſs,
And let the name of *Jacob*'s God
At all times be thy ſure defence.

v. 2, 3.

Send thee help from his holy place,
And out of *Zion* ſtrengthen thee:
Remember all thine offerings,
And thy burnt ſacrifice accept.

v. 4, 5.

Grant thee according to thy heart,
And all thy counſels bring to paſs.
We will exceedingly rejoice
In the ſalvation wrought by thee.

v. 5.

And in the name of our own God
Triumphant banners we'll diſplay;
Becauſe JEHOVAH will fulfil
All the petitions of thy heart.

v. 6.

Now do I know aſſuredly,
JEHOVAH his anointed ſaves:
Out of his holy heav'ns he'll hear,
And ſave by ſtrength of his right hand.

v. 7.

n chariots ſome put confidence,
And ſome in horſes put their truſt:
ut we'll make mention of the name
f him, who is the LORD our God.

v. 8, 9.

hey are brought down; yea, they are fall'n;
ut we are ris'n, and upright ſtand.
EHOVAH, thy ſalvation grant;
et the King hear us, when we call.

PSALM XXI. Common Metre.

To the chief Muſician, a Pſalm of David.

v. 1.

EHOVAH, in thy mighty ſtrength
The King ſhall joyful be:
the ſalvation wrought by thee
How great ſhall be his joy!

v. 2.

hou freely haſt beſtow'd on him
That which his heart deſir'd,
nd from him thou haſt not with-held
What was his lips requeſt.

v. 3.

cauſe thou haſt prevented him
With bleſſings of thy grace;
hou alſo ſetteſt on his head
A crown of pureſt gold.

v. 4.

o thee was his requeſt for life,
And life thou gaveſt him,
ea, thou haſt giv'n him length of days,
For ever to endure.

v. 5.

is glory is exceeding great
In thy ſalvation, LORD,

Honour, and glorious majeſty,
On him haſt thou confer'd.

v. 6.

For thou haſt him for bleſſings ſet
To all eternity:
And thou haſt with thy countenance
Made him exceeding glad.

v. 7.

Therefore the King, with confidence,
Upon the LORD relies;
And through the grace of the moſt high
He never ſhall be mov'd.

v. 8.

Thine hand ſhall ſurely find out all,
That are thine enemies,
And thy right hand ſhall find out thoſe,
That hatred bear to thee.

v. 9.

When thou art angry, thou ſhalt make
Them as a fiery oven:
The LORD ſhall ſwallow them in wrath;
Them ſhall the fire devour.

v. 10.

Their fruit thou ſurely ſhalt deſtroy
For ever from the earth,
And from among the ſons of men
Their ſeed wilt thou cut off.

v. 11.

Becauſe the purpoſe of their heart
Againſt thee was perverſe:
A miſchievous device they thought,
Which they cannot perform.

v. 12.

For thou ſhalt ſet them as a mark,
When thou ſhalt have prepar'd,

And fix'd thine arrows on thy ſtrings
Againſt the face of them.

v. 13.

JEHOVAH, in thy mighty ſtrength,
Be thou exalted high:
So will we join in pſalms of praiſe,
And ſing thy glorious pow'r.

PSALM XXI. Short Metre.

v. 1.

JEHOVAH, in thy ſtrength
The King ſhall joyful be:
In the ſalvation, thou haſt wrought,
How great ſhall be his joy!

v. 2.

Thou haſt beſtow'd on him
That which his heart deſir'd,
And thou haſt not with-held from him
What was his lips requeſt.

v. 3.

For thou preventeſt him
With bleſſings of thy grace:
Thou alſo ſetteſt on his head
A crown of pureſt gold.

v. 4.

He aſked life of thee,
And life thou gaveſt him:
Yea, thou haſt giv'n him length of days,
For ever to endure.

v. 5.

In thy ſalvation, LORD,
His glory is made great;
Honour and glorious majeſty
Thou haſt on him confer'd.

v. 6.

For thou for evermore
Haſt him for bleſſings ſet;
And thou haſt with thy countenance
Made him exceeding glad.

v. 7.

Becauſe upon the LORD
The King doth place his truſt:
And thro' the grace of the moſt High
He never ſhall be mov'd.

v. 8.

Thine hand ſhall find out all,
That are thine enemies;
And thy right hand ſhall find out thoſe,
That hatred bear to thee.

v. 9.

In anger thou ſhalt make
Them as a fiery ov'n:
The LORD ſhall ſwallow them in wrath:
The fire ſhall them devour.

v. 10.

Their fruit ſhalt thou deſtroy
For ever from the earth;
And from among the ſons of men
Their ſeed wilt thou cut off.

v. 11.

Becauſe their hearts intent
Againſt thee was perverſe;
A miſchievous device they thought,
Which they cannot perform.

v. 12.

Them wilt thou make thy mark,
When ready thou haſt made,
And fix'd thine arrows on thy ſtrings
Againſt the face of them.

v. 13.

JEHOVAH, in thy ſtrength
Be thou exalted high:
So will we join in pſalms of praiſe,
And ſing thy mighty pow'r.

PSALM XXII. Common Metre.

To the chief Muſician on Aijeleth Shahar, a Pſalm of David.

v. 1.

MY God, my God, O why haſt thou
Withdrawn thyſelf from me?
O why ſo far from helping me,
And from my roaring cry?

v. 2.

My God, I in the day time cry,
And yet thou heareſt not;
And in the watches of the night
No ſilence is to me.

v. 3, 4.

But thou art holy, thou that ſtill
Inhabit'ſt *Iſra'l*'s praiſe.
Our fathers put their truſt in thee,
Thou didſt deliver them.

v. 5.

They unto thee pour'd out their cry,
And ſafe deliv'rance found;
They plac'd their confidence in thee,
And were not put to ſhame.

v. 6.

But, as for me, I am a worm,
Not treated as a man;
Reproach'd among the ſons of men,
The common people's ſcorn.

v. 7.

All they that look upon me laugh,
And have me in contempt:

Shoot out the lip, and ſhake the head,
And thus, deriding, ſay,

v. 8.

He in JEHOVAH put his truſt
For his deliverance:
Now let the LORD deliver him,
If in him he delights.

v. 9.

But thou art he, that took me out
In ſafety from the womb:
When I was on my mother's breaſts,
Thou cauſed'ſt me to hope.

v. 10.

I have been caſt upon thy care,
Ev'n from the very womb;
And from my mother's belly thou
Haſt been a God to me.

v. 11, 12.

Be not far off, for trouble's near;
For there is none to help;
While many bulls, ſtrong *Baſhan* bulls
Have compaſs'd me about.

v. 13.

They gap'd upon me with their mouths,
They have beſet me round,
Like as a lion ravening,
And roaring for his prey.

v. 14.

Like water I am poured out;
My bones are out of joint:
My heart amidſt my bowels melts,
Like wax before the fire.

v. 15.

My ſtrength is like a potſherd dried:
My tongue cleaves to my jaws;

And thou haſt even brought me down
Into the duſt of death.

v. 16.

For dogs have compaſs'd me about,
And wickedly combin'd:
The vile aſſembly me inclos'd,
They pierc'd my hands and feet.

v. 17, 18.

I may diſtinctly tell my bones:
They look, they ſtare on me:
Among them they my garments part,
And on my coat caſt lots.

v. 19, 20.

But be not thou far from me, LORD,
My ſtrength, haſte to my help:
My ſoul from ſword, from pow'r of dogs,
Set thou my darling free.

v. 21.

O from the lion's ravening mouth
Grant me deliverance;
And from the horns of unicorns;
For thou haſt anſwer'd me.

v. 22.

I to my brethren will declare
The glory of thy name;
And in the preſence of the church
I will give praiſe to thee.

v. 23.

All ye that fear JEHOVAH's name,
To him aſcribe ye praiſe;
Exalt him all ye *Jacob*'s ſeed,
All *Iſra'l's* ſeed fear him.

v. 24.

For he deſpis'd not, nor abhor'd
Th' affliction of the poor:

Nor has he hid his face from him;
But heard him when he cried.

v. 25.

Within the congregation great
I'll celebrate thy praiſe:
And in their ſight, that fear his name,
Will I perform my vows.

v. 26.

The meek ſhall eat and be ſuffic'd,
And they ſhall praiſe the LORD:
Your heart ſhall live for evermore,
That after him enquire.

v. 27.

Yea, all the world ſhall call to mind,
And turn unto the LORD;
And all the kindreds of the earth
Before thee ſhall adore.

v. 28, 29.

Becauſe the kingdom is the LORD's,
And he the nations rules.
All, that are great upon the earth,
Shall eat and worſhip him.

v. 29.

All they, that to the duſt go down,
Shall bow themſelves to him:
There is not one of them, that can
Keep his own ſoul alive.

v. 30.

A ſeed to him ſhall homage pay,
Which, through ſucceeding times,
Shall be accounted to the LORD
For a peculiar race.

v. 31.

They ſhall come forth, and ſhall declare
His truth, and righteouſneſs

Unto a people yet unborn,
That this his doing is.

PSALM XXIII. Common Metre.

A Pſalm of David.

v. 1, 2.

THE LORD himſelf my ſhepherd is,
And I ſhall nothing want.
In paſtures of the tender graſs
He makes me to lie down.

v. 2, 3.

He leads me by the quiet ſtreams,
And he reſtores my ſoul:
He leads me, for his own name ſake,
In paths of righteouſneſs.

v. 4.

Tho' thro' death's gloomy vale I walk
I will no evil fear;
Thy rod and ſtaff ſhall comfort me,
For thou art with me there.

v. 5,

My table thou haſt furniſh'd well,
In preſence of my foes;
Thou doſt anoint my head with oil,
My cup doth overflow.

v. 6.

Goodneſs and mercy all my days
Shall ſurely follow me:
And ever in JEHOVAH's houſe
My dwelling place ſhall be.

PSALM XXIII. Long Metre.

v. 1, 2.

THE LORD himſelf my ſhepherd is,
And therefore I ſhall never want.
He in the folds of tender graſs
In ſafety makes me to lie down.

v. 2, 3.

He leads me by the quiet ſtreams:
He graciouſly reſtores my ſoul;
And in the paths of righteouſneſs
He leads me for his own names ſake.

v. 4.

Yea, tho' I walk thro' death's dark vale,
Yet then will I no evil fear;
For thou art preſent with me there,
Thy rod, thy ſtaff ſhall comfort me.

v. 5.

Thou haſt for me a table ſpread,
In preſence of mine enemies:
Thou doſt anoint mine head with oil,
My cup is full, it overflows.

v. 6.

Goodneſs and mercy, all my days,
Aſſuredly ſhall follow me:
And in JEHOVAH's ſacred houſe
My dwelling ſhall for ever be.

PSALM XXIII. Short Metre.

v. 1, 2.

THE LORD my ſhepherd is,
And I ſhall nothing want.
In paſtures of the tender graſs
He makes me to lie down.

v. 2, 3.

He leads me by ſoft ſtreams;
And he reſtores my ſoul:
He leads me, for his own name ſake,
In paths of righteouſneſs.

v. 4.

Tho' thro' death's vale I walk;
I will no evil fear:
Thy rod and ſtaff ſhall comfort me,
For thou art with me there.

My

v. 5.

My table thou haſt ſpread
In preſence of my foes:
Thou doſt anoint my head with oil,
My cup doth overflow.

v. 6.

Goodneſs and mercy ſure
Thro' life ſhall follow me:
And ever in JEHOVAH's houſe
My dwelling place ſhall be.

PSALM XXIII. as the CXLVIII.

v. 1, 2, 3.

THE LORD my ſhepherd is,
And I ſhall never want.
He makes me to lie down
In paſtures that are green.
He leads me on
By quiet ſtreams:
He doth reſtore
My wandring ſoul.

v. 3, 4.

He leads me, for his name,
In paths of righteouſneſs.
When I am call'd to paſs
The gloomy vale of death,
I'll fear no ill:
With me thou art;
Thy rod and ſtaff
Shall comfort me.

v. 5.

Thou haſt, before my face,
A table well prepar'd;
And it is richly ſpread,
In preſence of my foes.

My

Thou

Thou doſt anoint
My head with oil;
My cup is full
It overflows.

v. 6.

Goodneſs and mercy ſure
Shall always follow me;
Thro' my ſucceeding days,
So long as life remains:
And mine abode,
Shall be within
JEHOVAH's houſe
For evermore.

PSALM XXIV. Long Metre.

A Pſalm of David.

v. 1, 2.

THE earth, its fulneſs, all's the LORD's,
The world, and they that dwell therein.
He founded it upon the ſeas,
And 'ſtabliſh'd it upon the floods.

v. 3, 4.

Who ſhall aſcend JEHOVAH's hill?
Who in his holy place ſhall ſtand?
The clean of hands, and pure in heart,
Whoſe ſoul regards not vanity;

v. 4, 5.

Who hath not ſworn deceitfully.
He by JEHOVAH ſhall be bleſt,
He ſhall have righteouſneſs from him,
Who is his ſaviour, and his God.

v. 6.

This, this the generation is
Of them, that after him inquire,
The generation of the men,
That ſeek thy face, O *Jacob*'s God.

v. 7.

Ye lofty gates lift up your heads,
And be ye lifted up on high
Ye everlasting doors; behold,
The king of glory shall come in.

v. 8, 9.

Who is this King of glory, who?
He is the strong, the mighty LORD,
The LORD invincible in war:
Ye lofty gates lift up your heads,

v. 9, 10.

Be ye eternal doors lift up;
The King of glory shall come in.
Who is this King of glory, who?
This glorious King is LORD of hosts.

PSALM XXV. Common Metre.

A Psalm of David.

v. 1, 2.

To thee O LORD, I lift my soul,
My God I trust in thee;
O let me not be put to shame,
Nor let my foes insult.

v. 3.

Yea, let not them that wait on thee
Be ever put to shame:
But let confusion cover them
That without cause transgress.

v. 4, 5.

Shew me thy ways, teach me thy paths:
LORD lead me in thy truth,
Teach me, for thou my saviour art,
On thee I wait all day.

v. 6.

Thy bowels of compassion, LORD,
In thy remembrance bear:

Think

Think of thy loving kindneſſes,
Which ever were of old.

v. 7.

Remember not my ſins of youth,
Nor my tranſgreſſions mark:
In mercy, for thy goodneſs ſake,
Remember me, O LORD.

v. 8, 9.

Becauſe the LORD is good, and juſt;
The way he'll ſinners teach.
The meek he will in judgment guide,
The meek he'll teach his way.

v. 10.

For all the footſteps of the LORD
Both mercy are and truth,
To them that keep his covenant,
And teſtimonies pure.

v. 11.

LORD, for the glory of thy name,
I humbly thee implore,
O pardon mine iniquity,
For 'tis exceeding great.

v. 12, 13.

Who fears the LORD? him ſhall he teach
The way, that he ſhall chooſe:
His ſoul ſecure ſhall dwell at eaſe;
His ſeed poſſeſs the earth.

v. 14.

The ſecret of the LORD's with them
That fear his holy name;
And knowledge of his covenant
He will to them impart.

v. 15.

Mine eyes upon the LORD alone
Continually are ſet:

For he it is, that ſhall bring forth
My feet out of the net.

v. 16.

O turn thou unto me thy face,
Have mercy upon me;
For I am very deſolate,
And my affliction's great.

v. 17, 18.

The troubles of my heart increaſe:
O free me from diſtreſs:
See my affliction and my pain,
And pardon all my ſins.

v. 19.

Conſider thou mine enemies;
For they are much increas'd:
In cruel hatred they purſue
My ſoul with violence.

v. 20.

Do thou my ſoul in ſafety keep,
Do thou deliver me:
O let me not be put to ſhame;
Becauſe I truſt in thee.

v. 21, 22.

Let truth and juſtice me preſerve;
Becauſe I wait on thee.
O God redeem thine *Iſrael*
From all calamity.

PSALM XXV. Short Metre.

v. 1, 2.

To thee I lift my ſoul,
In thee O LORD I truſt.
My God, let me not be aſham'd,
Nor let my foes inſult.

v. 3.

Let none that wait on thee
Be put to any ſhame;
But let confuſion cover them
Who without cauſe tranſgreſs.

v. 4, 5.

Shew me thy ways, O LORD,
Thy paths O teach thou me:
Conduct me alſo in thy truth,
Inſtruct me in thy will.

v. 5.

Becauſe thou art the God
Whence my ſalvation comes;
And I upon thee all the day
With expectation wait.

v. 6.

Into remembrance call
Thy tender mercies, LORD,
Thy loving kindneſſes; for they
Have ever been of old.

v. 7.

My youthful ſins and faults
Remember thou no more:
In mercy, for thy goodneſs ſake,
Remember me, O LORD.

v. 8, 9.

The LORD is good, and juſt,
The way he'll ſinners teach:
The meek will he in judgment guide,
And teach the meek his way.

v. 10.

For all JEHOVAH's paths
Both mercy are, and truth;
To ſuch as keep his covenant,
And teſtimonies pure.

v. 11.

For thy name's ſake, O LORD,
I humbly thee implore,
To pardon my iniquity;
For 'tis exceeding great.

v. 12, 13.

The man that fears the LORD,
He'll teach his choſen way:
His ſoul ſecure ſhall dwell at eaſe;
His ſeed enjoy the land.

v. 14.

The ſecret of the LORD
With them that fear him is;
And knowledge of his covenant
He will to them impart.

v. 15.

Mine eyes upon the LORD
Continually are ſet;
For it is he, that ſhall bring forth
My feet out of the net.

v. 16.

Turn unto me thy face,
Have mercy upon me;
For I am very deſolate,
And my affliction's great.

v. 17, 18.

Great is my heart's diſtreſs,
From trouble ſet me free:
See my affliction, and my pain,
And pardon all my ſins.

v. 19.

Conſider thou my foes;
For they are multiplied,
In cruel hatred they purſue
My ſoul with violence.

v. 20.

In ſafety keep my ſoul;
To me deliv'rance ſend;
And never let me be aſham'd;
Becauſe I truſt in thee.

v. 21, 22.

Let uprightneſs, and truth
Keep me; I wait on thee.
Redeem, O God, thine *Iſrael*
From all calamity.

PSALM XXVI. Common Metre.

A Pſalm of David.

v. 1.

JUDGE me, O LORD, for I have walk'd
In mine integrity:
I truſted alſo in the LORD:
Therefore I ſhall not ſlide.

v. 2, 3.

Examine me, and prove me LORD:
Try thou my reins and heart.
Thy mercy is before mine eyes,
And in thy truth I walk.

v. 4, 5.

I have not with vain perſons ſat,
Nor with diſſemblers gone:
Aſſemblies of ill men I hate,
Nor with the wicked ſit.

v. 6, 7.

In innocence of hands, O LORD,
I'll to thine altar come:
To publiſh with a thankful voice,
And tell thy wond'rous works.

v. 8.

The habitation of thy houſe,
JEHOVAH, I have lov'd,

I great

eatly love the holy place,
n which thine honour dwells.

v. 9, 10.

th ſinners gather not my ſoul,
Nor life with bloody men;
whoſe hand there is miſchief found,
Their right hand's full of bribes.

v. 11, 12.

in integrity I walk,
Redeem, and pity me.
foot ſtands in an even place:
n th' church I'll bleſs the LORD.

PSALM XXVI. Long Metre.

v. 1.

DGE me, O LORD, for I have walk'd
With thee in mine integrity:
uſted alſo in the LORD;
therefore I ſhall never ſlide.

v. 2, 3.

mine me, and prove me, LORD,
ch thou my heart, and try my reins.
mercy is before mine eyes;
I have walked in thy truth.

v. 4, 5.

ve not with vain perſons ſat,
have I with diſſemblers join'd:
aſſembly of ill men I hate,
with the wicked will I ſit.

v. 6, 7.

waſh my hands in innocence;
ſo thine altar compaſs, LORD:
publiſh with a thankful voice,
all thy wond'rous works declare.

O LORD,

v. 8.

O LORD, how greatly have I lov'd
The habitation of thy houſe!
Thy holy place is my delight,
Wherein thy Majeſty reſides.

v. 9, 10.

With ſinners gather not my ſoul,
Neither my life with bloody men,
In whoſe hands is iniquity,
And their right hand is full of bribes.

v. 11, 12.

But in mine uprightneſs I'll walk:
In mercy, O redeem my ſoul.
My foot ſtands in an even place;
And in the church I'll bleſs the LORD.

PSALM XXVII. Common Metre.

A Pſalm of David.

v. 1.

THE LORD's my light, and ſaving health,
Who is there I ſhall fear?
The LORD is of my life the ſtrength,
Who ſhall make me afraid?

v. 2.

When wicked men, mine enemies,
And foes againſt me roſe,
And on me came to eat my fleſh,
They ſtumbled, yea, they fell.

v. 3.

Tho' hoſts againſt me ſhou'd encamp,
My heart ſhall never fear;
Tho' war againſt me ſhould ariſe,
In this I'm confident.

v. 4.

One thing I of the LORD deſir'd,
And after that I'll ſeek,

hat in the LORD's houſe I may dwell,
Thro' all the days I live;

v. 4, 5.

o ſee the beauty of the LORD,
And in his houſe enquire.
e'll me in his pavilion hide
In time of my diſtreſs.

v. 5, 6.

e'll hide me in his ſecret tent,
And ſet me on a rock.
ow ſhall my head be lifted up
Above ſurrounding foes.

v. 6.

offer therefore in his tent
The ſacrifice of joy:
d to JEHOVAH will I ſing,
Yea, I'll ſing praiſe to him.

v. 7, 8.

RD, when I cry, hear thou my voice,
n mercy anſwer me.
k me, thou ſaid'ſt; my heart reply'd,
Thy face LORD will I ſeek.

v. 9.

ceal not thou thy face from me,
Nor with an angry frown
thou thy ſervant far away;
Thou haſt my helper been.

v. 9, 10.

eave me not, forſake me not,
My ſaviour, and my God.
en both my parents caſt me off,
The LORD will take me up.

v. 11.

ruct me in thy way, O LORD,
And kindly lead me on

In

In the plain paths of righteouſneſs;
Becauſe of all my foes.

v. 12.

Give me not over to their will,
Who are mine enemies.
Falſe witneſſes againſt me riſe,
And breath out cruelty.

v. 13.

My ſoul had fainted then, unleſs
I had believ'd to ſee
Among the living in the land,
The goodneſs of the LORD.

v. 14.

Wait thou, my ſoul, upon the LORD:
Nor let thy courage fail,
And he ſhall give thee ſtrength of heart,
I ſay, wait on the LORD.

PSALM XXVII. Long Metre.

v. 1.

JEHOVAH my ſalvation is,
He is my light, whom ſhall I fear?
The LORD is of my life the ſtrength,
Of whom then ſhall I be afraid?

v. 2.

When workers of iniquity,
Even mine enemies, my foes,
Came on me to eat up my fleſh;
Then did they ſtumble, yea they fell.

v. 3.

Againſt me tho' an hoſt encamp,
Yet ſhall my heart not be afraid:
Tho' war againſt me ſhould ariſe,
In this will I be confident.

On

v. 4.

One thing I aſked of the LORD,
And after that I ſtill will ſeek,
That I, thro' all the days I live,
May dwell within JEHOVAH's houſe:

v. 4, 5.

To view the beauty of the LORD,
And in his temple to enquire.
For, in the time of my diſtreſs,
He'll me in his pavilion hide.

v. 5, 6.

He'll hide me in his ſecret tent,
Yea, he ſhall ſet me on a rock:
Now ſhall my head be lifted up
Above my foes on ev'ry ſide.

v. 6.

Therefore to him I'll offer up
The ſacrifice of joy and praiſe:
In's tabernacle I will ſing,
Yea, I'll ſing praiſes to the LORD.

v. 7, 8.

LORD, when I cry, hear thou my voice,
And in thy mercy anſwer me.
Thou ſaid'ſt, O LORD, ſeek ye my face;
My heart replied, thy face I'll ſeek.

v. 9.

Hide not thy face from me in wrath,
Reject me not; thou waſt my help:
Deſert me not, forſake me not,
O thou my Saviour, and my God.

v. 10, 11.

When both my parents caſt me off,
Then will JEHOVAH take me up.
Teach me thy way, make plain my path;
Becauſe of my obſervers, LORD.

v. 12.

Give me not over to their will,
Who are my cruel enemies;
False witneſſes againſt me riſe,
And ſuch as breath out cruelty.

v. 13.

Sorrows had overwhelm'd my ſoul,
Unleſs I had believ'd to ſee
The promis'd goodneſs of the LORD,
Among the living in the land.

v. 14.

Do thou upon JEHOVAH wait:
Be of good courage, O my ſoul;
And he ſhall give thee ſtrength of heart:
Yea, wait, I ſay, upon the LORD.

PSALM XXVIII. Common Metre.

A Pſalm of David.

v. 1.

To thee I cry, O LORD, my rock,
Cauſe me to hear thy voice;
Or elſe I ſhall become like thoſe
That to the pit go down.

v. 2.

Hear thou my ſupplicating voice,
When unto thee I cry;
When tow'rd thy holy oracle,
I ſhall lift up mine hands.

v. 3.

With ſinners draw me not away,
That work iniquity;
Who peace unto their neighbours ſpeak,
With miſchief in their heart.

v. 4.

Give them according to their deeds,
And ſins which they attempt:

According to their handy works,
Give to them their deſert.

v. 5.

Since they deſpiſe JEHOVAH's works,
And what his hands have wrought;
Them he will utterly deſtroy,
And will not build them up.

v. 6, 7.

Bleſt be the LORD, who heard my voice;
The LORD's my ſtrength and ſhield;
My heart put confidence in him,
And from him had relief.

v. 7, 8.

Therefore my heart's exceeding glad;
I'll praiſe him with my ſong.
The LORD's their ſtrength, the ſaving ſtrength
Of his anointed One.

v. 9.

Salvation to thy people grant,
Bleſs thine inheritance:
Them alſo do thou rule, and feed;
Advance them evermore.

PSALM XXIX. Long Metre.

A Pſalm of David.

v. 1, 2.

YE mighty give unto the LORD,
Give to the LORD glory and ſtrength:
Unto the LORD do ye aſcribe
The glory due unto his name.

v. 2, 3.

Bow down yourſelves before the LORD
Within his glorious holy place.
The LORD's voice on the waters is:
The God of glory thunders loud.

v. 3, 4, 5.

On many waters is the LORD.
JEHOVAH's voice is full of pow'r;
Majeſtic is JEHOVAH's voice:
JEHOVAH's voice the cedars breaks.

v. 5, 6.

Cedars of *Lebanon* he breaks;
He makes them like a calf to ſkip:
Hermon, and *Labanon* he makes
Like a young unicorn to leap.

v. 7, 8.

JEHOVAH by his awful voice
Strikes, and divides the flames of fire.
The LORD's voice ſhakes the wilderneſs,
The wilderneſs of *Kadeſh* ſhakes.

v. 9.

The LORD's voice makes the hinds to calve;
He alſo lays the foreſt bare:
And in his temple ev'ry one
Of his excelling glory ſpeaks.

v. 10, 11.

JEHOVAH o'er the deluge ſat;
The LORD ſits King for evermore.
The LORD will give his people ſtrength;
His people he will bleſs with peace.

PSALM XXX. Common Metre.

A Pſalm or Song at the Dedication of the Houſe of David.

v. 1.

JEHOVAH, thee will I extol,
For thou haſt rais'd me up;
And haſt not made mine enemies
To triumph over me.

v. 2, 3.

O LORD, my God, to thee I cried,
And thou haſt healed me

JEHOVA

JEHOVAH, thou haſt raiſed up
My ſoul, ev'n from the grave.

v. 3, 4.

My life thou ſavedſt from the pit:
O ſing unto the LORD,
Ye ſaints of his, give thanks, when ye
His holineſs record.

v. 5.

His anger but a moment laſts;
But in his favour's life:
Tho' weeping for a night endure,
Joy in the morning comes.

v. 6, 7.

In my proſperity, I ſaid,
I never ſhall be mov'd.
LORD, by thy favour thou haſt made
My mountain to ſtand ſtrong:

v. 7, 8.

Thou hid'ſt thy face, I was diſtreſs'd.
O LORD, I cried to thee;
And thus, with ſupplicating voice,
Did I requeſt the LORD:

v. 9.

What profit is there in my blood,
When I go to the grave?
Shall the duſt celebrate thy praiſe?
Shall that declare thy truth?

v. 10.

Unto the voice of my requeſt,
O LORD, bow down thine ear:
To me thy tender mercy ſhew,
Be thou my helper, LORD.

v. 11.

For me thou haſt my mourning turn'd
Into exulting praiſe:

My ſackcloth thou haſt taken off,
And girded me with joy.

v. 12.

So ſhall my glory ſing thy praiſe,
And ſhall not ſilent be:
O LORD, my God, for evermore
Will I give thanks to thee.

PSALM XXXI. Common Metre.

To the chief Muſician, a Pſalm of David.

v. 1.

IN thee, O LORD, I put my truſt;
Ne'er let me be aſham'd:
According to thy righteouſneſs,
Do thou deliver me.

v. 2.

Bow down thine ear to me with ſpeed,
To me deliv'rance grant;
Be thou to me a rock of ſtrength,
My ſafety and defence.

v. 3, 4.

For thou my rock, and fortreſs art,
Lead me for thy name's ſake:
Guide me, and ſave me from the net
For me in ſecret laid.

v. 5.

Thou art my ſtrength, into thy hand
My ſpirit I commit:
Thou haſt redeem'd and ſaved me,
O LORD, thou God of truth.

v. 6.

I hated ſuch as have regard
To lying vanities:
But as for me, my confidence
Is fix'd upon the LORD.

v. 7.

I'll in thy mercy ſhout for joy :
  Thou haſt my trouble ſeen ;
Yea, thou haſt alſo known my ſoul
  In mine adverſities.

v. 8.

And in mine adverſaries hands
  Thou haſt not ſhut me up ;
But in a place of liberty
  Haſt made my feet to ſtand.

v. 9.

Have mercy upon me, O LORD,
  For I am in diſtreſs :
Mine eye, my belly, and my ſoul
  With ſorrow are conſum'd.

v. 10.

Becauſe my life is ſpent with grief,
  My years with ſighing waſte ;
My ſins have made my ſtrength to fail,
  And have conſum'd my bones.

v. 11.

By all my foes I was reproach'd ;
  But by my neighbours moſt :
Fear'd by my friends ; they ſeeing me,
  Fled from me in the ſtreet.

v. 12.

I am forgot like one that's dead ;
  And wholly out of mind :
I like a veſſel am become,
  That's broken, and deſtroy'd.

v. 13.

For I have many ſlanders heard ;
  Fear was on ev'ry ſide ;
Whilſt they conſulted, and devis'd
  To take away my life.

v. 14, 15.

But I rely'd on thee, O LORD,
I ſaid thou art my God:
My times are in thy hand: ſave me
From perſecuting foes.

v. 16.

O let thy gracious countenance
Upon thy ſervant ſhine;
And thy ſalvation give to me,
For thine own mercies ſake.

v. 17.

Let me not be aſham'd, O LORD,
For I have call'd on thee:
But let the wicked be aſham'd,
And ſilent in the grave.

v. 18.

To ſilence let their lips be put,
Who ſpeak deceit and lies,
Who grievous things, with proud diſdain,
Againſt the righteous ſpeak.

v. 19.

How great thy goodneſs, thou'ſt laid up,
For them that fear thy name!
And wrought for them, that truſt in thee,
Before the ſons of men!

v. 20.

Thy preſence, as a ſecret place,
Hides them from pride of man:
And thy pavilion keeps them ſafe
From tongues engag'd in ſtrife.

v. 21.

Bleſſed, O bleſſed be the LORD;
Becauſe he hath made known
His kindneſs, marvellous to me,
Within a fenced town.

In

v. 22.

In haſte I ſaid, I am cut off
  Now from before thine eyes;
Yet thou haſt heard my fervent pray'r,
  When unto thee I cried.

v. 23.

O love the LORD, all ye his ſaints:
  The LORD the faithful keeps;
And to proud doers he returns
  A plentiful reward.

v. 24.

All ye that with expecting hope
  Upon JEHOVAH wait:
Let not your courage ever fail;
  He'll give you ſtrength of heart.

PSALM XXXII. Common Metre.

A Pſalm of David, *giving Inſtruction.*

v. 1, 2.

BLEST man, whoſe treſpaſs is forgiv'n,
  Whoſe guilt is cover'd o'er;
To whom the LORD imputes not ſin,
  Whoſe ſpirit hath no guile.

v. 3.

When I did no confeſſion make,
  My bones then waxed old,
By reaſon of my roaring cry
  With anguiſh all the day.

v. 4.

For, day and night, thy chaſt'ning hand
  Upon me heavy lay:
My moiſture's dry'd like tender herbs
  In ſummer's ſcorching drought.

v. 5.

I have acknowledged to thee
  All mine iniquity,

And I have not from thee conceal'd
My num'rous treſpaſſes.

v. 5.

My heart had ſaid, I will confeſs
My treſpaſs to the LORD;
And then the guilt of all my ſin
Thou freely didſt forgive.

v. 6.

For this ſhall all the godly pray,
When thou art to be found;
Surely when floods of waters riſe,
Near them they ſhall not come.

v. 7.

Thou art to me a hiding place,
Shalt keep me from diſtreſs;
Thou ſhalt encompaſs me with ſongs
Of great deliverance.

v. 8.

I will to thee inſtruction give,
And teach thee in the way,
Wherein thou ſhalt ſecurely go;
And guide thee with mine eye.

v. 9.

Be ye not like the horſe or mule,
Of underſtanding void;
Whoſe mouth's held in with bit, and rein,
Leſt they come near to thee.

v. 10.

To him that walks in wickedneſs
His ſorrows ſhall abound;
But he that truſteth in the LORD,
Mercy ſhall him ſurround.

v. 11.

Ye righteous in the LORD rejoice,
In him be very glad:

With

With joyful acclamations ſhout,
All ye of upright heart.

PSALM XXXII. Long Metre.

v. 1, 2.

BLEST is the man, whoſe guilt's forgiv'n,
Whoſe treſpaſſes are cover'd o'er;
To whom the LORD imputes not ſin,
And in whoſe ſpirit is no guile.

v. 3, 4.

When I kept ſilence, then my bones
Wax'd old, thro' roaring all the day.
Thy hand oppreſs'd me day, and night,
My moiſture's turn'd to ſummer's drought.

v. 5.

I then confeſs'd my ſin to thee,
And hid not mine iniquity.
I ſaid, I freely will confeſs
My great tranſgreſſions to the LORD;

v. 5, 6.

And thou forgaveſt all my ſin:
For this ſhall every godly man
Pray to thee, when thou may'ſt be found:
Surely great floods him ſhall not reach.

v. 7.

Thou art an hiding place to me,
Thou ſhalt preſerve me from diſtreſs;
And thou ſhalt compaſs me about
With ſongs of great deliverance.

v. 8.

I will to thee inſtruction give,
And I will teach thee in the way,
In which thou ſhalt ſecurely go;
And I will guide thee with mine eye.

v. 9.

Be ye not as the horſe, or mule,
Of underſtanding deſtitute;
Whoſe mouth's held in with bit, and rein,
Leſt unto thee they ſhould come near.

v. 10.

To him that walks in wickedneſs
His ſorrows ſhall be multiplied;
But he that truſteth in the LORD,
Mercy ſhall compaſs him about.

v. 11.

O in JEHOVAH be ye glad,
Ye that are righteous, and rejoice:
And ſing, and ſhout aloud for joy,
All ye that are of upright heart.

PSALM XXXIII. Common Metre.

v. 1, 2.

REJOICE ye righteous in the LORD;
For praiſe becomes the juſt.
Praiſe ye JEHOVAH with the harp:
To him with pſalt'ry ſing.

v. 2, 3.

Upon a ten ſtring'd inſtrument,
A new ſong to him ſing;
On inſtruments play ſkilfully
With a triumphant noiſe.

v. 4, 5.

Becauſe JEHOVAH's word is right;
His works all done in truth.
Judgment, and righteouſneſs he loves:
His goodneſs fills the earth.

v. 6.

JEHOVAH by his ſovereign word
Has the vaſt heavens made;

And

And by the ſpirit of his mouth
Were all their armies fram'd.

v. 7.

He brings the waters of the ſea
Together as an heap:
And in the houſes of his ſtore
He treaſures up the depths.

v. 8.

Let all that dwell upon the earth
The mighty LORD revere:
Let all the world's inhabitants
Before him ſtand in awe.

v. 9.

For he no ſooner ſpake the word,
Than what he ſaid, was done:
He gave his ſovereign command,
And 'twas eſtabliſh'd faſt.

v. 10.

The counſel of the heathen lands
JEHOVAH brings to nought:
And, what the people have devis'd,
He makes of none effect.

v. 11.

But all the counſels of the LORD
Shall ſtand for ever firm:
The ſettled purpoſe of his heart
From age to age endures.

v. 12.

How greatly is the nation bleſt,
Whoſe God JEHOVAH is!
The people, whom he choſe to be
His own inheritance.

v. 13, 14.

JEHOVAH doth from heav'n look down,
He ſees all *Adam*'s ſons:

Beholding

Beholding from his ſeat on high
All them that dwell on earth.
v. 15, 16.
He faſhioneth their hearts alike,
Conſiders all their works.
No king is ſav'd by num'rous hoſts;
No mighty man by ſtrength.
v. 17.
An horſe for ſafe deliverance
Is a deceitful thing:
Nor by the greatneſs of his ſtrength
Shall any one be ſav'd.
v. 18.
Behold JEHOVAH's watchful eye
On them, that fear him, is;
His eye is always upon them,
That in his mercy hope.
v. 19, 20.
Their life in famine to preſerve,
And ſave their ſoul from death.
Our ſoul doth for JEHOVAH wait:
He is our help, and ſhield.
v. 21, 22.
Since in his holy name we truſt,
Our hearts in him rejoice.
LORD, let thy mercy be on us,
Ev'n as we hope in thee.

PSALM XXXIV. Long Metre.

A Pſalm of David, *when he changed his Behaviour before* Abimelech: *who drove him away, and he departed.*

v. 1, 2.
I will, at all times, bleſs the LORD;
My mouth ſhall ſpeak his conſtant praiſe.
My ſoul ſhall in JEHOVAH boaſt:
The meek ſhall hear it and be glad.

O ma

v. 3, 4.

O magnify the LORD with me,
Together let's exalt his name:
I ſought the LORD, he anſwer'd me,
And ſet me free from all my fears.

v. 5, 6.

They look'd to him, and were enlarg'd;
Their faces were not made aſham'd:
This poor man cried, JEHOVAH heard,
And ſav'd him out of all diſtreſs.

v. 7, 8.

The Angel of the LORD encamps
Around his ſaints, and them he ſaves.
O taſte, and ſee, the LORD is good:
Bleſt is the man, that truſts in him.

v. 9, 10.

O fear the LORD all ye his ſaints:
For they that fear him ſhall not want.
Young lions pine for want; but thoſe
That ſeek the LORD, ſhall want no good.

v. 11, 12.

Ye children come, hearken to me:
You will I teach JEHOVAH's fear.
What man is he, that chooſes life,
And loves to ſee long proſp'rous days?

v. 13, 14.

From evil ſpeech with-hold thy tongue,
Refrain thy lips from ſpeaking guile:
Depart from evil, and do good;
Seek after peace, and peace purſue.

v. 15, 16.

JEHOVAH's eyes are on the juſt,
His ears are open to their cry.
JEHOVAH's face is ſet againſt
The workers of iniquity:

He'll

v. 16, 17.

He'll cut off their memorial,
From off the earth for evermore.
The righteous cry, JEHOVAH hears,
And ſaves them out of all diſtreſs.

v. 18, 19.

The LORD is nigh to broken hearts,
And them of contrite ſpirits ſaves.
Great are the afflictions of the juſt;
But the LORD ſaves him from them all.

v. 20, 21.

He keeps his bones, not one is broke.
Evil ſhall ſlay the wicked man,
And they that do the righteous hate,
Shall be to deſolation brought.

v. 22.

The ſouls of them that ſerve the LORD,
He will moſt graciouſly redeem:
And none of them that truſt in him,
Shall be to deſolation brought.

PSALM XXXV. Common Metre.
A Pſalm of David.

v. 1.

O thou JEHOVAH, plead my cauſe
With them, that ſtrive with me;
With thoſe, that war againſt me wage,
Do thou my battles fight.

v. 2, 3.

Take hold of buckler, and of ſhield,
And for my help ariſe:
Draw out the ſpear, and ſtop the way
Of my purſuing foes.

v. 3, 4.

And to my ſoul O do thou ſay,
I will thy ſaviour be.

Confounded

Confounded, and aſham'd be they
That would deſtroy my ſoul.

v. 4, 5.

Turn back, and to confuſion bring
Them that deviſe my hurt:
Make them as chaff before the wind,
By the LORD's angel chas'd.

v. 6.

Let darkneſs overſpread their way,
And ſlipp'ry be their path:
And let the Angel of the LORD
Their perſecutor be.

v. 7.

For without cauſe, they in a pit
Have hid their net for me;
Which alſo they, without a cauſe,
Have for my ſoul prepar'd.

v. 8.

Let ruin ſeize him unawares,
Caught in the net he hid:
Into deſtruction let him fall,
That he himſelf devis'd.

v. 9, 10.

My ſoul ſhall in the LORD be glad,
In his ſalvation ſhout:
And all my bones ſhall ſay, O LORD,
Who can compare with thee?

v. 10.

Thou ſaveſt the afflicted poor
From his more potent foe:
Thou ſet'ſt the poor, and needy free
Out of the ſpoilers hand.

v. 11, 12.

Liars roſe up, and charged me
With things I never knew:

They

They did for good reward me ill,
That they might ſpoil my ſoul.

v. 13.

But as for me, when they were ſick,
Sackcloth my cloathing was:
My humbled ſoul did faſt; my pray'r
To my own breaſt return'd.

v. 14.

As to a brother, or a friend,
I then behav'd myſelf:
As one that for his mother mourns,
I bow'd down heavily.

v. 15.

But they rejoic'd in my diſtreſs,
And met with one accord:
The abjects, tho' I knew it not,
Againſt me were combin'd.

v. 15, 16.

They tore me, and they ceaſed not;
At me they gnaſh'd their teeth;
With moſt diſſembling hypocrites,
And mockers in their feaſts.

v. 17.

How long wilt thou look on, O LORD?
From their deſtruction ſave:
Reſcue my ſoul from lions fierce,
Preſerve my only one.

v. 18.

Within the congregation great
To thee I will give thanks:
I will thy praiſes celebrate
Among the multitude.

v. 19.

Permit not my injurious foes
To triumph over me;

Neit

Neither let them wink with the eye,
That hate me without cauſe.

v. 20.

For not a word of peace they ſpeak;
But wickedly deviſe,
Againſt the quiet in the land;
To act with great deceit.

v. 21, 22.

Againſt me, with wide open'd mouths,
They ſaid, aha, we'ave ſeen.
LORD, thou haſt ſeen; ſpeak thou, O LORD,
And be not far from me.

v. 23.

Stir up thyſelf in my behalf,
And to my judgment wake;
And vindicate my righteous cauſe,
Who art my God, my Lord.

v. 24.

According to thy righteouſneſs
Judge me, O LORD, my God,
And ſuffer not mine enemies
To triumph over me.

v. 25.

Let them not ſay within their hearts,
Ha, we wou'd have it ſo:
Nor ever ſuffer them to ſay,
Him we have ſwallow'd up.

v. 26.

Sham'd, and confounded be they all,
That at my hurt rejoice:
Let them be cloath'd with ſhame and ſcorn,
That triumph over me.

v. 27.

Let them be glad, and ſhout for joy,
That love my righteous cauſe:

Yea,

Yea, let them ſay continually,
The LORD be magnified.

v. 27, 28.

He in his ſervant's proſp'rous ſtate
Delightful pleaſure takes.
So ſhall my tongue thy juſtice tell,
And all day long thy praiſe.

PSALM XXXVI. Common Metre.

To the chief Muſician, a Pſalm of David, *the Servant of the* LORD.

v. 1.

THE treſpaſs of the wicked man
Aſſures me in my heart,
Undoubtedly the fear of God
Is not before his eyes.

v. 2.

For fondly he deceives himſelf
In his own vain conceit,
Until his vile iniquity
Be found to be abhor'd.

v. 3.

Deceitful language, and unjuſt,
Doth from his mouth proceed:
He, to be wiſe, and to do good,
Hath altogether ceas'd.

v. 4.

He on his bed by night contrives
His miſchief to fulfil:
He ſets himſelf in ways not good,
Evil abhors he not.

v. 5.

Thy mercy, O JEHOVAH great,
Is in the heavens high:
And thy unfailing faithfulneſs
Extendeth to the ſky.

v. 6.

Thy righteouſneſs may be compar'd,
O LORD, to mountains ſtrong;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep:
Thou ſaveſt man and beaſt.

v. 7.

How excellent, O mighty God,
Thy loving kindneſs is!
Therefore the ſons of *Adam* truſt
In ſhadow of thy wings.

v. 8.

They with the fatneſs of thy houſe
Shall be well ſatisfied;
And of the river of thy joys
Shalt thou make them to drink.

v. 9, 10.

Becauſe with thee life's fountain is:
Light in thy light we ſee.
Thy loving kindneſs ſtill extend
To them that know thy name.

v. 10, 11.

Continue thou thy righteouſneſs
To men of upright heart.
Let no proud foot againſt me come,
Nor wicked hand prevail.

v. 12.

There they that work iniquity
Have all been overthrown;
They are caſt down, never ſhall they
Be able to ariſe.

Psalm XXXVI. Long Metre.

v. 1, 2.

The treſpaſs of the wicked man
Aſſures my heart, he fears not God:
For fondly he deceives himſelf,
Until his ſin be hateful found.

v. 3, 4.

The words which from his mouth proceed
Are full of miſchief, and deceit;
He to be wiſe, and good, hath ceas'd,
He miſchief on his bed contrives.

v. 4, 5.

He ſets himſelf in ways not good,
And doth not wickedneſs abhor.
Thy mercy, Lord, is in the heav'ns,
Thy faithfulneſs unto the clouds.

v. 6.

Thy righteouſneſs may be compar'd
To mountains, that are great and ſtrong;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep;
Lord, thou preſerveſt man and beaſt.

v. 7.

How precious, O how excellent
Thy loving kindneſs is, O God!
Therefore in ſhadow of thy wings
The ſons of men repoſe their truſt.

v. 8.

They with the fatneſs of thy houſe
Shall be abundantly ſuffic'd;
And of the river of thy joys
Moſt richly thou ſhalt make them drink.

v. 9, 10.

For with thee is the ſpring of life:
And in thy light we light ſhall ſee.

To them that know thee, O go on
Thy loving kindneſs to diſplay.

v. 10, 11.

And let thy righteouſneſs be known
By them that are of upright heart.
Let no proud foot againſt me come,
Nor wicked hand make me remove.

v. 12.

The workers of iniquity
Have there been fully overthrown:
They are caſt down, neither ſhall they
Be able any more to riſe.

PSALM XXXVII. Common Metre.

A Pſalm of David.

v. 1.

FRET not thyſelf becauſe of them,
That evil doers are:
Nor be thou envious at thoſe,
That work iniquity.

v. 2.

For they ſhall, like the tender graſs,
Be ſuddenly cut down;
And, like the green and buding herb,
Shall quickly fade away.

v. 3.

Repoſe thy truſt upon the LORD,
Continue doing good;
And ſo ſhalt thou dwell in the land,
And verily be fed.

v. 4.

Be alſo, that upon the LORD
Thou place thy whole delight;
And he ſhall freely give to thee
The wiſhes of thy heart.

Commit

v. 5, 6.

Commit thy way unto the LORD,
Truſt him, he'll bring't to paſs:
He'll bring thy juſtice forth, as light,
Thy judgment, as noon day.

v. 7.

Upon JEHOVAH ſtay thyſelf,
For him with patience wait:
Fret not thyſelf becauſe of them
Who proſper in their way;

v. 7, 8.

Nor at the man, who brings to paſs
Devis'd iniquity.
From anger ceaſe, and wrath forſake,
In no wiſe fret to ſin.

v. 9.

For workers of iniquity
Shall ſurely be cut off;
But they that on JEHOVAH wait,
Heirs of the earth ſhall be.

v. 10.

For yet within a little while
The wicked ſhall not be:
Yea, thou ſhalt well obſerve his place,
And it ſhall be no more.

v. 11.

But meek ones ſhall poſſeſs the land
As their inheritance:
They alſo ſhall delight themſelves
In an abundant peace.

v. 12, 13.

The wicked plots againſt the juſt,
Gnaſhing at him his teeth:
The LORD derides him; for he ſees
His day is coming on.

v. 14.

The wicked have drawn out the ſword,
And they have bent their bow,
To caſt the poor and needy down,
And ſlay the upright man.

v. 15, 16.

Their ſword ſhall enter their own heart,
Broken ſhall be their bows.
The juſt man's little far excels
Much wealth of wicked men.

v. 17, 18.

For th' arms of ſinners ſhall be broke;
The LORD upholds the juſt:
JEHOVAH fully knows their days
That are of upright heart.

v. 18, 19.

Their heritage ſhall ever laſt;
They ſhall not be aſham'd
In evil time; in days of dearth
They ſhall be ſatisfy'd.

v. 20.

But wicked men, JEHOVAH's foes,
Shall melt like fat of lambs:
They ſhall conſume, yea, like the ſmoke
Shall they conſume away.

v. 21.

The wicked borrows in his need,
And pays it not again:
Whereas the righteous mercy ſhews,
And gives his own away.

v. 22.

For ſuch as of the LORD are bleſt,
Heirs of the earth ſhall be;
And they that are accurs'd of him,
Shall ſurely be cut off.

v. 23.

The footſteps of a godly man
Are order'd by the LORD:
And in his way, wherein he walks,
He taketh great delight.

v. 24.

Although he fall, yet ſhall not he
Be utterly caſt down;
Becauſe JEHOVAH, with his hand,
Upholds, and ſtrengthens him.

v. 25.

I have been young, and now am old;
But never have I ſeen
A righteous man forſaken yet,
Nor his ſeed begging bread.

v. 26, 27.

He's ever merciful, and lends:
And bleſſed is his ſeed.
Depart from evil, and do good;
And dwell for evermore.

v. 28.

Becauſe JEHOVAH judgment loves,
Nor does forget his ſaints,
They're ever ſafe; but he'll cut off
The ſeed of wicked men.

v. 29, 30.

The righteous ſhall poſſeſs the land,
And ever dwell therein.
The juſt man's mouth will wiſdom ſpeak,
His tongue of judgment talk.

v. 31, 32.

The law of God is in his heart,
None of his ſteps ſhall ſlide.
The wicked watcheth for the juſt,
And ſeeketh for his life.

v. 33.

But him JEHOVAH will not leave
In hands of wicked men:
The righteous he will not condemn,
When he in judgment ſtands.

v. 34.

Wait on the LORD, and keep his way,
And he ſhall thee exalt,
Make thee poſſeſs the land; and ſee
When ſinners are deſtroy'd.

v. 35, 36.

I've ſeen the wicked in great pow'r,
Like a green bay tree ſpread:
He paſt away, lo, he was not;
Nor could, when ſought, be found.

v. 37, 38.

The perfect mark, behold the juſt;
For that man's end is peace.
But ſinners ſhall be all deſtroy'd,
Their end ſhall be cut off.

v. 39.

But the ſalvation of the juſt
Is only from the LORD:
He is their ſaving ſtrength alone
In time of their diſtreſs.

v. 40.

The LORD will help, and ſet them free,
He will deliver them,
And ſave them from the wicked man;
Becauſe they truſt in him.

PSALM XXXVIII. Common Metre.

A Pſalm of David, *to bring to Remembrance.*

v. 1, 2.

REBUKE me not in anger, LORD,
Chaſtiſe me not in wrath:
For faſt in me thine arrows ſtick,
Thine hand doth preſs me ſore.

v. 3.

There is no ſoundneſs in my fleſh,
Becauſe of thy rebuke:
Nor in my bones is any reſt
By reaſon of my ſin.

v. 4.

Becauſe all mine iniquities
Over my head are gone:
They as an heavy burden are,
Too heavy for my ſoul.

v. 5, 6.

My wounds do ſtink, and are corrupt,
Caus'd by my fooliſhneſs:
I am diſtreſs'd, greatly bow'd down,
And all day long I mourn.

v. 7, 8.

My loins are fill'd with loathſome ſores,
My fleſh is all unſound:
I'm weak, ſore broken, I have roar'd
Through anguiſh of my heart.

v. 9, 10.

All my deſire's before thee, LORD,
My groan's not hid from thee:
My heart doth pant, my ſtrength doth fail,
Mine eyes have loſt their light.

v. 11.

My lovers, and my neareſt friends,
Stand diſtant from my ſore:

My

My neighbours, and my kinſmen too,
Have ſet themſelves far off.

v. 12.

And they that ſeek my life, lay ſnares,
And they that ſeek my hurt
Speak miſchief, and deviſe deceits
Againſt me all the day.

v. 13, 14.

But as one deaf, I did not hear,
As dumb, I anſwer'd not:
Thus like a man, that did not hear,
My tongue gave no reproofs.

v. 15, 16.

Becauſe in thee, O LORD, I hope,
Thou LORD, my God, wilt hear:
For hear, ſaid I, leſt otherwiſe
They over me rejoice.

v. 16, 17.

When my foot ſlips, they make their boaſt,
And triumph over me:
For I am very apt to halt,
And conſtant is my grief.

v. 18, 19.

For I my treſpaſs will declare,
I will bewail my ſin:
But lively are my foes, and ſtrong,
My cauſeleſs foes increaſe.

v. 20.

And they that render ill for good,
Mine adverſaries are;
Becauſe I ſteadily purſue,
And follow what is good.

v. 21, 22.

Forſake me not, O LORD, my God,
O be not far from me;

Make haſte to my relief, O Lord,
Thou my ſalvation art.

PSALM XXXIX. Common Metre.

To the chief Muſician, even to Jeduthun, *a Pſalm of* David.

v. 1.

I ſaid, I'll to my ways take heed,
Leſt with my tongue I ſin:
I'll with a bridle keep my mouth,
While in the wicked's ſight.

v. 2.

And dumb with ſilence I became,
I open'd not my mouth:
Even from good I held my peace,
Then was my ſorrow ſtir'd.

v. 3.

My heart within me waxed hot,
While muſing with myſelf;
The fire within my boſom burn'd;
Then ſpake I with my tongue.

v. 4.

Make me, O LORD, to know my end,
The meaſure of my days,
And teach me what it is, that I
May know how frail I am.

v. 5.

Lo, thou haſt made my days a ſpan,
Mine age is nought with thee:
Sure ev'ry man at beſt eſtate
Is wholly vanity.

v. 6.

Sure all men walk in a vain ſhew,
They vex themſelves in vain:
They heap up wealth; but do not know
By whom 'twill be enjoy'd.

v. 7, 8.

And now, O Lord, what wait I for?
My hope is fix'd on thee:
Deliver me from all my ſins,
And from the ſcorn of fools.

v. 9, 10.

As dumb, I open'd not my mouth;
Becauſe 'twas done by thee:
Remove away from me thy ſtroke;
I periſh by thine hand.

v. 11.

When thou afflicteſt man for ſin,
Thou mak'ſt his beauty fade,
And as a moth conſume away:
Sure man is vanity.

v. 12.

LORD, hear my prayer, regard my cry,
Nor diſregard my tears;
For with thee, as my fathers, I
A ſtranger ſojourn here.

v. 13.

O ſpare thou me a while, that I
May yet recover ſtrength,
Before I muſt depart from hence,
And ſhall be ſeen no more.

PSALM XL. Common Metre.

To the chief Muſician, a Pſalm of David.

v. 1.

WITH expectation patiently
I waited for the LORD,
And he inclin'd his ear to me,
And hearken'd to my cry.

v. 2.

He brought me from a dreadful pit,
Out of the miry clay,

And on a rock he ſet my feet,
Eſtabliſhing my way.

v. 3.

He put a new ſong in my mouth
Of praiſes to our God:
This many ſhall behold, and fear,
And in JEHOVAH truſt.

v. 4.

O greatly bleſſed is the man
That makes the LORD his truſt,
Reſpecting not the proud, nor ſuch
As turn aſide to lies.

v. 5.

Thy many wond'rous works, O LORD,
My God, which thou haſt done,
And towards us thy gracious thoughts
How are they multiply'd!

v. 5.

No one can reckon up their ſum
In order unto thee:
Would I declare and ſpeak of them,
All number they exceed.

v. 6.

No gifts, or off'rings didſt thou aſk,
But thou haſt bor'd my ear:
In ſacrifice, and off'rings burnt
Thou didſt no pleaſure take:

v. 7, 8.

Then did I ſay, behold, I come;
Of me thy book records:
My God, I love to do thy will:
Thy law is in my heart.

v. 9.

Within the congregation great
Have I preach'd righteouſneſs:

Lo,

Lo, I have not refrain'd my lips,
Thou knoweſt it, O LORD.

v. 10.

I have not hid thy righteouſneſs
Conceal'd within my heart:
Thy faithfulneſs have I declar'd,
And thy ſalvation ſhown:

v. 10, 11.

Nor have I from thy numerous church
Thy grace, and truth conceal'd.
O do not thou with-hold from me
Thy tender mercies, LORD:

v. 11, 12.

But let thy kindneſs, love, and truth
Preſerve me conſtantly;
Becauſe innumerable ills
Encompaſs me about.

v. 12.

My ſins have taken hold on me,
So that I can't look up:
In number they exceed my hairs;
Therefore my heart doth fail.

v. 13, 14.

Be pleas'd, LORD, to deliver me,
LORD, haſten to my help.
Sham'd, and confounded be they all,
That would deſtroy my ſoul.

v. 14, 15.

Let them with ſhame be driven back,
That evil wiſh to me:
Let them be ſpoil'd, reward their ſhame,
That me with ſcorn deride.

v. 16.

Make all that ſeek thee, glad in thee,
Who thy ſalvation love,

Let them continually ſay,
The LORD be magnified.

v. 17.

Although I poor and needy am,
The Lord will think on me:
Thou art my help, my ſaviour thou;
My God make no delay.

PSALM XL. Long Metre.

v. 1, 2.

WAITING I waited for the LORD,
And he bow'd down, and heard my cry:
He brought me from a dreadful pit,
And drew me from the miry clay.

v. 2, 3.

He ſet my feet upon a rock,
My goings he eſtabliſh'd ſure,
He put a new ſong in my mouth,
A ſong of praiſes to our God:

v. 3, 4.

This many ſhall behold, and fear,
And in JEHOVAH put their truſt.
Bleſſed, O bleſſed is the man,
That makes the LORD his confidence:

v. 4, 5.

He who reſpecteth not the proud,
Nor ſuch as turn aſide to lies.
O LORD my God, thy wond'rous works,
And towards us thy thoughts, abound:

v. 5.

They're more than can be reckon'd up,
And ſet in order unto thee:
Would I declare, and ſpeak of them,
Far more are they than can be told.

No

v. 6.

No ſacrifice didſt thou deſire,
Nor off'rings; thou haſt bor'd mine ear:
Sin off'rings thou haſt not requir'd,
Nor any off'ring made by fire.

v. 7, 8.

Then did I ſay, behold, I come;
Of me 'tis written in the book:
I take delight to do thy will,
My God, thy law is in my heart.

v. 9.

And in the congregation great
I have proclaim'd thy righteouſneſs:
Lo, I have not refrain'd my lips,
Thou, O JEHOVAH, knoweſt this.

v. 10.

I have not, as a ſecret, hid
Thy righteouſneſs within my heart:
Thy faithfulneſs have I declar'd,
And thy ſalvation have reveal'd.

v. 10, 11.

Nor from the congregation great
Conceal'd thy mercy, and thy truth.
O do not thou with-hold from me
Thy plenteous tender mercies LORD:

v. 11, 12.

But let thy loving kindneſſes,
And truth preſerve me evermore:
For evils, more than can be told,
Have jointly compaſs'd me about.

v. 12.

My ſins have ſo took hold on me,
I am not able to look up;
My hairs in number they exceed;
Becauſe of them my heart doth fail.

v. 13, 14.

Be pleas'd, LORD, to deliver me,
Make haſte, JEHOVAH, to my help.
Sham'd, and confounded be they all,
That ſeek the ruin of my ſoul:

v. 14, 15.

And let them all be driven back,
And put to ſhame, that wiſh me ill:
Let them be ſpoil'd, reward their ſhame,
That ſay to me, aha, aha.

v. 16.

Make all that ſeek thee glad in thee,
And ſuch as thy ſalvation love,
Let them continually ſay,
O let the LORD be magnified.

v. 17.

Altho' I poor, and needy am,
Yet will the Lord remember me:
Thou art my help, my ſaviour thou,
O thou, my God, make no delay.

PSALM XLI. Common Metre.

To the chief Muſician, a Pſalm of David.

v. 1.

BLESSED is he, that to the poor
Diſcreet compaſſion ſhews:
JEHOVAH will deliver him
In time of his diſtreſs.

v. 2.

The LORD keeps him, preſerves his life,
On earth he ſhall be bleſt:
And thou into his en'mies hand
Wilt not deliver him.

v. 3.

Upon the bed of languiſhing
The LORD will ſtrengthen him:

In

In all his ſickneſs thou wilt turn,
And eaſy make his bed.

v. 4.

I ſaid, O LORD, do thou extend
Thy mercy unto me;
Becauſe againſt thee I have ſin'd,
O do thou heal my ſoul.

v. 5.

My cruel enemies have ſpoke
Evil concerning me:
When ſhall his time of death approach?
When ſhall his name be loſt?

v. 6.

And, if he come to viſit me,
Falſe vanity he ſpeaks;
His heart heaps up iniquity,
He utters it abroad.

v. 7.

All thoſe, who hatred bear to me
In ſecret whiſpers join,
Againſt me they with one conſent
Do ſtill deviſe my hurt.

v. 8.

An evil, miſchievous diſeaſe
Cleaves faſt to him, ſay they,
And ſeeing now, he lyeth down,
He ſhall riſe up no more.

v. 9.

Even mine own familiar friend,
In whom I put my truſt,
The man, that of my bread did eat,
Againſt me lift his heel.

v. 10.

But LORD, be merciful to me,
And raiſe me up again,

That I to them may recompenſe
A ſuitable reward.

v. 11.

That I am with thy favour bleſs'd,
I ſurely know by this,
Becauſe thou ſuffer'ſt not my foes
To triumph over me.

v. 12.

And thou haſt ſtill ſuſtained me
In mine integrity,
And ſeteſt me before thy face,
For ever to abide.

v. 13.

Bleſſed, O bleſſed is the LORD
The God of *Iſrael*,
Throughout eternal ages paſt,
And evermore, amen.

PSALM XLI. Long Metre.

v. 1, 2.

HE's bleſt that doth regard the poor,
The LORD ſhall ſave him in diſtreſs:
JEHOVAH will preſerve his life,
He ſhall be bleſs'd upon the earth.

v. 2, 3.

And thou wilt ſave him from his foes:
The LORD himſelf will ſtrengthen him
Upon the bed of languiſhing,
In's ſickneſs thou wilt make his bed.

v. 4.

I ſaid, O LORD, do thou extend
Thy tender mercy unto me:
O let my ſoul by thee be heal'd;
Becauſe againſt thee I have ſin'd.

v. 5, 6.

Mine enemies ſpeak ill of me:
When ſhall he die, his name be loſt?
And if he come to viſit me,
All that he ſpeaks is vanity.

v. 6, 7.

His heart heaps up iniquity,
He tells it when he goes abroad:
All they that bear me cruel hate,
Againſt me whiſper, and combine.

v. 7, 8.

Againſt me they deviſe my hurt:
An ill diſeaſe cleaves to him faſt,
And now he lyeth down, ſay they,
He never ſhall riſe up again.

v. 9.

Even mine own familiar friend,
In whom I put my confidence,
The man that of my bread did eat,
Againſt me hath lift up his heel.

v. 10, 11.

But thou in mercy raiſe me up,
O LORD, that I may them requite.
By this I know, thou favour'ſt me;
Becauſe my foe doth not inſult.

v. 12.

And thou haſt ſtill ſuſtained me
In mine integrity of heart:
And ſeteſt me before thy face,
There to abide for evermore.

v. 13.

Bleſſed, O bleſſed is the LORD,
Who is the God of *Iſrael*,
Throughout eternal ages paſt,
And evermore, amen, amen.

PSALM XLII. Common Metre.

To the chief Musician, a Psalm giving Instruction, for the Sons of Korah.

v. 1, 2.

As the hart pants for water brooks,
So pants my longing soul;
For thee, O God, my soul doth thirst,
For God, the living God.

v. 2, 3.

Before God when shall I appear!
My tears have been my meat,
Both day and night, while still to me
They say, where is thy God?

v. 4.

When this I to remembrance call,
My soul's pour'd out in me;
For I had gone with multitudes,
We went to th' house of God:

v. 4.

Yea, with the voice of joy, and praise,
I heretofore went up,
With a great multitude of those
That kept the solemn feast.

v. 5.

O why art thou cast down, my soul,
Disquieted in me?
Trust God, for I shall praise him yet,
His presence is my help.

v. 6.

My God, in me my soul's cast down;
But thee I call to mind
From *Jordan*'s land, from *Hermon*'s mount,
And from the little hill.

v. 7.

At ſounding of thy water ſpouts
Deep calleth unto deep,
And all thy billows, and thy waves
Are paſſed over me.

v. 8.

But yet JEHOVAH will command
His mercy in the day,
And in the night his ſong's with me,
My pray'r to God my life.

v. 9.

I'll ſay to God, my rock, O why
Haſt thou forgotten me?
Why thro' th' oppreſſion of the foe
Do I go on to mourn?

v. 10.

My foe's reproach is like a ſword
Thruſt in my very bones:
While they ſay daily unto me,
Where, where, is now thy God?

v. 11.

O why art thou caſt down my ſoul?
Why in me ſo diſmay'd?
Truſt God; for I ſhall yet praiſe him,
My ſaving health, my God.

PSALM XLII. Long Metre.

v. 1, 2.

As the hart pants for water brooks,
So pants my ſoul for thee, O God:
It thirſts for God, the living God;
Before God when ſhall I appear?

v. 3, 4.

Tears, day and night, have been my meat,
While they ſay to me, where's thy God?

When

When I theſe things call to my mind,
Within me I pour out my ſoul:

v. 4.

For with the multitude I'd gone,
I went with them to the houſe of God,
With ſhouting voice of joy and praiſe,
With throngs that kept the holy day.

v. 5.

O why art thou caſt down my ſoul?
Why thus diſquieted in me?
Truſt God; for I ſhall yet praiſe him,
His preſence is my ſaving help.

v. 6.

O God, in me my ſoul's caſt down;
Therefore will I remember thee
From *Jordan*'s land, and *Hermon*'s mount,
Thee call to mind from *Mizar* hill.

v. 7.

Deep unto deep ſends forth its call
At ſounding of thy water ſpouts,
And all thy billows, and thy waves
Succeſſively paſs'd over me.

v. 8.

But yet JEHOVAH will command
His loving kindneſs in the day,
And in the night his ſong's with me;
My pray'r ſhall be to God my life.

v. 9.

Thus will I ſay to God, my rock,
O why haſt thou forgotten me?
Why do I thus go on to mourn,
Becauſe of the oppreſſing foe?

v. 10.

Reproaches of mine enemies
Are like an arrow in my bones:

While daily thus to me they ſay,
O where is now thy mighty God?

v. 11.

O why art thou caſt down my ſoul?
Why thus diſquieted in me?
Truſt God; for I ſhall praiſe him yet,
He is my ſaviour, and my God.

PSALM XLIII. Common Metre.

v. 1.

JUDGE me, O God, and plead my cauſe
With an ungodly land:
From the unjuſt deceitful man
Do thou deliver me.

v. 2.

For of my ſtrength thou art the God;
Why doſt thou caſt me off?
Why through th' oppreſſion of the foe
Do I go on to mourn?

v. 3.

Send out thy light, ſend out thy truth,
And let them lead me on,
And bring me to thy holy hill,
Unto thy dwelling place.

v. 4.

Then to God's altar I will go,
To God my chiefeſt joy:
Yea, I will praiſe thee on the harp,
O God, who art my God.

v. 5.

O why art thou caſt down my ſoul?
Why in me ſo perplex'd?
Truſt God; for I ſhall yet praiſe him,
My ſaving health, my God.

PSALM

PSALM XLIV. Common Metre.

To the chief Muſician, for the Sons of Korah, *Maſchil.*

v. 1.

WE with our ears have heard, O God,
Our fathers have declar'd,
What works thou in their days haſt done,
Yea, in the times of old.

v. 2.

How thine hand drove the heathen out,
And thou haſt planted them:
How thou the people didſt afflict,
And thou didſt caſt them out.

v. 3.

For by their ſword they did not get
Poſſeſſion of the land:
Nor by the ſtrength of their own arm
Was their ſalvation wrought:

v. 3.

But thy right hand, thy mighty arm,
Thy countenance's light;
For thou hadſt of thine own good-will
A favour unto them.

v. 4, 5.

Thou art my King, O God, command
Jacob's deliverance.
Through thee we will puſh down all thoſe,
That are our enemies.

v. 5, 6.

We through thy name will tread them down
That up againſt us riſe:
For in my bow I will not truſt,
Nor ſhall my ſword ſave me.

v. 7, 8.

But thou haſt ſav'd us from our foes,
Our haters thou haſt ſham'd:

A

All day we'll make our boaſt in God,
And ever praiſe thy name.

v. 9.

But now thou caſteſt us away,
And makeſt us aſham'd,
And with thy preſence doſt not lead
Our armies forth to war.

v. 10.

Thou makeſt us to turn our backs
Before the enemy;
And they that hate us take our ſpoil,
And ſo enrich themſelves.

v. 11, 12.

Thou gaveſt us like ſheep for food,
Diſpers'd thro' heathen lands:
Thy people thou haſt ſold for nought,
Not richer by their price.

v. 13.

To neighbours thou expoſeſt us,
For a reproach, and ſcorn,
And a deriſion unto thoſe,
That round about us are.

v. 14.

Thou makeſt us contemptible
Among the heathen lands,
A ſcornful ſhaking of the head
Among the nations round.

v. 15, 16.

I am forc'd all day to hide my face,
Confounded, and aſham'd,
Becauſe of blaſphemous reproach,
And the avenging foe.

v. 17.

All this diſtreſs is come on us;
Yet we forgot not thee,

Nor

Nor have we treacherouſly dealt
Againſt thy covenant.

v. 18.

Our very heart hath ſtedfaſt been,
Nor turned back from thee,
Nor have our footſteps turn'd aſide,
Declining from thy way.

v. 19.

Tho' thou haſt ſorely broken us
In places deſolate,
And with the gloomy ſhade of death
Haſt cover'd us around.

v. 20.

If we have e'er forgot the name
Of him who is our God;
If we have ſtretched forth our hands
Unto another God.

v. 21, 22.

Shall not God ſearch this out? he knows
The ſecrets of the heart.
Yea, all day long we ſuffer death,
For thy name's ſake alone:

v. 22, 23.

Yea, we are counted as the ſheep
For ſlaughter ſet apart.
Wake Lord, why ſleepeſt thou? ariſe,
Nor wholly caſt us off.

v. 24.

O wherefore hideſt thou from us
Thy gracious countenance,
Forgetful of our deep diſtreſs,
And our oppreſſed ſtate?

v. 25, 26.

For to the duſt our ſoul's bow'd down,
To th' earth our belly cleaves:

Riſe for our help, redeem us Lord,
For thine own mercy's ſake.

PSALM XLV. Common Metre.

To the chief Muſician upon Shoſhannim, for the Sons of Korah, *Maſchil: A Song of Loves.*

v. 1.

My heart good matter hath prepar'd:
I ſpeak the things I made,
The things relating to the King:
My tongue's a ſcribe's ſwift pen.

v. 2.

Thou fairer art than ſons of men:
Grace in thy lips is pour'd;
Therefore hath God confer'd on thee
Bleſſings for evermore.

v. 3.

Gird thou thy ſword upon thy thigh,
O thou moſt mighty one;
With glorious magnificence,
And comely majeſty.

v. 4.

Majeſtic ride, becauſe of truth,
Meekneſs, and righteouſneſs;
And proſper thou; thine own right hand
Shall teach thee dreadful things.

v. 5.

Sharp are thine arrows in the hearts
Of the King's enemies;
Whereby the people are brought down,
And fall beneath thy feet.

v. 6.

Thy throne, O God, is firmly fix'd
To all eternity:
The ſcepter of thy kingdom is
A ſcepter, that is right.

Juſtice

v. 7.

Juſtice thou lov'ſt, and hateſt ſin;
Therefore hath God, thy God,
Above thy fellows, with the oil
Of joy anointed thee.

v. 8.

And all thy garments ſmell of myrrh,
Aloes, and caſſia,
Out of the iv'ry palaces,
Whereby they made thee glad.

v. 9.

Among thy honourable train
Daughters of kings attend:
Upon thy right hand ſtands the queen
In gold of *Ophir* clad.

v. 10.

Hearken, O daughter, and regard,
Do thou incline thine ear;
Forget thy native country now,
Forget thy father's houſe.

v. 11.

So ſhall the King greatly deſire
Thy beauty to behold:
And thou with rev'rence worſhip him;
Becauſe he is thy Lord.

v. 12.

And the inhabitants of *Tyre*
Shall with a gift be there:
The rich among the people too
Thy favour ſhall intreat.

v. 13.

The daughter of the King ſhall be
All glorious within:
And with moſt curious work of gold
Her cloathing ſhall be wrought.

v. 14.

She ſhall be brought unto the King
In rich embroider'd robes:
The virgins, her attending train,
Shall unto thee be brought.

v. 15.

With gladneſs, and with ſolemn joy
They ſhall be led along;
Into the palace of the King
Shall they their entrance make.

v. 16.

Inſtead of thy progenitours
Thy children ſhall ſucceed,
Whom thou may'ſt place in all the earth
In princely dignity.

v. 17.

Thy name remember'd I will make
In ev'ry future age;
Therefore the people ſhall give praiſe
To thee for evermore.

PSALM XLV. Long Metre.

v. 1.

MY heart good matter hath prepar'd,
I ſpeak the things, which I have made,
The things relating to the King:
My tongue's a ready writer's pen.

v. 2.

Fairer art thou than ſons of men,
And grace into thy lips is pour'd;
God therefore hath on thee confer'd
Bleſſings to all eternity.

v. 3.

Gird thou thy ſword upon thy thigh,
O thou moſt excellent in might;

With glorious magnificence,
And in thy comely majeſty.

v. 4.

Ride proſp'rous in thy majeſty,
Both for thy truth, and meekneſs ſake,
And for the ſake of righteouſneſs:
Thy right hand teach thee dreadful things.

v. 5.

Sharp are thine arrows in their hearts,
Who to the King are enemies;
Whereby the people are ſubdu'd,
And made to fall beneath thy feet.

v. 6.

Eſtabliſh'd is thy throne, O God,
For ever, and for evermore:
A ſcepter of ſtrict righteouſneſs
The ſcepter of thy kingdom is.

v. 7.

Becauſe thou loveſt righteouſneſs,
And hateſt all iniquity;
Above thy fellows, God, thy God,
With th' oil of joy anointed thee.

v. 8.

All thy rich garments ſmell of myrrh,
Of aloes, and of caſſia,
Out of the iv'ry palaces,
Whereby they made thee to rejoice.

v. 9.

Among thy honourable ones
Kings daughters their attendance gave;
Upon thy right hand ſtood the queen
In *Ophir's* fineſt gold array'd.

v. 10.

Hearken, O daughter, and regard,
And thine attentive ear incline:

See that thy people thou forget:
Forget thy father's family.

v. 11.

So ſhall the King greatly deſire
Thy graceful beauty to behold:
Bow down thyſelf, and worſhip him;
Becauſe he is thy ſovereign Lord.

v. 12.

And the inhabitants of *Tyre*
With an oblation ſhall be there:
Thoſe of the people that are rich
Shall for thy favour make their ſuit.

v. 13.

The daughter of the mighty King
All glorious within ſhall be;
Her cloathing ſhall be richly wrought
With the moſt curious work of gold.

v. 14.

She ſhall be brought unto the King
In raiment of embroider'd work;
The virgins, her attending train,
Into thy preſence ſhall be brought.

v. 15.

They alſo ſhall be lead along
With gladneſs, and exceeding joy;
They ſhall their ſtately entrance make
Into the palace of the King.

v. 16.

Inſtead of thy progenitours
Thy numerous children ſhall ſucceed,
Whom thou for princes ſhalt ordain
In all the nations of the earth.

v. 17.

Thy name remember'd I will make
Through every ſucceeding age;

Therefore the people ſhall give praiſe
To thee to all eternity.

PSALM XLVI. Common Metre.

To the chief Muſician, for the Sons of Korah, *a Song upon Alamoth.*

v. 1, 2.

GOD is our refuge, and our ſtrength,
In ſtreights a preſent help:
Therefore, although the earth be mov'd,
We will not be afraid:

v. 2, 3.

Tho' mountains move to midſt of ſeas,
And tho' their waters roar,
And are diſturb'd; tho' mountains ſhake
With the proud ſwelling wayes.

v. 4.

A river is, whoſe ſtreams make glad,
The city of our God,
The holy place, where the moſt High
Hath fixed his abode.

v. 5.

The Lord is in the midſt of her;
She never ſhall be mov'd:
The mighty God unto her help
Right early ſhall appear.

v. 6.

The heathen raged furiouſly,
The kingdoms too were mov'd:
He utter'd then his awful voice,
The earth diſſolv'd with fear.

v. 7, 8.

The LORD of armies is with us,
Our refuge *Jacob*'s God.
Come ſee the LORD's works on the earth,
How deſolate 'tis made.

To

v. 9.

To th' utmoſt ends of all the earth
He cauſeth wars to ceaſe:
He breaks the bow, he cuts the ſpear,
The chariot burns in fire.

v. 10.

Be ſtill, and know, that I am God;
Exalted I will be,
I in the earth will be extoll'd
Among the heathen lands.

v. 11.

The great JEHOVAH is with us,
Who is the LORD of hoſts;
The mighty God of *Jacob*'s race,
He is our refuge high.

PSALM XLVI. Long Metre.

v. 1, 2.

GOD is our refuge, and our ſtrength,
In ſtreights a very preſent help:
Therefore we will not be afraid,
Although the earth ſhould be remov'd:

v. 2, 3.

And tho' the mountains ſhould be caſt
Into the middle of the ſea:
Although its troubled waters roar,
And mountains with its ſwelling ſhake.

v. 4.

There is a river, ſtreams whereof
Shall make God's city to rejoice;
They ſhall make glad the holy place,
Where the moſt High hath his abode.

v. 5.

The Lord is in the midſt of her;
And therefore ſhe ſhall not be mov'd:

The mighty God unto her help
And that right early ſhall appear.

v. 6, 7.

The heathen rag'd, kingdoms were mov'd,
He gave his voice, the earth diſſolv'd:
The LORD of armies is with us,
The God of *Jacob*'s our reſort.

v. 8, 9.

Come ſee JEHOVAH's works on earth,
What deſolations he hath made.
Behold, he cauſeth wars to ceaſe
To th' utmoſt ends of all the earth:

v. 9, 10.

He breaks the bow, he cuts the ſpear,
And burns the chariot in the fire.
Be ſtill, and know, that I am God:
I'll be extoll'd in heathen lands;

v. 10, 11.

I'll be exalted in the earth.
The LORD of hoſts is on our ſide,
The mighty God of *Jacob*'s race
Is he alone, to whom we fly.

PSALM XLVII. Common Metre.

To the chief Muſician, a Pſalm for the Sons of Korah.

v. 1, 2.

CLAP hands all people, ſhout to God
With a triumphant voice:
For dreadful is the LORD moſt high,
Great King o'er all the earth.

v. 3, 4.

For us the people he ſubdued,
Nations beneath our feet:
For us he choſe our heritage,
Beloved *Jacob*'s praiſe.

God

v. 5, 6.

God is aſcended with a ſhout,
The LORD with trumpet's ſound.
Sing praiſes to our God, ſing praiſe,
Sing praiſes to our King.

v. 7, 8.

For God is King o'er all the earth,
With underſtanding ſing.
God ſits upon his holy throne,
God o'er the heathen reigns.

v. 9.

The princes of the people met,
The tribes of *Abr'ham*'s God;
For ſhields of th' earth belong to God:
He greatly is extoll'd.

PSALM XLVII. Long Metre.

v. 1, 2.

O all ye people, clap your hands,
With voice of triumph ſhout to God:
For dreadful is the LORD moſt high,
A great King over all the earth.

v. 3, 4.

For us the people he'll ſubdue,
Under our feet the nations bring:
For us he'll chooſe our heritage,
Ev'n *Jacob*'s glory, whom he lov'd.

v. 5, 6.

God is aſcended with a ſhout,
JEHOVAH with a trumpet's ſound,
Sing praiſes unto God, ſing praiſe,
Sing praiſes to our King, ſing praiſe.

v. 7, 8.

For God is King o'er all the earth;
With underſtanding ſing ye praiſe.

God over all the heathen reigns:
God ſits upon his holy throne.

v. 9.

The princes of the people met,
And join'd the tribes of *Abr'ham*'s God;
Becauſe the ſhields of th' earth are God's:
Exalted mightily is he.

PSALM XLVIII. Common Metre.

A Song, and Pſalm for the Sons of Korah.

v. 1.

IN greatneſs doth the LORD excell,
He's greatly to be prais'd
Within the city of our God,
Upon his holy mount.

v. 2.

Mount *Zion* beautifully ſtands,
The joy of all the earth;
The city of the mighty King
Is on the northern ſide.

v. 3, 4.

God in her lofty palaces
Is for a refuge known.
For, lo, the kings aſſembled were,
Together they paſs'd by.

v. 5, 6, 7.

They ſaw, ſurpriz'd, diſtreſs'd, they fled:
Fear ſeiz'd them there, and pain,
Like her's that's travailing with child.
Thy wind breaks *Tarſhiſh* ſhips.

v. 8.

In th' city of the LORD of hoſts,
As we have heard, we ſaw
Within the city of our God,
He'll ever ſtabliſh it.

O God

v. 9, 10.

O God, we on thy mercy thought
Within thy holy place.
According to thy name, O God,
Thro' all the earth's thy praiſe.

v. 10, 11.

Thy right hand's full of righteouſneſs;
Let *Zion*'s mount rejoice:
Let *Judah*'s daughters all be glad,
For thy juſt judgments ſake.

v. 12, 13.

Walk about *Zion*'s holy hill,
Go round her, tell her tow'rs:
Conſider ye her palaces,
And mark her bulwarks well;

v. 13, 14.

That ye may tell the age to come;
For this God is our God
For ever, and for evermore;
'Till death he'll be our guide.

PSALM XLVIII. Long Metre.

v. 1.

IN greatneſs doth the LORD excel,
And greatly to be prais'd is he
Within the city of our God,
The mountain of his holineſs.

v. 2.

For ſituation beautiful,
The whole earth's joy, mount *Zion* is:
Upon the northern ſide doth ſtand
The city of the mighty King.

v. 3, 4.

Within her lofty palaces
Our God is for a refuge known.

For, lo, the kings assembled were,
And they together passed by.

v. 5, 6, 7.

They saw, surpris'd, distress'd, they fled:
Fear seiz'd upon them there, and pain,
Like her's, that travaileth with child.
Thy wind the ships of *Tarshish* breaks.

v. 8.

As we have heard, so have we seen
In the city of the LORD of hosts,
Within the city of our God;
God ever will establish it.

v. 9, 10.

We on thy loving kindness thought,
O God, within thy holy place.
According to thy name, O God,
So is thy praise through all the earth.

v. 10, 11.

Thy right hand's full of righteousness,
Let *Zion*'s mount be fill'd with joy,
Let *Judah*'s daughters all be glad;
For thy most righteous judgments sake.

v. 12, 13.

Walk about *Zion*'s holy hill,
Go round about her, tell her tow'rs:
See that ye mark her bulwarks well,
Observe her lofty palaces;

v. 13, 14.

That ye may tell the age to come:
Because this God our own God is
For ever, and for evermore;
And he 'til death will be our guide.

PSALM

PSALM XLIX. Common Metre.

To the chief Muſician, a Pſalm for the Sons of Korah.

v. 1, 2, 3.

HEAR this all people, and give ear
All ye that dwell on earth,
Both low and high, both rich and poor;
My mouth ſhall wiſdom teach.

v. 3, 4.

My heart ſhall prudence meditate,
A parable I'll hear;
My hidden ſayings I'll explain
Upon my pleaſant harp.

v. 5.

Why ſhould I be with fear oppreſs'd
In days of great diſtreſs?
When former ſins, in which I walk'd,
Shall compaſs me about?

v. 6, 7.

They that in riches put their truſt,
And boaſt abundant wealth,
By no means can their friend redeem,
Or 's ranſom give to God:

v. 8, 9.

That he ſhould ſtill for ever live,
And not corruption ſee:
Their ſoul's redemption is ſo great
It ſhall for ever ceaſe.

v. 10.

For he perceives, that wiſe men die,
As alſo doth the fool;
The brutiſh perſon periſhes,
And leaves his wealth behind.

v. 11.

They think, their race ſhall never fail,
Their dwellings ne'er be loſt;

And

And after their diſtinguiſh'd names
They vainly call their lands.

v. 12, 13.

But man in honour don't abide,
They periſh like the beaſt.
Tho' this their way their folly is,
Their ſons approve their words.

v. 14.

Like ſheep they in the grave are laid,
And death on them ſhall feed;
The upright over them ſhall rule,
When the laſt morning comes.

v. 14, 15.

Their beauty from their dwelling place
Shall in the grave conſume:
But from the grave God will redeem,
For he'll receive my ſoul.

v. 16.

Then be not thou with fear oppreſs'd,
When one by thee grows rich;
And when the glory of his houſe
Is ſeen to be increas'd.

v. 17.

For he ſhall carry nothing hence,
When death ſhall end his days;
Nor ſhall his glory after him
Deſcend into the grave.

v. 18.

Tho', while he liv'd, he bleſt his ſoul:
And men will ſpeak thy praiſe,
When thou, in great proſperity,
Doſt well unto thyſelf.

v. 19, 20.

He to his father's race ſhall go,
Light they ſhall never ſee.

Man

Man honour'd, underſtanding not,
Doth periſh like the beaſt.

PSALM L. Long Metre.

A Pſalm of Aſaph.

v. 1, 2.

THE mighty God, the LORD hath ſpoke,
And call'd the earth from eaſt to weſt.
From out of *Zion* God hath ſhone,
Zion, with perfect beauty crown'd.

v. 3.

Our mighty God ſhall ſurely come,
And ſhall no longer ſilence keep:
A fire before him ſhall devour,
Around him ſtormy tempeſts rage.

v. 4.

He ſhall ſend forth his awful voice
Unto the heavens from above;
And he ſhall call unto the earth,
That his own people he may judge.

v. 5, 6.

Gather my ſaints to me, who made
Cov'nant with me by ſacrifice.
The heav'ns his juſtice ſhall declare;
For God himſelf ſhall be the judge.

v. 7.

Hear O my people, I will ſpeak,
Againſt thee I will teſtify:
Know thou, that I am God alone,
Even thy God, O *Iſrael*.

v. 8.

Thy ſacrifices unto me
Are not the matter of my charge;
Neither thine off'rings made by fire,
Which are before me conſtantly.

I'll

v. 9, 10.

I'll take no bullock from thy houſe,
Nor any he-goats from thy fold:
For ev'ry foreſt beaſt is mine,
The cattle on a thouſand hills.

v. 11, 12.

I know the fowls of ev'ry mount,
Mine are the wild beaſts of the field.
If hungry, thee I would not tell;
The world, its fulneſs, all is mine.

v. 13, 14.

Will I the fleſh of bullocks eat?
Or will I drink the blood of goats?
Offer thankſgiving unto God,
And pay thy vows to the moſt High.

v. 15.

And call upon me in the day,
When thou with troubles art oppreſs'd,
I will be thy deliverer,
And thou ſhalt glorify my name.

v. 16.

But God unto the wicked ſaith,
My ſtatutes why ſhould'ſt thou declare?
Or what haſt thou to do to take
My covenant into thy mouth?

v. 17, 18.

Seeing inſtruction thou doſt hate,
And doſt behind thee caſt my words:
Thou haſt conſented with a thief,
And with adult'rers haſt partook.

v. 19, 20.

Thy mouth to evil thou doſt give,
Alſo thy tongue doth frame deceit:
Thou doſt againſt thy brother ſpeak,
And ſlander'ſt thine own mother's ſon.

The

v. 21.

These things thou didſt, I held my peace:
Thou ſurely thought'ſt me like thyſelf;
But now I will thy ſins reprove,
And range them all before thine eyes.

v. 22.

O therefore now conſider this,
All ye that have forgotten God,
Leſt I ſhould you in pieces tear,
And there be no deliverer.

v. 23.

But, whoſoever offers praiſe,
He glorifies my holy name;
And whoſo orders right his way,
Him will I God's ſalvation ſhew.

PSALM L. Proper Meaſure.

v. 1, 2, 3.

THE mighty God, the LORD gave forth his voice,
And call'd the earth from eaſt unto the weſt.
God out of *Zion*'s perfect beauty ſhin'd.
Our God ſhall come, and ſhall not ſilence keep:
There ſhall a dreadful fire devour before him,
A ſtormy tempeſt ſhall be round about him.

v. 4, 5, 6.

He from above ſhall to the heavens call,
And to the earth, and ſhall his people judge.
Gather my ſaints together unto me,
That cov'nanted with me by ſacrifice.
And the high heavens ſhall declare his juſtice,
For God himſelf alone ſhall ſit in judgment.

v. 7, 8.

O ye my people hear, and I will ſpeak,
O *Iſr'el*, I will teſtify to thee:
I am thy God, the everlaſting God.
I'll not reprove thee for thy ſacrifice,

Or

Or for burnt off'rings on mine altar offer'd,
That have been daily unto me preſented.

v. 9, 10, 11, 12.

From thee I'll no he-goat, or bullock take:
For of the foreſt ev'ry beaſt is mine,
And all the cattle on a thouſand hills.
Fowls of the mountains are all known to me,
And all the wild beaſts of the field are with me.
I would not tell it thee, if I were hungry;

v. 12, 13, 14, 15.

Becauſe the world, its fulneſs, all is mine.
Will I eat fleſh of bulls? drink blood of goats?
But offer thy thankſgivings unto God,
And pay thy ſolemn vows to the moſt High:
And call upon me in the day of trouble,
Thee will I ſave, and thou ſhalt give me glory.

v. 16, 17, 18.

But to the wicked God, reproving, ſaith,
How dareſt thou my ſtatutes to declare?
Or take into thy mouth my covenant,
Hating reproof, rejecting all my words?
Thou, when thou ſaw'ſt a thief, with him conſentedſt,
And with adulterers haſt been partaker.

v. 19, 20, 21.

Thou giv'ſt thy mouth to ill, thy tongue deceives:
Thou ſiteſt, and againſt thy brother ſpeak'ſt,
Yea, thou doſt ſlander thine own mother's ſon.
Theſe things thou didſt, and I have held my peace,
Thou thoughteſt I was like thee altogether;
Thee I'll reprove, and range them all before thee.

v. 22, 23.

Conſider this now, ye that God forget,
Leſt, otherwiſe, I you in pieces tear,
And there be none that can deliver you.
Whoever offers praiſe, glorifies me,
And he that orders right his converſation,
To him will I diſcover God's ſalvation.

Psalm LI. Common Metre.

To the chief Muſician, a Pſalm of David, *when* Nathan *the Prophet came unto him, after he had gone in to* Bathſheba.

v. 1.

HAVE mercy upon me, O God,
According to thy grace:
And in thy mercies manifold
Blot my tranſgreſſions out.

v. 2, 3.

O waſh me throughly from my guilt,
And cleanſe me from my ſin.
For my tranſgreſſions I confeſs;
My ſin's before me ſtill.

v. 4.

Againſt thee only I have ſin'd,
Done evil in thy ſight;
That, when thou ſpeak'ſt, thou may'ſt be juſt;
And when thou judgeſt clear.

v. 5.

Behold, how in iniquity
I firſt receiv'd my ſhape:
My mother alſo, in her womb,
Conceived me in ſin.

v. 6.

Behold, thou doſt deſire the truth,
In the moſt inward parts:
And thou ſhalt make me wiſdom know
In ſecret of my heart.

v. 7.

Purge me with hyſop from my ſin,
And ſo ſhall I be clean:
Cleanſe thou me, and then ſhall I
Be whiter than the ſnow.

v. 8.

Make thou me to hear the voice
Of gladneſs, and of joy; That

That ſo the bones, which thou haſt broke,
May thankfully rejoice.
v. 9 10.
Thy face hide from my treſpaſſes,
And blot out all my ſins.
Create a clean heart, Lord, in me;
A ſpirit right renew.
v. 11, 12.
Take not from me thy holy ſpirit,
Nor caſt me from thy ſight.
Reſtore me thy Salvation's joy;
Stay me with thy free ſpirit.
v. 13, 14.
Tranſgreſſors I will teach thy way,
Sinners ſhall turn to thee.
Free me, O God, from guilt of blood,
Thou my ſalvation's God:
v. 14, 15.
And then my tongue ſhall ſing aloud,
And praiſe thy righteouſneſs.
Lord, open thou my cloſed lips,
My mouth ſhall ſpeak thy praiſe.
v. 16.
For thou deſir'ſt not ſacrifice,
Elſe would I give it thee:
Neither doſt thou at all delight
In off'rings made by fire.
v. 17.
The ſacrifices of the Lord
A broken ſpirit are:
A broken, and a contrite heart
Lord, thou wilt not deſpiſe.
v. 18,
In thy good pleaſure O do good
Unto thy *Zion* hill:

o thou build up the broken walls
Of thy *Jeruſalem.*

v. 19.

hen righteous off'rings thee ſhall pleaſe,
With their burnt ſacrifice,
nd whole burnt off'rings: then ſhall they
Calves to thine altar bring.

PSALM LI. Long Metre.

v. 1.

HAVE mercy upon me, O God,
According to thy boundleſs grace:
r thy compaſſions manifold,
o thou blot out my treſpaſſes.

v. 2, 3.

waſh me throughly from my ſin,
eanſe me from mine iniquity:
r my tranſgreſſions I confeſs,
y ſin is ever in my ſight.

v. 4.

gainſt thee, only thee, I've ſin'd,
nd done this evil in thy ſight:
hat when thou ſpeak'ſt, thou may'ſt be juſt,
nd when thou judgeſt, may'ſt be clear.

v. 5, 6.

iniquity was born:
y mother me in ſin conceiv'd.
, thou deſireſt truth within,
th' hidden part wilt make me wiſe.

v. 7, 8.

rge me with hyſop, make me clean;
aſh me, I ſhall be white as ſnow.
ke me to hear gladneſs, and joy,
bones thou brakeſt ſhall rejoice.

Hide

v. 9, 10.

Hide thou thy face from all my ſin,
Blot out all mine iniquities.
A clean heart in me, Lord, create,
A ſpirit right in me renew.

v. 11, 12.

O caſt me not away from thee,
Nor from me take thy holy ſpirit.
Reſtore me thy ſalvation's joy:
Uphold me with thy ſpirit free.

v. 13, 14.

Tranſgreſſors I will teach thy ways,
And ſinners ſhall be turn'd to thee.
Deliver me from guilt of blood,
O God, my ſaviour, and my God:

v. 14, 15.

And then my tongue ſhall ſing aloud,
And ſhall declare thy righteouſneſs.
Lord, open thou my cloſed lips,
My mouth ſhall then ſhew forth thy praiſe.

v. 16.

For thou deſir'ſt not ſacrifice,
Elſe would I offer it to thee:
Nor doſt thou any pleaſure take
In any off'rings made by fire.

v. 17.

The ſacrifices of the Lord
A truly broken ſpirit are,
A broken, and a contrite heart,
O God, thou never wilt deſpiſe.

v. 18.

In thy good pleaſure O do good
Unto thy *Zion*'s holy hill,
And do thou graciouſly build up
The walls of thy *Jeruſalem*.

v. 19.

Thou then ſhalt with delight accept
The ſacrifice of righteouſneſs,
Burnt off'rings, whole burnt off'rings: then
Calves to thine altar they ſhall bring.

PSALM LII. Short Metre.

To the chief Muſician, Maſchil, a Pſalm of David, *when* Doeg *the* Edomite *came and told* Saul, *and ſaid unto him,* David *is come to the Houſe of* Ahimelech.

v. 1.

WHY mighty man doſt thou
Thyſelf in miſchief boaſt?
The loving kindneſs of our God
Continually endures.

v. 2.

Thy tongue the miſchief ſpeaks,
Thy wicked heart devis'd,
Like to a razor ſharply ſet
That works deceitfully.

v. 3, 4.

Thou lov'ſt ill, more than good,
And lying, more than truth:
Thou loveſt all devouring words,
O thou deceitful tongue.

v. 5.

Lo, God ſhall thee deſtroy,
And that forevermore:
He alſo ſhall take thee away,
And pluck thee from thy houſe:

v. 5, 6.

And he ſhall root thee up
Out of the land of life:
The righteous, ſeeing it, ſhall fear,
And him ſhall they deride.

Behold,

v. 7.

Behold, this is the man,
Who made not God his ſtrength,
But, truſting in his plenteous wealth,
Strengthen'd himſelf in ſin.

v. 8.

But I am in God's houſe
Like a green olive tree:
I in the mercy of my God
Will truſt for evermore.

v. 9.

I'll thee for ever praiſe;
Becauſe this thou haſt done:
And, I will wait upon thy name,
'Tis good before thy ſaints.

PSALM LIII. Long Metre.

To the chief Muſician upon Mahalath, Maſchil, a Pſalm of David.

v. 1.

THE fool hath ſaid within his heart,
There is no God: corrupt are they,
Hateful iniquity they 've done,
And there is none that doeth good.

v. 2.

God from the heavens looked down,
And thence beheld the ſons of men,
To ſee if any underſtood,
If any after God enquired.

v. 3.

They ev'ry one are backward gone,
They altogether filthy are;
There is not one that doeth good,
No, there is not ſo much as one.

v. 4.

The workers of iniquity
Have they no knowledge? none at all?
Who eat my people up, as bread;
They have not called upon God.

v. 5.

God ſcatter'd thy beſieger's bones;
Therefore they fear'd, where no fear was:
Them alſo thou haſt put to ſhame;
Becauſe they were deſpis'd of God.

v. 6.

O who will out of *Zion* give
Salvation unto *Iſrael?*
When God ſhall bring his captives back,
Jacob ſhall ſhout, and *Iſra'l* ſing.

PSALM LIV. Common Metre.

To the chief Muſician upon Neginoth, Maſchil, a Pſalm of David, *when the* Ziphims *came, and ſaid to* Saul, *doth not* David *hide himſelf with us?*

v. 1, 2.

SAVE me, O God, by thy great name,
And judge me by thy ſtrength.
O God, unto my prayer attend;
Give ear unto my words.

v. 3.

For enemies, to me unknown,
Againſt me do ariſe:
Oppreſſors perſecute my ſoul,
They caſt off fear of God.

v. 4, 5.

Lo, God's my help: the Lord's with them
That do uphold my ſoul.
He'll evil to my foes reward;
Deſtroy them in thy truth.

v. 6.

To thee I with a willing mind
Will offer ſacrifice:
I will give praiſes to thy name,
O LORD for it is good.

v. 7.

Becauſe he has deliver'd me
From my adverſities;
And its deſire mine eye hath ſeen
Upon mine enemies.

PSALM LV. Long Metre.

To the chief Muſician upon Neginoth, Maſchil, a Pſalm of David.

v. 1, 2.

GIVE ear unto my prayer, O God,
Hide not thyſelf from my requeſt:
Attend unto me, anſwer me:
I mourn, complain, and make a noiſe.

v. 3.

By reaſon of the en'mies voice,
Becauſe the wicked do oppreſs;
They charge iniquity on me,
And hate me in their cruel rage.

v. 4, 5.

Sore pain'd within me is my heart;
Terrors of death upon me fall.
I was with fear, and trembling ſeiz'd,
With horror I am overwhelm'd.

v. 6, 7.

I ſaid, had I wings like a dove,
I'd fly away, and be at reſt:
Lo, I would wander far away,
And in the wilderneſs remain.

v. 8, 9.

Then would I haſten my eſcape
From the tempeſtuous ſtormy wind.

Deſtro

Deſtroy, O Lord, divide their tongues;
For in the city's rage and ſtrife.

v. 10, 11.

Its walls they compaſs day and night:
Miſchief, and ſorrow are therein:
In midſt thereof is wickedneſs,
Deceit, and guile lodge in her ſtreets.

v. 12.

'Twas not a foe, that ſlander'd me,
That I could eaſily have born;
Nor hater, that did me inſult,
From him I would have hid myſelf.

v. 13, 14.

But thou, a man of equal rank,
My guide, and my familiar friend:
We join'd ſweet counſel, as we walk'd
Together to the houſe of God.

v. 15.

Let ſudden death upon them ſeize,
Let them go down quick to the grave;
For wickedneſs doth much abound
In all the places, where they dwell.

v. 16, 17.

But as for me, I'll call on God;
JEHOVAH ſhall my ſaviour be:
At ev'ning, morn, and noon I'll pray,
And ſhout; and he ſhall hear my voice.

v. 18, 19.

He hath redeem'd my ſoul in peace
From war; for many were with me.
God ſhall attend, and them afflict,
Ev'n he, that doth abide of old.

v. 19, 20.

Having no change, they fear not God.
In malice he put forth his hands

On them that were at peace with him:
He hath profan'd his covenant.

v. 21.

Smoother than butter were his words;
But dreadful war was in his heart:
His words were ſofter than the oil,
Yet ſharp as ſwords already drawn.

v. 22.

Thy burden on JEHOVAH caſt,
And he ſhall ſurely thee ſuſtain;
Becauſe he never will permit
Him that is righteous to be mov'd.

v. 23.

But thou ſhalt bring them to the grave:
The bloody and deceitful man
Shall ſcarcely live out half his days;
But I will truſt in thee, O God.

PSALM LVI. Common Metre.

To the chief Muſician upon Jonath-elem-rachokim, Michtam of David, *when the* Philiſtines *took him in* Gath.

v. 1.

BE merciful to me, O God,
For man would me devour:
Fighting againſt me day by day,
He ſore oppreſſeth me.

v. 2.

Throughout the day mine enemies
To ſwallow me deviſe:
For many foes againſt me fight,
O thou, my God, moſt High.

v. 3, 4.

I, when afraid, will truſt in thee.
In God I'll praiſe his word,
In God I truſt, I will not fear
What fleſh can do to me.

They

v. 5, 6.

They in their thoughts deviſe my hurt,
They daily wreſt my words:
They meet, they lurk, they mark my ſteps,
When waiting for my ſoul.

v. 7, 8.

Shall they by ſins eſcape, O God?
In anger caſt them down.
Thou know'ſt my ways, bottle my tears;
Are they not in thy book?

v. 9, 10.

My foes ſhall, when I call, turn back;
I know, for God's with me.
I in the LORD will praiſe his word,
In God I'll praiſe his word.

v. 11, 12.

In God I truſt, I will not fear
What man can do to me.
Thy vows are on me, O my God,
To thee I'll render praiſe.

v. 13.

For thou haſt ſav'd my ſoul from death,
From falling kept my feet,
That I may walk before the LORD,
Yet in the light of life.

PSALM LVII. Common Metre.

To the chief Muſician Al-taſchith, Michtam of David, *when he fled from* Saul *in the Cave.*

v. 1.

BE merciful to me, O God,
Be merciful to me;
Becauſe on thee alone my ſoul
For ſafety doth rely.

v. 1.

Yea, in the ſhadow of thy wings
My refuge I will make,
Until theſe ſad calamities
Shall all be overpaſt.

v. 2.

I will pour out my cry to God,
To God, that is moſt High,
That perfectly accompliſheth
All things concerning me.

v. 3.

From heav'n the mighty God ſhall ſend
His mercy and his truth;
And ſave me from his vile reproach,
That would devour my ſoul.

v. 4.

My ſoul's with lions, and I lye
With them that are inflam'd,
Men's ſons, whoſe teeth are ſpears and darts,
Their tongues are ſharpned ſwords.

v. 5.

Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavens high;
And let thy glory be extoll'd
Far above all the earth.

v. 6.

They for my ſteps prepar'd a net;
My ſoul is bowed down:
Before me they have digg'd a pit,
Down into which they fell.

v. 7, 8.

My heart is fix'd, my heart is fix'd,
O God, I'll ſing thy praiſe.
Wake up my glory, pſalt'ry, harp;
I early will awake.

Among

v. 9.

Among the people I'll give praiſe,
O Lord, unto thy name;
Among the nations I will ſing,
And celebrate thy praiſe.

v. 10, 11.

Thy mercy's great unto the heav'ns,
Thy truth unto the clouds.
Above the heav'ns be thou extoll'd,
Thy glory o'er the earth.

PSALM LVIII. Long Metre.

To the chief Muſician Al-taſchith, Michtam of David.

v. 1, 2.

Do ye indeed ſpeak righteouſneſs
O judges? do ye juſtly judge,
O ye the ſons of mortal men?
Yea, you in heart work wickedneſs;

v. 2, 3.

Ye weigh your violence in the land.
The wicked are eſtrang'd from God,
Ev'n from the womb they go aſtray,
As ſoon as born, they utter lies.

v. 4, 5.

Their poiſon is like that of aſps,
They, like deaf adders, ſtop their ears;
Which will not hear the charmer's voice,
However wiſely he may charm.

v. 6, 7.

Break their devouring teeth, O God,
The lions great teeth, LORD, break out;
As waters let them melt away,
Waters that run continually.

v. 7, 8.

Break thou his arrows on the bow:
As ſnails, that melt, ſo let them waſte;

Or as a woman's unripe birth,
And never let them ſee the ſun.

v. 9.

Before your pots can feel the thorns,
He'll take them ſuddenly away;
As with a whirlwind, ſcatter them,
While yet alive, and in his wrath.

v. 10.

Then ſhall the righteous man rejoice,
When he the vengeance ſhall behold:
His feet ſhall he waſh in the blood
Of thoſe that work iniquity.

v. 11.

So that a man ſhall ſay, in truth
There's a reward for righteous men:
And verily he is a God,
A God, that judgeth in the earth.

PSALM LIX. Common Metre.

To the chief Muſician Al-taſchith, Michtam of David, *when* Saul *ſent, and they watched the Houſe to kill him.*

v. 1.

GRANT me deliv'rance, O my God,
From all mine enemies;
Be thou my ſtrong defence, from thoſe
That up againſt me riſe.

v. 2.

From workers of iniquity
Do thou deliver me:
Unto me thy ſalvation grant
From men that ſeek my blood.

v. 3.

For, lo, they for my ſoul lay wait,
The ſtrong againſt me join;
But not for my tranſgreſſion, LORD,
Nor any ſin of mine.

They

v. 4.

They run, and they prepare themſelves,
Wholly without my fault.
Awake to meet me with thy help,
And graciouſly behold.

v. 5.

Thou therefore, O LORD God of hoſts,
The God of *Iſrael*, wake,
To viſit heathens: ſpare not thoſe
That wickedly tranſgreſs.

v. 6, 7.

They at the evening return,
Like dogs they make a noiſe:
The city they go round about,
They belch out with their mouth.

v. 7, 8.

Behold, ſharp ſwords are in their lips;
For who, ſay they, doth hear?
But them, O LORD, ſhalt thou deride,
And all the heathen ſcorn.

v. 9, 10.

Thou art my ſtrength, I'll wait on thee;
For God is my defence.
The God from whom my mercy comes
Shall early me prevent:

v. 10, 11.

And God ſhall let me ſee my wiſh
Upon mine enemies.
Do not deſtroy them all at once,
Leſt *Iſra'l* ſhould forget.

v. 11.

Diſperſe, and ſcatter them abroad
By thine almighty pow'r;
And in thy power bring them down,
O Lord, who art our ſhield.

v. 12.

For the tranſgreſſion of their mouths,
And for the words they ſpeak,
Let them be taken in their pride;
Becauſe they curſe, and lie.

v. 13.

Conſume, conſume them in thy wrath,
That they may be no more:
Shew them, that God in *Jacob* rules
To the earth's utmoſt ends.

v. 14.

At ev'ning cauſe them to return,
And make a noiſe like dogs:
And let them thus go howling round
About the city walls.

v. 15.

And let them wander up and down
In ſeeking after food:
And if they be not ſatisfy'd,
Thro' hunger let them grudge.

v. 16.

But of thy pow'r, and grace I'll ſing,
In morning ſing aloud;
For thou waſt my defence and tow'r,
In time of my diſtreſs.

v. 17.

I will ſing praiſes unto thee,
O thou, who art my ſtrength:
For God is my defence, a God
Of mercy unto me.

Psalm LX. Common Metre.

To the chief Muſician upon Shuſhan-eduth, Michtam of David, *to teach, when he ſtrove with* Aram-naharaim, *and with* Aram-zobah, *when* Joab *returned, and ſmote of* Edom *in the Valley of Salt, Twelve Thouſand.*

v. 1.

Thou haſt rejected us, O God,
And thou haſt ſcatter'd us:
Greatly diſpleaſed thou haſt been;
O turn to us again.

v. 2.

To tremble thou haſt made the earth,
Yea, thou haſt broken it:
Do thou the breaches of it heal;
Its very pillars ſhake.

v. 3.

Thou haſt unto thy people ſhown
Things that were hard to bear;
And thou haſt cauſed us to drink
Wine of aſtoniſhment.

v. 4.

But thou a banner haſt beſtow'd
On them that fear thy name,
That it may be on high diſplay'd
In the behalf of truth.

v. 5.

That they, that are belov'd of thee,
May be delivered:
O ſave thou me by thy right hand,
And hearken unto me.

v. 6.

God in his holineſs hath ſpoke,
I greatly will rejoice;
I *Shechem*'s city will divide,
And meet out *Succoth*'s vale.

v. 7.

Mine is the land of *Gilead*,
Manaſſeh too is mine,
Ephraim is of my head the ſtrength,
And *Judah* gives my laws.

v. 8.

Moab I will my waſh-pot make;
O'er *Edom* caſt my ſhoe:
Do thou, O land of *Paleſtine*,
Triumph becauſe of me.

v. 9.

Who is it, that will me conduct
Into the city ſtrong?
And into *Edom* who is he,
That will direct my way?

v. 10.

O wilt not thou, the mighty God,
Which hadſt caſt us away?
And thou, O God, who didſt not go
To lead our armies forth?

v. 11.

O give us help from our diſtreſs;
For vain's the help of man:
Thro' God we ſhall do valiantly;
For he'll tread down our foes.

PSALM LXI. Common Metre.

To the chief Muſician upon Neginah, a Pſalm of David.

v. 1, 2.

O God, give ear unto my cry,
Attend unto my pray'r:
From the land's end I'll cry to thee,
When my heart's overwhelm'd.

v. 2, 3.

O lead thou me unto the rock,
That's higher far than I:

Becauſe

Becauſe thou haſt my ſhelter been,
A ſtrong tow'r from the foe.

v. 4.

Within thy tabernacle I
For ever will abide;
And in the covert of thy wings
I will for ſafety truſt.

v. 5.

For thou, O God, haſt heard the vows,
Which unto thee I made;
And given me the heritage
Of them that fear thy name.

v. 6.

Thou greatly wilt prolong the life
Of thine anointed King;
As many generations thou
Wilt lengthen out his years.

v. 7.

He in the preſence of the Lord
For ever ſhall abide:
Mercy, and truth do thou prepare,
That him they may preſerve.

v. 8.

So will I joyful praiſes ſing
For ever to thy name;
That ev'ry day I may perform
The vows which I have made.

PSALM LXI. Long Metre.

v. 1, 2.

LORD, hear my pray'r, regard my cry:
From the land's end to thee I call,
When my ſad heart is overwhelm'd:
Lead me to th' rock, higher than I.

Becauſe

v. 3, 4.

Becauſe thou haſt my ſhelter been,
A ſtrong fort from the enemy:
I'll ever in thy tent abide,
And truſt in covert of thy wings.

v. 5.

For thou, O God, haſt heard the vows,
The ſolemn vows, which I have made;
And given me the heritage
Of them that reverence thy name.

v. 6, 7.

And the King's life thou wilt prolong;
His years as many ages make:
He before God ſhall ever ſtand:
To keep him, grace and truth prepare.

v. 8.

So will I joyful praiſes ſing
For ever to thy holy name;
That ev'ry day I may perform
The vows, which I have made to thee.

PSALM LXII. Long Metre.

To the chief Muſician, to Jeduthun, *a Pſalm of* David.

v. 1, 2.

TRULY my ſoul doth wait on God:
From him doth my ſalvation come:
He's my ſure rock, my ſafe defence:
I never ſhall be greatly mov'd.

v. 3.

How long, how long will ye deviſe
Miſchief againſt a righteous man?
Ye all ſhall fall; ye ſhall be like
A bowing wall, or tottering fence.

v. 4.

They only plot to caſt him down
From his excelling dignity:

Lying

Lying they love; bleſs with their mouth,
But with their inward part they curſe.

v. 5, 6.

My ſoul wait thou on God alone;
My expectation is from him:
He's my ſalvation, my defence,
My rock; and I ſhall not be mov'd.

v. 7.

All my ſalvation is from God,
My glory is from him alone:
He is the rock of my defence,
And my ſafe refuge is in God.

v. 8.

Ye people, place your confidence
Continually in him alone:
Before him pour ye out your hearts:
God is for us a refuge high.

v. 9.

Surely mean men are vanity,
And men of high degree a lie;
Together in the balance laid,
They lighter are than vanity.

v. 10.

Let not oppreſſion be your truſt,
Become not vain in robbery:
And if your riches ſhould increaſe,
Yet ſet ye not your hearts thereon.

v. 11, 12.

Once hath God ſpoke; twice heard I this,
That power doth to God belong;
And mercy, Lord; for thou wilt give
To man according to his work.

Psalm LXIII. Long Metre.

A Pſalm of David, *when he was in the Wilderneſs of* Judah.

v. 1.

O God, thee early will I ſeek:
My God, my ſoul doth thirſt for thee;
My fleſh longs for thee in a land
Where is no water, parch'd and dry:

v. 2, 3.

Thy pow'r, and glory to behold,
As I have ſeen thee in thine houſe.
Thy loving kindneſs life excels;
Therefore my lips ſhall give thee praiſe.

v. 4, 5.

Thus will I bleſs thee, while I live;
I'll in thy name lift up my hands.
My ſoul ſhall be well ſatisfied,
As one with fat and marrow fed.

v. 5, 6.

With joyful lips my mouth ſhall praiſe,
Whenever I remember thee,
And meditate upon my bed
On thee, in watches of the night.

v. 7, 8.

Becauſe thou haſt my helper been,
In thy wings ſhade will I rejoice.
Hard after thee my ſoul purſues,
And thy right hand upholdeth me.

v. 9, 10.

But thoſe, that would deſtroy my ſoul,
Shall to the ſilent grave go down:
Yea, they ſhall periſh by the ſword,
They ſhall the foxes portion be.

v. 11.

Yet ſhall the King rejoice in God,
And all that ſwear by him, ſhall boaſt;

But ev'ry mouth that utters lies,
To total ſilence ſhall be put.

PSALM LXIV. Short Metre.

To the chief Muſician, a Pſalm of David.

v. 1.

HEAR thou my voice, O God,
When unto thee I pray;
Preſerve my life from fear of him,
That is mine enemy.

v. 2.

Hide me from ſecret plots,
The plots of wicked men,
From the tumultuous rage of them
That work iniquity.

v. 3.

Who keenly whet their tongue
Like to a ſharpned ſword;
Who bend their bows, their arrows ſhoot,
Ev'n ſharp and bitter words:

v. 4.

That they in ſecreſy
May ſhoot the perfect man;
Yea, ſuddenly at him they ſhoot,
Quite deſtitute of fear.

v. 5.

They take encouragement
In a vile enterprize;
Conſult of laying private ſnares;
For who, ſay they, ſhall ſee?

v. 6.

They ſearch out wickedneſs,
They diligently ſearch:
The inward thought of ev'ry one,
And heart is very deep.

v. 7, 8.

But God ſhall ſhoot at them,
Sudden ſhall be their wound;
So ſhall they bring upon themſelves,
What their own tongues have ſpoke.

v. 8, 9.

All that behold ſhall flee,
And ev'ry one ſhall fear,
And ſhall declare the work of God;
For they'll his doings weigh.

v. 10.

The righteous ſhall be glad,
And in JEHOVAH truſt;
And all that are of upright heart,
In him ſhall make their boaſt.

PSALM LXV. Long Metre.

To the chief Muſician, a Pſalm or Song of David.

v. 1, 2.

PRAISES in *Zion* wait for thee;
To thee the vow ſhall be perform'd.
O thou, the God, that heareſt pray'r,
To thee, to thee all fleſh ſhall come.

v. 3, 4.

Iniquities o'er me prevail;
But thou ſhall purge our ſins away.
Bleſt is the man, whom thou doſt chooſe,
And cauſeſt to approach to thee:

v. 4.

That he may dwell within thy courts:
We ſhall be fully ſatisfied
With the great goodneſs of thine houſe,
Ev'n of thy holy dwelling place.

v. 5.

By dreadful things in righteouſneſs,
Our God, thou wilt ſalvation ſend;

Who

Who art the truſt of all the earth,
And their's far off upon the ſea.

v. 6, 7.

Who by his ſtrength ſets mountains faſt:
Girded with might, he ſtills the ſeas,
The dreadful noiſe of all their waves,
And tumults of the people ſtills.

v. 8.

They in the utmoſt parts that dwell
Are at thy tokens ſore affraid:
Thou mak'ſt th' outgoings of the morn,
And of the evening to rejoice.

v. 9.

Thou viſiteſt the earth with rain;
Makeſt it rich with God's full ſtream:
Abundantly provideſt corn,
When for it thou haſt ſo prepar'd.

v. 10.

Thou watereſt its ridges well:
Thou doſt its furrows ſettle firm:
Thou mak'ſt it ſoft with gentle ſhow'rs:
The ſpringing of it thou doſt bleſs.

v. 11, 12.

Thou with thy goodneſs crown'ſt the year;
Thy paths drop plenteous fatneſs down:
On paſtures of the deſart drop:
The little hills rejoice around.

v. 13.

The paſture grounds are cloath'd with flocks;
The vales are cover'd o'er with corn;
The paſtures, and the fruitful vales
For gladneſs ſhout, they alſo ſing.

PSALM LXVI. Common Metre.

To the chief Muſician, a Song or Pſalm.

v. 1, 2.

ALL lands make ye a joyful noiſe
Unto the mighty God:
Sing forth the honour of his name,
And glorious make his praiſe.

v. 3.

Say unto God, how terrible
Art thou in all thy works!
Thine enemies ſhall bow to thee,
Thro' greatneſs of thy pow'r.

v. 4, 5.

Let all adore, and ſing to thee,
And celebrate thy name.
Come ſee God's work, his dreadful acts
Towards the ſons of men.

v. 6.

Into dry land he turn'd the ſea:
They paſſed thro' the flood,
On foot they thro' the river went;
There we rejoic'd in him.

v. 7.

He rules for ever by his pow'r;
His eyes the nations view:
O let not the rebellious ones
Lift up themſelves on high.

v. 8, 9.

O all ye people, bleſs our God,
Proclaim aloud his praiſe:
'Tis he that holds our ſoul in life,
Nor lets our feet be mov'd.

v. 10, 11.

For thou, O God, haſt proved us,
Tri'd us, as ſilver's tried:

Brou

Brought us into the net, and laid
Affliction on our loins.

v. 12.

Thou mad'ſt men o'er our heads to ride,
And we have gone thro' fire,
Thro' water; but thou brought'ſt us out
Into a wealthy place.

v. 13, 14.

I'll bring burnt off'rings to thine houſe;
To thee I'll pay my vows,
Which my lips utter'd, my mouth ſpake,
When I was in diſtreſs.

v. 15.

Burnt off'rings I will offer thee,
That full of fatneſs are;
With incenſe I will offer rams,
Bullocks with goats I'll bring.

v. 16, 17,

All that fear God, come, hear, I'll tell
What for my ſoul he wrought:
I cry'd unto him with my mouth,
Extoll'd him with my tongue.

v. 18, 19.

If in my heart I ſin regard,
The Lord will not give ear;
But ſurely God hath heard my prayer,
And hearken'd to my voice.

v. 20.

O bleſſed be the mighty God,
Who hath receiv'd my prayer;
Nor hath he turn'd away from me
His own benignity.

PSALM LXVII. Short Metre.

To the chief Muſician on Neginoth, a Pſalm or Song.

v. 1, 2.

BE merciful to us,
And bleſs us, O our God,
And cauſe thy face on us to ſhine:
On earth make known thy way.

v. 2, 3.

Make thy ſalvation known
Among the heathen lands:
Thee let the people praiſe, O God,
Thee let all people praiſe.

v. 4.

The nations ſhall be glad,
And ſhout aloud for joy;
The people thou ſhalt juſtly judge,
And govern all the earth.

v. 5, 6.

Thee let the people praiſe,
All people praiſe, O God;
Then ſhall the earth yield her increaſe:
We ſhall be bleſt of God.

v. 7.

God, even our own God,
On us ſhall bleſſings pour;
And th' utmoſt ends of all the earth
Before him ſhall adore.

PSALM LXVII. Long Metre.

v. 1, 2.

BE merciful, bleſs us, O God,
And cauſe thy face on us to ſhine:
That all the earth may know thy way,
The nations thy ſalvation ſee.

That

v. 3, 4.

Thee let the people praiſe, O God,
Let all the people give thee praiſe:
O let the nations all be glad,
Let them in ſongs expreſs their joy:

v. 4, 5.

For thou ſhalt juſtly judge the world,
And rule the nations upon earth.
Thee let the people praiſe, O God,
Let all the people give thee praiſe.

v. 6, 7.

Then ſhall the earth yield her increaſe;
And us ſhall God, our own God, bleſs.
Bleſſings on us ſhall God beſtow;
And him ſhall all the earth adore.

PSALM LXVIII. Common Metre.

To the chief Muſician, a Pſalm or Song of David.

v. 1.

LET God to victory ariſe,
And ſcatter'd be his foes:
Let ev'ry one, that hateth him,
Before his preſence flee.

v. 2.

Drive them away, as ſmoak diſpers'd;
As wax by fire diſſolv'd,
So let the wicked be conſum'd
Before the face of God.

v. 3.

But let the righteous men be glad,
And manifeſt their joy;
Let them exceedingly rejoice
Before the face of God.

v. 4.

Sing praiſe to God, ſing to his name,
That on the heavens rides;

Extol

Extol ye him by his name JAH,
Before his face rejoice.

v. 5.

A father of the fatherleſs,
Is the almighty God;
And of the widow's cauſe a judge
In's holy dwelling place.

v. 6.

In houſes God the lonely ſets,
Them bound in chains he frees;
But ſuffers them, that rebels are,
To dwell in barren land.

v. 7.

O mighty God, when thou didſt go
To lead thy people forth;
When thou, the leader of thine hoſt,
Did'ſt thro' the deſart march:

v. 8.

The earth did at God's preſence ſhake,
The heavens alſo drop'd:
Sinai itſelf ſhook before God,
The God of *Iſrael*.

v. 9.

A very plenteous rain, O God,
Thou madeſt to deſcend;
Thou didſt confirm thine heritage,
When it was weary grown.

v. 10.

Thy congregation dwelt therein:
Bleſſings haſt thou prepar'd
In thy benignity, O God,
For the afflicted poor.

v. 11, 12.

The Lord himſelf gave forth the word,
A great hoſt publiſh'd it.

The kings of armies fled apace,
And women ſhar'd the ſpoil.

v. 13.

Tho' ye have lain among the pots,
Ye ſhall be like a dove,
With ſilver'd wings, whoſe ſhining plumes
Are deck'd with yellow gold.

v. 14, 15.

When there th' Almighty ſcatter'd kings,
'Twas white as *Salmon*'s ſnow.
God's hill is like to *Baſhan*'s hill,
Like *Baſhan*'s hill for height.

v. 16.

Why do ye leap, ye lofty hills?
This hill doth God deſire
To be his dwelling, yea, the LORD
Will here for ever dwell.

v. 17.

God's chariots twenty thouſand are,
Thouſands of angels ſwift:
The Lord's with them in's holy place,
As once in *Sinai*'s mount.

v. 18.

Thou did'ſt aſcend on high, and led'ſt
Captive captivity:
Thou haſt received gifts for men,
Yea, for rebellious men;

v. 18, 19.

That God the LORD might dwell with them,
O bleſſed be the Lord,
Who daily loads us with his gifts,
Our Saviour, and our God.

v. 20.

The God, that all ſalvation gives,
Is he, that is our God;

And unto God the Lord belong
The paſſages from death.

v. 21.

But ſurely God ſhall wound the head
Of all his enemies,
The hairy ſcalp of ev'ry one,
That ſtill goes on in ſin.

v. 22.

The Lord hath ſaid, I will reſtore
Again from *Baſhan* hill:
My people from the depth of ſeas
I will bring back again.

v. 23.

That thou may'ſt dip thy foot in blood
Of adverſaries ſlain;
Tongues of thy dogs ſhall lick the blood
Of all thine enemies.

v. 24.

Thy goings in thy majeſty
They have beheld, O God,
The goings of my God, my King,
Within his holy place.

v. 25.

The ſingers firſt in order went,
Then the muſicians came,
And among them the virgin train,
That on the timbrels play'd.

v. 26.

In all the congregations then
Bleſſing to God aſcribe:
All ye, that are from *Iſrael* ſprung,
Give praiſes to the Lord.

v. 27.

There's little *Benjamin*, their chief,
Princes of *Judah* there,

Their counſel, lords of *Zebulon*,
Princes of *Naphtali*.

v. 28.

The mighty God hath ſtrengthen'd thee
By his ſupreme command:
Eſtabliſh thou the work, O God,
Which thou for us haſt wrought.

v. 29.

The kings and princes of the earth
Preſents to thee ſhall bring,
Becauſe of thy moſt glorious houſe,
That's at *Jeruſalem*.

v. 30.

Rebuke the num'rous company,
Whoſe arms are glitt'ring ſpears,
The multitude of mighty men,
With thoſe of low degree.

v. 30.

Then ſhall they all ſubmit themſelves,
And ſilver pieces bring:
Make thou the people to diſperſe,
That take delight in war.

v. 31.

Princely ambaſſadors ſhall come
From *Egypt*'s diſtant land;
And *Ethiopia* ſhall ſoon
Stretch out her hands to God.

v. 32, 33.

Praiſe God, ye kingdoms of the earth;
Sing praiſes to the Lord:
To him, that rides upon the heav'ns
Of heav'ns, which were of old.

v. 33, 34.

Lo, he his voice, a ſtrong voice, gives.
Aſcribe ye ſtrength to God;

His excellence o'er *Iſrael* is,
His ſtrength is in the clouds.

v. 35.

Dreadful art thou, O *Iſrael*'s God,
Out of thy holy place:
God gives his people ſtrength, and pow'r:
O bleſſed be his name.

PSALM LXIX. Long Metre.

To the chief Muſician upon Shoſhannim, a Pſalm of David.

v. 1, 2.

SAVE me, O God; becauſe the floods
Are come into my very ſoul:
Down in the mir'y depths I ſink,
Where is no ſtanding for my feet.

v. 2, 3.

Into deep waters I am come,
And there the floods o'erflow my ſoul:
Weary'd with cries, my throat is dry'd;
Mine eyes fail, waiting for my God.

v. 4.

The men, that hate me cauſeleſsly,
Are more than hairs upon my head:
Mighty are they, that are my foes,
That would deſtroy me wrongfully.

v. 4, 5.

Then did I reſtitution make
Of what I had not took away.
O God, thou know'ſt my fooliſhneſs;
From thee my ſins are not conceal'd.

v. 6.

Let none of them be ſham'd for me,
That wait on thee, Lord GOD of hoſts;
Nor be confounded for my ſake,
That ſeek thy face, O *Iſrael*'s God.

Becauſe

v. 7, 8.

Becauſe for thee I've born reproach,
And ſhame hath overſpread my face.
Strange to my brethren I became,
An alien to my mother's ſons.

v. 9.

Becauſe the fervent zeal, I bare
Unto thy houſe, hath eat me up;
And on me the reproaches fell
Of them that have reproached thee.

v. 10, 11.

My tears, and faſts t' afflict my ſoul,
Have all been turn'd to my reproach:
When ſackcloth I my garment made,
To them a proverb I became.

v. 12, 13.

They, in the gate that ſit, revile;
I am become the drunkard's ſong;
But I will make my pray'r to thee
In an accepted time, O LORD.

v. 13.

Grant me an anſwer to my pray'r,
For thine abundant mercies ſake;
According alſo to the truth
Of thy ſalvation, O my God.

v. 14.

Deliver me out of the mire,
And do not ſuffer me to ſink;
From them that hate me, reſcue me,
And ſave me from the waters deep.

v. 15.

O let me not be overflown
By ſwelling of the water floods;
Nor by the deep be overwhelm'd;
Or in the gaping pit inclos'd.

v. 16.

O thou JEHOVAH, anſwer me;
For good thy loving kindneſs is:
O turn to me thy countenance
In thy free mercies, which abound.

v. 17, 18.

Nor from thy ſervant hide thy face;
For I'm diſtreſs'd, hear me with ſpeed:
Draw near to me, redeem my ſoul,
Save me from all mine enemies.

v. 19, 20.

For my reproach is known to thee,
And my diſhonour, and my ſhame:
My foes are all before thy face.
My heart is broken with reproach;

v. 20.

And I am full of heavineſs:
I look'd for ſome to pity me,
I look'd around; but there was none,
For comforters; but none I found.

v. 21, 22.

But for my meat they gave me gall;
And vinegar, in thirſt to drink.
O let their table be their ſnare,
Inſtead of welfare be a trap.

v. 23, 24.

And let their eyes be wholly dark;
And make their loins always to ſhake:
On them thine indignation pour,
Upon them let thy fury ſeize.

v. 25, 26.

Make thou their palace deſolate,
And let none dwell within their tents:
For they afflict thy ſmitten one,
Thy wounded they reproach, and grieve.

Add

v. 27, 28.

Add ſin to their iniquity:
Exclude them from thy righteouſneſs:
Blot them out of the living's book,
Not to be written with the juſt.

v. 29, 30.

But I am poor, and mourn; O God,
Let thy ſalvation lift me up.
I with a ſong will praiſe my God,
With thanks I'll magnify his name:

v. 31, 32.

'Twill pleaſe the LORD more than an ox,
Or bullock, that hath horns and hoofs.
The meek ſhall ſee it, and be glad;
Your heart ſhall live that ſeek the Lord.

v. 33, 34.

Becauſe JEHOVAH hears the poor,
Nor doth deſpiſe his priſoners:
Let heav'n, and earth ſhew forth his praiſe,
The ſeas, and all that move therein.

v. 35.

For God himſelf will *Zion* ſave,
And he will *Judah*'s cities build;
That they may ſafely dwell therein,
And them for their poſſeſſion have.

v. 36.

The children of his ſervants too
Shall have it for an heritage;
And they that love his holy name,
Shall fix their habitation there.

Psalm LXX. Common Metre.

To the chief Muſician, a Pſalm of David *to bring to Remembrance.*

v. 1, 2.

MAKE haſte to reſcue me, O God,
LORD, haſten to my help.
Sham'd and confounded let them be,
That perſecute my ſoul.

v. 2, 3.

Let them be turned back, confus'd,
That meditate my hurt;
Turn'd back, rewarded with their ſhame,
That ſcornfully deride.

v. 4.

Make all that ſeek thee glad in thee:
Who thy ſalvation love,
Let them continually ſay,
Let God be magnify'd.

v. 5.

Becauſe I poor, and needy am,
Make haſte to me, O God;
Thou art my ſaviour, and my help,
O LORD, make no delay.

Psalm LXXI. Common Metre.

v. 1, 2.

IN thee, O LORD, I put my truſt,
Ne'er let me be aſham'd;
Deliver me; for thou art juſt,
Hear, ſave, and ſet me free.

v. 3.

Be thou the rock of my abode,
And daily my reſort;
To ſave me, thou haſt giv'n command,
Who art my rock, and fort.

Free

v. 4, 5.

Free me, my God, from wicked hands,
Hands cruel, and unjuſt;
For thou, O Lord GOD, art my hope,
And from my youth my truſt.

v. 6.

By thee have I been holden up,
Ev'n from my mother's womb;
Yea, from the womb thou took'ſt me out:
I'll ever ſpeak thy praiſe.

v. 7, 8.

A wonder I to many am;
But thou art my ſtrong rock:
Let all day long my mouth be fill'd
With thy moſt glorious praiſe.

v. 9, 10.

And in the time of my old age
O caſt me not away;
When my ſtrength fails, forſake me not;
Becauſe my foes revile.

v. 10, 11.

And they, that for my ſoul lay wait,
Together counſel take:
He's left of God, purſue, ſay they,
Take him, there's none to ſave.

v. 12, 13.

Be thou not far from me, O God;
My God, haſte to my help:
Confounded, and conſum'd be they,
That to my ſoul are foes.

v. 13, 14.

Let them be cover'd with reproach,
And ſcorn, that ſeek my hurt:
But I'll continually hope,
And praiſe thee more and more.

v. 15.

My thankful mouth ſhall all the day
Thy righteouſneſs proclaim;
And thy ſalvation will declare,
Whoſe numbers can't be known.

v. 16.

O Lord JEHOVAH, in thy ſtrength
Henceforth will I proceed:
I will thy righteouſneſs record,
Yea, even thine alone.

v. 17.

From my youth up, O mighty God,
Thou haſt inſtructed me:
And hitherto have I declar'd
The wonders thou haſt wrought.

v. 18.

Now I am old, and hoary hair'd,
Forſake me not, O God;
'Till to this age I ſhew thy ſtrength,
Thy pow'r to all to come:

v. 19.

Alſo thy righteouſneſs, O God,
Which is exceeding high.
Great are the things, which thou haſt wrought;
O God, who's like to thee?

v. 20.

Thou ſhewd'ſt me troubles great and ſore;
But yet thou wilt return,
And quicken me, and bring me up
From loweſt depths of earth.

v. 21, 22.

My greatneſs thou ſhalt much encreaſe,
And comfort me around:
And then will I ſhew forth thy praiſe
Upon the pſaltery.

I will

v. 22.

I will give praiſes to thy truth,
O thou, who art my God:
I'll ſing unto thee with the harp,
O *Iſrael*'s holy one.

v. 23.

My joyful lips ſhall ſhout aloud,
When I ſing praiſe to thee;
And greatly ſhall my ſoul rejoice,
Which is by thee redeem'd.

v. 24.

And my glad tongue ſhall all the day
Thy righteouſneſs proclaim;
For they confounded are, and ſham'd,
That meditate my hurt.

PSALM LXXII. Long Metre.

A Pſalm for Solomon.

v. 1, 2.

O God, thy judgments give the King,
To the king's Son thy righteouſneſs:
Juſtly ſhall he the people judge,
And judge thy poor with equity.

v. 3, 4.

Mountains ſhall bear thy people peace,
The hills bring peace by righteouſneſs:
The poor he'll judge, their children ſave;
And the oppreſſor he'll deſtroy.

v. 5, 6.

Thee ſhall they fear thro' ev'ry age,
As long as ſun, and moon endure.
Like rain, on mown graſs, he'll deſcend;
As ſhowers on the thirſty ground.

v. 7.

The generation of the juſt
Shall greatly flouriſh in his days:

And there ſhall be abundant peace,
Until the moon ſhall be no more.

v. 8, 9.

And he ſhall reign from ſea to ſea,
From th' river over all the earth.
The deſart lands to him ſhall bow,
His enemies ſhall lick the duſt.

v. 10.

The kings of *Tarſhiſh*, and the Iſles,
To him ſhall their oblations bring:
The kings of *Sheba*, *Seba*'s kings,
Shall offer preſents unto him.

v. 11, 12.

All kings before him ſhall adore;
All nations own his ſov'reign rule:
Becauſe he ſhall the needy ſave,
That crieth, and the helpleſs poor.

v. 13, 14.

The poor and needy he ſhall ſpare,
And he ſhall ſave the needy ſouls,
Redeem their ſoul from fraud and wrong;
Their blood is precious in his ſight.

v. 15.

And he ſhall live a proſp'rous life,
He ſhall have gifts of *Sheba*'s gold:
For him ſhall be continual pray'r,
And ev'ry day ſhall he be prais'd.

v. 16.

Of corn an handful ſhall be ſown,
On tops of mountains in the land;
Its fruit ſhall ſhake like *Lebanon*;
Like graſs the citizens ſhall grow.

v. 17.

His name for ever ſhall endure;
His name ſhall laſt long as the ſun:

And

And in him ſhall mankind be bleſt;
Him ſhall all nations bleſſed call.

v. 18, 19.

O bleſſed be the LORD our God,
Who is the God of *Iſrael*,
He who alone doth wond'rous things:
For ever bleſs his glorious name.

v. 19, 20.

Let the whole compaſs of the earth
Be ever with his glory fill'd,
Amen, amen. Now are compleat
The pray'rs of *David*, *Jeſſe*'s ſon.

PSALM LXXIII. Common Metre.

A Pſalm of Aſaph.

v. 1, 2.

TRULY to *Iſrael* God is good,
To all the pure in heart:
But yet my feet were almoſt gone,
My ſteps had well nigh ſlip'd.

v. 3, 4.

Becauſe I envy'd fooliſh men,
Seeing the wicked's peace:
For in their death there are no bands,
Their ſtrength remaineth firm.

v. 5, 6.

Like other men they're not diſtreſs'd,
Nor plagu'd like other men:
Hence pride ſurrounds them as a chain,
And violence is their robe.

v. 7, 8.

Their very eyes ſtand out with fat,
They've more than heart could wiſh.
They are corrupt, ſpeak wickedly,
Oppreſs, and proudly talk.

They

v. 9, 10.

They ſet their mouth againſt the heav'ns,
Their tongue walks thro' the earth.
Therefore the people of the Lord
Hither return again:

v. 10, 11.

And waters of a plenteous cup
Are unto them wrung out.
Is there, ſay they, knowledge in God?
And doth the moſt High know?

v. 12.

Behold, theſe are th' ungodly ones,
Who proſper in the world;
Theſe are the men, that do increaſe
Abundantly in wealth.

v. 13, 14.

I ſurely cleans'd my heart in vain,
And guiltleſs waſh'd my hands:
For all day long have I been plagu'd,
And chaſt'ned ev'ry morn.

v. 15.

If I ſhould ſay, I will ſpeak thus,
Behold, I ſhould offend,
And do the generation wrong
Of them that are thy ſons.

v. 16, 17.

When this I thought to comprehend,
Too painful 'twas for me;
'Till to God's holy place I went,
And then I knew their end.

v. 18.

Thou verily didſt ſet their feet
Upon a ſlipp'ry place:
And into deſolation thence
Thine hand hath caſt them down.

How

v. 19.

How are they to deſtruction brought,
As in a moment's time!
Yea, they, with dreadful terrour ſeiz'd,
Are utterly conſum'd.

v. 20.

Juſt like a tranſitory dream,
When one awakes from ſleep;
So thou, O LORD, when thou awak'ſt,
Their image ſhalt deſpiſe.

v. 21, 22.

Thus was I grieved in my heart,
And pricked in my reins:
So dull, ſo ignorant was I,
Before thee as a beaſt.

v. 23.

Nevertheleſs continually
Do I with thee abide:
And hitherto, by my right hand,
Thou haſt upholden me.

v. 24.

Thou with thy counſel, while I live,
Shalt be my conſtant guide;
And thou ſhalt afterwards from hence
To glory me receive.

v. 25.

Whom have I in the heav'ns above,
Beſides thyſelf alone?
And there is none upon the earth,
That I deſire, but thee.

v. 26.

My fleſh is waſted, and decay'd,
My heart doth alſo fail;
But of my heart God is the ſtrength;
My portion evermore.

v. 27.

For lo, they that are far from thee
Shall periſh utterly:
All, whō from thee a whoring go,
Thou ſurely wilt deſtroy.

v. 28.

But verily 'tis good for me,
That I draw near to God:
In the Lord GOD I put my truſt,
To tell of all thy works.

PSALM LXXIV. Common Metre.
Maſchil of Aſaph.

v. 1.

O God, why haſt thou caſt us off?
Is it for evermore?
O wherefore doth thine anger ſmoke
Againſt thy paſture ſheep?

v. 2.

Think on thy church, purchas'd of old,
Thy choſen heritage,
Redeem'd by thee, this *Zion*'s mount,
Thy ancient dwelling place.

v. 3.

Lift up thy feet, regard the waſte,
Perpetual waſte that's made;
The wickedneſs thy foes have wrought
Within thy holy place.

v. 4.

Thine enemies with fury rage
Amidſt thy ſynagogues;
And they their enſigns have diſplay'd
For ſigns of triumph there.

v. 5, 6.

Once he was fam'd, that lifted up
Axes on thickeſt trees;

But they with ax and hammer now
Break all the carv'd work down.

v. 7.

Thy ſanctuary they have burnt,
'Tis utterly conſum'd:
Thy dwelling place have they defil'd,
And raz'd it to the ground.

v. 8.

This was the language of their hearts,
Let us deſtroy them all:
They've burnt up all the ſynagogues
Of God, throughout the land.

v. 9.

We do not now behold our ſigns,
Our prophets are no more;
Nor is there one amongſt us now,
That underſtands how long.

v. 10.

How long ſhall the diſtreſſing foe,
O mighty God, reproach?
And ſhall the enemy blaſpheme
Thy name for evermore?

v. 11, 12.

Wherefore doſt thou withdraw thy hand,
Thy right hand? ſtretch it forth;
For God's my king of old, he works
Salvation in the earth.

v. 13.

'Twas thou, that didſt divide the ſea
By thy reſiſtleſs arm;
And in the waters thou didſt break
The cruel dragons heads.

v. 14

The heads of the leviathan
Thou didſt in pieces break;

To them that in the deſart dwell,
Thou gaveſt him for meat.

v. 15, 16.

Thou clav'ſt the rock, the fountains flow'd:
Thou dry'dſt up mighty ſtreams.
Thine is the day, the night is thine:
Thou mad'ſt the light, and ſun.

v. 17, 18.

Thou all the bounds of th' earth haſt ſet:
Summer, and winter made.
Remember, LORD, the foe reproach'd,
And fools blaſphem'd thy name.

v. 19.

The life of thine own turtle dove
Give not to num'rous foes:
Nor let th' aſſembly of thy poor
For ever be forgot.

v. 20.

Unto the cov'nant have reſpect,
The cov'nant thou haſt made:
For th' earth's dark places now are full
Of ſeats of cruelty.

v. 21.

O let not them, that are oppreſt,
Turn back again aſham'd:
Let thoſe, that poor and needy are,
Give praiſes to thy name.

v. 22.

Ariſe O God, do not defer
To vindicate thy cauſe:
Remember how the fooliſh man
Daily reproacheth thee.

v. 23.

Forget not the inſulting voice
Of thy tumultuous foes;

The tumult of thine enemies
Increaſeth ev'ry day.

PSALM LXXV. Common Metre.

To the chief Muſician, Al-taſchith, a Pſalm or Song of Aſaph.

v. 1.

To thee, O God, do we give thanks,
We render thanks to thee;
For that thy name to us is near,
Thy wond'rous works proclaim.

v. 2, 3.

When I the kingdom ſhall receive,
In righteouſneſs I'll judge.
The earth's diſſolv'd and all thereon:
It's pillars I ſuſtain.

v. 4.

To the vain glorious fools I ſaid,
Deal ye not fooliſhly;
To them that work iniquity,
Lift ye not up the horn.

v. 5, 6.

Lift ye not up the horn on high,
Nor with a ſtiff neck ſpeak:
For from the eaſt, the weſt, or ſouth,
Promotion doth not come.

v. 7, 8.

But God is judge: he puts down one,
Another he exalts.
For in the LORD's hand is a cup,
The wine thereof is red:

v. 8.

It is with dreadful mixture fill'd,
Of which he poureth forth:
But all the wicked ſhall wring out,
And drink the very dregs.

v. 9, 10.

But I for ever will declare;
And *Jacob*'s God I'll praiſe.
I'll cut of all the wicked's pow'r;
But juſt men's horns I'll raiſe.

PSALM LXXVI. Common Metre.

To the chief Muſician upon Neginoth, a Pſalm or Song of Aſaph.

v. 1, 2.

GOD is well known in *Judah*'s land;
His name in *Iſrael*'s great:
In *Salem* he hath pitch'd his tent,
In *Zion* he reſides.

v. 3, 4.

He there broke arrows of the bow,
The ſhield, the ſword, the war.
More glorious, and more excellent
Art thou, than hills of prey.

v. 5.

The men of ſtouteſt hearts are ſpoil'd;
There have they ſlept their ſleep:
And none of them, have found their hands,
That were the men of might.

v. 6.

When thou doſt ſend out thy rebuke,
O *Jacob*'s mighty God,
Then are the chariot, and the horſe
Into a dead ſleep caſt.

v. 7.

Thou, even thou, art to be fear'd,
And had in reverence:
And who ſhall in thy preſence ſtand,
When once thine anger burns?

v. 8, 9.

From heav'n thou mad'ſt thy judgment heard;
The earth fear'd, and was ſtill:

When

When unto judgment God aroſe,
To ſave the meek on earth.

v. 10.

Aſſuredly the wrath of man
Shall to thy praiſe redound;
And the remainder of his wrath
By thee ſhall be reſtrain'd.

v. 11.

Vow ye unto the LORD your God,
And pay your ſolemn vows:
Let all around him preſents bring
To him, that's to be fear'd.

v. 12.

The ſpirit of the governors
He ſurely will cut off:
On kings, and princes of the earth,
He makes his terrours fall.

PSALM LXXVII. Common Metre.

To the chief Muſician, to Jeduthun, *a Pſalm of* Aſaph.

v. 1.

I with my voice cry'd unto God,
Ev'n with my voice I cry'd,
To him who is the mighty God,
And he gave ear to me.

v. 2.

In my diſtreſs I ſought the LORD;
My ſore ran in the night,
It ceaſed not; my troubled ſoul
All comfort did refuſe.

v. 3.

Greatly was I diſquieted,
When I remember'd God;
And, when I pour'd out my complaint,
My ſoul was overwhelm'd.

Thou

v. 4, 5.

Thou didſt withhold mine eyes from ſleep:
For grief I could not ſpeak:
I thought upon the days of old,
The years of ancient times.

v. 6.

Into remembrance did I call
My former ſongs by night:
And with my heart did I commune,
Strict ſearch my ſpirit made.

v. 7, 8.

For ever will the LORD caſt off?
And favour ſhew no more?
For ever doth his mercy ceaſe?
His word for ever fail?

v. 9.

Hath the unchanging God forgot
To ſhew his wonted grace?
And hath he in his anger ſhut
His tender mercies up?

v. 10.

And this, ſaid I, my weakneſs is;
But I will call to mind
The former years of the right hand
Of him, who is moſt High.

v. 11.

The works, JEHOVAH hath perform'd,
I'll to remembrance call:
Thy wonders, wrought in ancient times,
I ſurely will record.

v. 12, 13.

I'll meditate on all thy works,
And of thy doings talk.
The way, O God, which thou doſt take,
Is in the holy place.

What

v. 13, 14.

What God ſo great as is our God!
Thou wonder working God:
Thou haſt declar'd thy mighty ſtrength,
In all the people's ſight.

v. 15, 16.

Thine arm thy people hath redeem'd,
Jacob's, and *Joſeph*'s ſons.
Thee did the waters ſee, O God,
Thee did the waters ſee:

v. 16, 17.

They were afraid; the depths were mov'd,
The clouds pour'd waters down:
The ſkies ſent out a dreadful ſound:
Thine arrows went abroad.

v. 18.

Thy thund'ring voice was in the heav'ns,
While all the world below
Enlightned by thy light'nings was;
The trembling earth did ſhake.

v. 19, 20.

Thy ways in ſeas, thy path in floods,
Thy footſteps are not known.
By *Moſes*, thou, and *Aaron*, led'ſt
Thy people as a flock.

PSALM LXXVIII. Long Metre.

Maſchil of Aſaph, *or a Pſalm for* Aſaph, *giving Inſtruction.*

v. 1.

O ye, that are my people, hear,
Open your ear unto my law,
And to the words my mouth ſhall ſpeak,
Attentively incline your ear.

v. 2, 3.

My mouth ſhall ſpeak a parable;
I'll utter hidden things of old:

The

The things, which we have heard, and known,
And which our fathers have declar'd.

v. 4.

We will not hide them from their ſons,
The generations yet to come;
Shewing the praiſes of the LORD,
His ſtrength, and wonders he hath done.

v. 5.

In *Jacob* he a record ſet,
In *Iſrael* he ordain'd a law,
And to our fathers gave command,
To make them to their children known.

v. 6.

That generations yet to come,
And children yet unborn might know,
Who ſhould ſucceſſively ariſe;
And them unto their ſons declare.

v. 7.

That they might place their conſtant hope
Upon the mighty God alone;
And not forget the works of God;
But all his juſt commands obſerve.

v. 8.

And might not, as their fathers, prove
A ſtubborn, and rebellious race;
A race that ſet their hearts not right,
Whoſe ſpirit was not firm with God.

v. 9, 10.

The ſons of *Ephraim*, arm'd with bows,
In day of battle turned back.
God's covenant they did not keep,
And in his law refus'd to walk.

v. 11, 12.

His works, his wonders, they forgot,
Which he had ſhewn them heretofore;

His wonders, which their fathers ſaw,
In *Egypt*'s land, in *Zoan*'s field.

v. 13.

The ſea he parted by his arm,
He gave to them a paſſage through;
And as an heap on either ſide
He made the fluid waters ſtand.

v. 14, 15.

By day he led them with a cloud,
And all night with a light of fire.
He in the deſart clave the rocks;
As from the depths, he gave them drink.

v. 16, 17.

Out of the rock he brought forth ſtreams,
Waters he made like rivers flow:
And they yet more againſt him ſin'd,
Ev'n there, provoking the moſt High.

v. 18, 19.

And in their hearts they tempted God
By aſking meat to feed their luſts.
God they revil'd: can God, ſay they,
A table in the deſart ſpread?

v. 20.

Behold, when he had ſmote the rock,
Waters guſh'd out, ſtreams overflow'd:
But can he alſo give us bread?
And for his people fleſh provide?

v. 21.

Therefore the LORD their murm'ring heard,
He heard, and was exceeding wroth,
So that a fire in *Jacob* burn'd,
And againſt *Iſrael* anger roſe.

v. 22, 23.

For they believed not in God,
Nor did in his ſalvation truſt:

Tho'

Tho' from above he charg'd the clouds,
And had ſet open heavens doors:
v. 24, 25.
And rain'd down manna for their food,
And gave them of the corn of heav'n:
Man then did eat of angel's food:
He ſent them meat, meat to the full.
v. 26, 27.
In th' heav'n he made an eaſt wind blow,
Brought in the ſouth wind by his pow'r:
He rain'd upon them fleſh as duſt,
And fowls in number as the ſands:
v. 28, 29.
Within their camp he made it fall,
All round about their dwelling place:
So they did eat, and were ſuffic'd;
He granted them their own deſire.
v. 30. 31.
Yet from their luſts they were not wean'd;
But while their meat was in their mouths,
God's wrath came down, and ſlew their chiefs,
And ſmote down *Iſrael*'s choſen men.
v. 32, 33.
But, for all this, they ſtill tranſgreſs'd,
Nor for his wond'rous works believ'd:
Therefore their days in vanity,
Their years in trouble, he conſum'd.
v. 34, 35.
When them he ſlew, then they enquir'd,
Return'd, and early ſought for God:
Then they remember'd God their rock,
And their Redeemer, God moſt high.
v. 36, 37.
Yet with their mouth they flatter'd him,
And ly'd unto him with their tongues:

For with him was their heart not right,
Nor ſtedfaſt in his covenant.

v. 38.

But he, yet with compaſſion fill'd,
Forgave their ſin, deſtroy'd them not;
Yea, oft his anger turn'd away,
And did not ſtir up all his wrath.

v. 39, 40.

For he well knew they were but fleſh,
A paſſing wind, that don't return.
How oft in th' deſart they provok'd,
And griev'd him in the wilderneſs!

v. 41, 42.

Yea, they return'd, and tempted God,
Limiting *Iſrael*'s holy one:
And they remember'd not his hand,
The day he ſav'd them from the foe.

v. 43, 44.

How he in *Egypt* wrought his ſigns,
His wond'rous works in *Zoan*'s field:
And turn'd their rivers into blood,
Their ſtreams, ſo that they could not drink.

v. 45, 46.

He ſent them divers ſorts of flies,
And frogs which waſted and devour'd:
Their labour to the locuſt gave,
To caterpillars their increaſe.

v. 47, 48.

With hailſtones he deſtroy'd their vines,
And kill'd their ſycamores with froſt:
Gave up their cattle to the hail,
And to the light'ning gave their flocks.

v. 49.

The fierceneſs of his anger burn'd,
He caſt on them exceeding wrath,

And indignation, and diſtreſs;
By ſending evil meſſengers.

v. 50.

He to his anger made a way,
He ſpared not their ſoul from death;
But to the plague gave up their life,
And to the murrain gave their beaſts.

v. 51, 52.

And he all *Egypt*'s firſt born ſmote,
Their chief ſtrength in the land of *Ham*;
But led his people forth as ſheep,
And in the deſart, as a flock.

v. 53, 54.

He led them ſafe, and free from fear;
But in the ſea o'erwhelm'd their foes:
He brought them to his holy place,
This mount, which his right hand redeem'd.

v. 55.

For them he caſt the heathen out,
Parting by line their heritage;
And made the tribes of *Iſrael*
To have a dwelling in their tents.

v. 56.

Yet tempted they the moſt high God,
Whom they exceedingly provok'd;
And did not carefully obſerve
The teſtimonies, he ordain'd.

v. 57.

But, like their fathers, turned back,
Like them, they dealt unfaithfully;
And, like to a deceitful bow,
Were altogether turn'd aſide.

v. 58.

For they provoked him to wrath
With the high places they had made;

And

And with their graven images
They moved him to jealouſy.

v. 59, 60.

God heard, and was exceeding wroth,
And *Iſrael* greatly he abhor'd:
He *Shiloh*'s dwelling place forſook,
The tent, that he had plac'd with men.

v. 61, 62.

And into bondage gave his ſtrength,
His glory to the enemy.
He gave his people to the ſword:
Was wroth with his inheritance.

v. 63, 64.

The fire conſum'd their choice young men:
Their maids were not in marriage giv'n:
Their prieſts were by the ſword deſtroy'd:
And yet their widows did not weep.

v. 65, 66.

Then the Lord wak'd, as one from ſleep,
Like to a ſtrong man chear'd with wine:
His foes he ſmote in th' hinder parts,
He put them to perpetual ſhame.

v. 67, 68.

The tent of *Joſeph* he refus'd,
Nor did the tribe of *Ephraim* chooſe:
But he the tribe of *Judah* choſe,
Zion, the mountain which he lov'd.

v. 69, 70.

He built his temple like high tow'rs,
Like the earth, which he for ever fix'd:
He did his ſervant *David* chooſe,
And took him from the folds of ſheep.

v. 71.

He brought him from his tender care
Of feeble ewes, heavy with young,

To feed his people, *Jacob*'s ſeed,
And *Iſra'l* his inheritance.

v. 72.

Then did he feed them as a flock
In his integrity of heart,
And ſkilfully conducted them
By the diſcretion of his hands.

PSALM LXXIX. Common Metre.

A Pſalm of Aſaph.

v. 1.

O God, the heathen are advanc'd
Into thine heritage:
Thy holy place have they defil'd,
And laid *Jerus'lem* waſte.

v. 2.

With bodies of thy ſervants ſlain
They rav'nous fowls have fed,
And of thy ſaints the fleſh they caſt
Unto the ſavage beaſts.

v. 3, 4.

Their blood, like water, they have ſhed
Around *Jeruſalem:*
And there was none to bury them.
By neighbours we are ſcorn'd;

v. 4, 5.

We are reproach'd by all around.
JEHOVAH, O how long?
Shall thy hot wrath, thy jealouſly,
Like fire for ever burn?

v. 6.

Pour out thy wrath on heathen lands,
That have not known thy name;
And on the kingdoms of the earth,
That have not call'd on thee.

For

v. 7.

For theſe are they, that have devour'd
Thy ſervant *Jacob*'s race,
And into deſolation brought
The place of his abode.

v. 8.

Remember not our former ſins:
Prevent us ſpeedily,
According to thy tender grace;
For we are very low.

v. 9.

O God of our ſalvation, help
For thine own glory's ſake:
Save us, and purge away our ſins,
For th' honour of thy name.

v. 10.

Shall heathens ſay, where is their God?
To them let him be known,
Avenging in our ſight the blood
Of thine own ſervants ſlain.

v. 11.

O let the pris'ners moanful cry,
Come up before thy face:
Thoſe in thy mighty pow'r preſerve,
That are deſign'd for death.

v. 12.

Into our neighbours breaſt repay
A plentiful reward,
Ev'n their reproach, which they have caſt,
O Lord, upon thy name.

v. 13.

So we thy people, and thy flock,
Will ever give thee thanks:
And we will celebrate thy praiſe
Thro' ev'ry future age.

PSALM LXXX. Long Metre.

To the chief Muſician upon Shoſhannim Eduth, a Pſalm of Aſaph.

v. 1.

O *Iſra'l*'s ſhepherd, bow thine ear;
Who leadeſt *Joſeph* like a flock:
O thou, that haſt thy reſidence
Between the cherubims, ſhine forth.

v. 2, 3.

Before thy tribes ſtir up thy ſtrength,
And unto our ſalvation come:
Turn us, and cauſe thy face to ſhine,
O God, and ſo we ſhall be ſav'd.

v. 4, 5.

How long wilt thou, LORD God of hoſts,
Be wroth againſt thy people's pray'rs?
Thou mak'ſt them eat the bread of tears,
And giv'ſt them plenteous tears to drink.

v. 6, 7.

To neighbours thou mak'ſt us a ſtrife:
Our en'mies laugh among themſelves.
Turn us again, O God of hoſts,
And ſhine on us, we ſhall be ſav'd.

v. 8, 9.

From *Egypt* thou haſt brought a vine,
Caſt heathens out, and planted it:
Before it thou prepared'ſt room,
Did'ſt root it deep, it fill'd the land.

v. 10, 11.

The hills were cover'd with its ſhade;
Like goodly cedars were its boughs:
Her boughs ſhe ſent forth to the ſea,
Her branches to the river ſpread.

v. 12, 13.

Why haſt thou ſo broke down her hedge,
That by all paſſengers ſhe's pluck'd?

Waſted

Waſted by boars out of the wood,
And by the ſavage beaſts devour'd.

v. 14.

O thou, who art the God of hoſts,
Return, we humbly pray, return;
And from the heav'ns above look down,
Behold, and viſit this thy vine;

v. 15, 16.

The vineyard thy right hand did plant,
The branch thou mad'ſt ſtrong for thyſelf:
'Tis burnt with fire, it is cut down;
They periſh at thy ſtern rebuke.

v. 17, 18.

Let thy hand be upon the man
Of thy right hand, the ſon of man,
Whom thou haſt made ſtrong for thyſelf:
So ſhall we not go back from thee.

v. 18, 19.

Revive us, and we'll call on thee:
Turn us again, LORD God of hoſts;
And cauſe thy face on us to ſhine,
And we ſhall thy ſalvation ſee.

PSALM LXXXI. Common Metre.

To the chief Muſician upon Gittith, a Pſalm of Aſaph.

v. 1, 2.

SING ye aloud to God our ſtrength;
And ſhout to *Jacob*'s God.
Take ye a pſalm, the pleaſant harp,
Timbrels and pſalt'ry bring.

v. 3, 4.

In the new moon the trumpet blow,
Our ſtated ſolemn feaſt;
For this to *Iſra'l* was ordain'd
A law of *Jacob*'s God.

v. 5.

This record he in *Joſeph* ſet,
When he from *Egypt* went:
Wherein I ſuch a language heard,
I did not underſtand.

v. 6, 7.

From burdens I his ſhoulder freed,
His hands were freed from toil.
On me didſt thou in trouble call,
And I deliver'd thee.

v. 7.

I from the thunder's ſecret place
To thee an anſwer gave;
And at the ſtreams of *Meribah*
A proof of thee I made.

v. 8.

O ye my people, hear my voice,
To thee I'll teſtify:
If ye will hearken unto me,
O ſeed of *Iſrael*:

v. 9.

There ſhall not any foreign God
Within thy land be found:
Nor unto any God unknown
Shalt thou bow down thyſelf.

v. 10.

I only am the LORD thy God,
Who thee from *Egypt* brought:
Then let thy mouth be open'd wide,
I'll it with plenty fill.

v. 11.

But yet my people have refus'd
To hearken to my voice:
Nor would the ſeed of *Iſrael*
Place their delight in me.

v. 12.

And hereupon I gave them up
Unto their own hearts luſt:
And they went on preſumptuouſly
In counſels of their own.

v. 13.

O that my people had inclin'd
Their ear unto my voice!
O that the ſeed of *Iſrael*
Had walked in my ways!

v. 14.

Then I ſhould quickly have ſubdu'd
Their foes beneath their feet;
Againſt their adverſaries then
I ſhould have turn'd my hand.

v. 15.

Then all the haters of the LORD
Should have bow'd down to him:
But as for them, their happy time
Should never have an end.

v. 16.

He alſo ſhould have feaſted them
With fineſt of the wheat:
And thee I ſhould have ſatisfied
With honey from the rock.

PSALM LXXXII. Long Metre.

A Pſalm of Aſaph.

v. 1, 2.

GOD ſtands among the mighty ones;
And he doth judge among the Gods.
How long will ye unjuſtly judge
Accepting perſons that are vile?

v. 3, 4.

Defend the poor and fatherleſs,
Do juſtice to th' afflicted poor.

Reſcue the poor and needy ones,
And rid them from the wicked's hands.

v. 5.

They know not, nor will underſtand;
But in their darkneſs will go on.
All the foundations of the earth
Are moved, they are out of courſe.

v. 6, 7.

I ſaid indeed, that ye are Gods,
Ye all are ſons of the moſt High:
But ſurely ye ſhall die like men,
And like the heathen princes fall.

v. 8.

Ariſe, O mighty God, ariſe,
And judge the people upon earth:
For all the nations of the world
Shall be thine own inheritance.

PSALM LXXXIII. Long Metre.

A Song or Pſalm of Aſaph.

v. 1, 2.

KEEP thou not ſilence, O my God:
Speak thou, O God, and be not ſtill:
For lo, thy foes a tumult make;
They that hate thee lift up the head.

v. 3, 4.

With craft they plot againſt thy ſaints,
Conſult againſt thy hidden ones.
Come let us cut them off, ſay they,
That they no more a nation be:

v. 4, 5.

That ſo the name of *Iſrael*
May in remembrance be no more.
For with one heart they have combin'd;
Againſt thee they confed'rate are.

The

v. 6, 7.

The *Iſhma'lites*, and *Edom*'s tents,
And *Moab*'s, and the *Hagarenes*,
Gebal, and *Ammon*, *Amalek*,
The *Philiſtines*, with them of *Tyre*:

v. 8, 9.

Aſſur with them is alſo join'd,
They all have help'd the ſons of *Lot*.
Make them as *Midian*, *Siſera*,
And *Jabin*, ſlain at *Kiſon*'s brook:

v. 10, 11.

Who were deſtroy'd at *Endor*'s towns;
Where they became dung for the earth.
Like *Zeeb*, and *Oreb*, make their kings,
Like *Zeba*, and *Zalmunna* ſlain.

v. 12, 13.

Who ſaid, let us God's houſes take,
As a poſſeſſion for ourſelves.
O my God, make them like a wheel,
As ſtubble driv'n before the wind.

v. 14, 15.

As raging fire burns up the wood,
And as the flame ſets hills on fire:
So with thy tempeſt them purſue,
So with thy ſtorm make them afraid.

v. 16, 17.

With ſhame their countenances fill,
That they may ſeek thy name, O LORD:
Ever confounded let them vex,
Yea, let them periſh, fill'd with ſhame.

v. 18.

That unto men it may be known,
That thou, whoſe name JEHOVAH is,
Ev'n thou alone, art the moſt High,
Exalted over all the earth.

PSALM LXXXIV. Common Metre.

To the chief Muſician upon Gittith, a Pſalm for the Sons of Korah.

v. 1, 2.

How amiable, LORD of hoſts,
Thy tabernacles are!
My longing ſoul faints with deſire
To tread JEHOVAH's courts:

v. 2, 3.

My very heart and fleſh cry out
For thee the living God.
Behold, the ſparrow finds an houſe,
Where ſhe may dwell ſecure:

v. 3.

The ſwallow finds herſelf a neſt,
Where ſhe may lay her young,
Near to thine altars, LORD of hoſts,
O thou, my king, my God.

v. 4, 5.

Bleſt are the dwellers in thine houſe;
They'll ſtill be praiſing thee:
Bleſt is the man, whoſe ſtrength thou art,
Whoſe heart loves *Sion*'s ways.

v. 6.

Who as in companies they paſs
Thro' *Baca*'s thirſty vale,
Make it a well; rain fills the pools
With water from above.

v. 7.

As in their journey they proceed,
From ſtrength to ſtrength they go,
'Till all appear before their God,
In *Sion*'s holy mount.

LORD

v. 8, 9.

LORD God of hoſts, O hear my pray'r,
Give ear, O *Jacob*'s God:
Behold, O God, our ſhield, and look
On thine anointed's face.

v. 10.

For in thy courts one ſingle day
'Tis better to attend,
Than 'tis to ſpend a thouſand days
In any other place.

v. 10.

I rather chooſe to keep the door
In my God's ſacred houſe,
Than in the tents of wickedneſs
To have my dwelling place.

v. 11.

For God the LORD's a ſun and ſhield:
He'll grace and glory give:
No good will he from them withhold,
That walk in uprightneſs.

v. 12.

O thou eternal LORD of hoſts,
How bleſſed is the man,
That with aſſured confidence
On thee alone relies!

PSALM LXXXIV. Long Metre.

v. 1, 2.

HOw amiable, LORD of hoſts,
Thy ſacred tabernacles are!
My longing ſoul faints with deſire
To come into JEHOVAH's courts.

v. 2, 3.

My panting heart, my reſtleſs fleſh
Cry out for thee the living God.

Behold,

Behold, the ſparrow for herſelf
Finds out an houſe, where ſhe may dwell:

v. 3.

The ſwallow finds herſelf a neſt,
Where ſhe may ſafely lay her young;
Near to thine altars, LORD of hoſts;
Who art my ſov'reign, and my God.

v. 4, 5.

Bleſt are the dwellers in thine houſe;
For they will ſtill be praiſing thee:
Bleſt is the man, whoſe ſtrength thou art,
Within whoſe heart are *Sion*'s ways.

v. 6, 7.

Who, as they paſs thro' *Baca*'s vale,
Make it a well: rain fills the pools.
From ſtrength to ſtrength they ſtill go on,
With God in *Sion* all appear.

v. 8, 9.

Hear thou my pray'r, LORD God of hoſts,
Incline thine ear, O *Jacob*'s God:
Behold, O mighty God, our ſhield,
And look on thine anointed's face.

v. 10.

For one day ſpent within thy courts
A thouſand elſewhere far excels:
At my God's houſe I'll keep the door,
Rather than dwell in tents of ſin.

v. 11.

For God the LORD's a ſun and ſhield;
The LORD will grace and glory give:
No good will he withhold from them,
Who walk in their integrity.

v. 12.

O thou eternal LORD of hoſts,
How greatly bleſſed is the man,

That

That with aſſured confidence
Doth upon thee alone rely!

PSALM LXXXIV, as the CXLVIII.

v. 1, 2.

How amiable are
Thy tents, O LORD of hoſts!
My ſpirit thirſts, and faints
To ſee JEHOVAH's courts:
My panting heart,
My very fleſh,
Cries out for God,
The living God.

v. 3.

The ſparrow finds an houſe;
The ſwallow for herſelf
Hath found a proper neſt,
Where ſhe may lay her young;
Thine altars, LORD
Of heav'nly hoſts,
My ſov'reign King,
My cov'nant God.

v. 4, 5, 6.

Bleſt dwellers in thine houſe;
They ſtill are praiſing thee:
Bleſt man whoſe ſtrength thou art,
Whoſe heart loves *Zion*'s ways:
Who paſſing thro'
Dry *Baca*'s vale,
Make it a well:
Rain fills the pools.

v. 7, 8.

They go from ſtrength to ſtrength;
And ev'ry one appears

Before

Before the mighty God
In *Zion*'s holy mount.
LORD God of hoſts,
Hear thou my pray'r:
O *Jacob*'s God,
Incline thine ear.

v. 9, 10.

Behold, O God, our ſhield,
See thine anointed's face.
For one day in thy courts
A thouſand far excels:
I chooſe the door
Of my God's houſe;
More than to dwell
In tents of ſin.

v. 11, 12.

For God's a ſun and ſhield;
He grace, and glory gives:
No good will he withhold
From thoſe of upright walk.
Bleſſed is he,
O LORD of hoſts,
Whoſe ſpirit truſts
Alone in thee.

PSALM LXXXV. Long Metre.

To the chief Muſician, a Pſalm for the Sons of Korah.

v. 1, 2.

LORD, thou waſt gracious to thy land:
Thou broughteſt *Jacob*'s captives back.
Thy people's treſpaſs thou forgav'ſt,
Yea, thou haſt cover'd all their ſin.

v. 3, 4.

Thou all thine anger haſt remov'd,
Turn'd from the fierceneſs of thy wrath.

Turn

Turn us, O our ſalvation's God,
And cauſe thy wrath from us to ceaſe.

v. 5.

Wilt thou thy dreadful wrath retain
Againſt us ſtill for evermore?
And wilt thou draw thine anger out
Continually from age to age?

v. 6, 7.

Wilt thou not quicken us again,
That *Iſrael* may rejoice in thee?
O LORD, to us thy mercy ſhew;
And to us thy ſalvation grant.

v. 8.

I'll hear what God the LORD will ſay:
For to his people peace he'll ſpeak:
Peace he will ſpeak unto his ſaints;
To folly let them not return.

v. 9.

Salvation, which to God belongs,
Is ſurely very near at hand
To them, that reverence his name;
That glory in our land may dwell.

v. 10, 11.

Mercy and truth together meet,
And righteouſneſs, and peace embrac'd:
Truth ſhall ſpring up out of the earth,
And righteouſneſs from heav'n look down.

v. 12, 13.

Yea, what is good, the LORD ſhall give;
And her increaſe our land ſhall yield.
Before him righteouſneſs ſhall go,
And ſet us in his choſen way.

PSALM LXXXVI. Common Metre.

A Prayer of David.

v. 1.

Bow down thine ear to me, O LORD,
And anſwer my requeſt;
Becauſe I am brought very low,
And deſtitute of help.

v. 2.

Do thou in ſafety keep my ſoul;
For thou haſt favour'd me:
O thou my God, thy ſervant ſave,
That puts his truſt in thee.

v. 3, 4.

Be merciful to me, O LORD;
All day to thee I cry:
O Lord, rejoice thy ſervant's ſoul;
I lift my ſoul to thee:

v. 5.

Becauſe, JEHOVAH, thou art good,
And ready to forgive;
In mercy thou art plentiful
To all, that call on thee.

v. 6, 7.

Give ear, JEHOVAH, to my pray'r,
Attend unto my cry:
I'll call on thee in my diſtreſs;
For thou wilt anſwer me.

v. 8, 9.

Among the Gods there's none like thee,
Nor works, O Lord, like thine.
All nations, whom thou mad'ſt, ſhall come,
And worſhip thee, O Lord.

v. 9, 10.

And they ſhall glorify thy name;
For thou art very great:

And wond'rous things are done by thee,
Yea, thou art God alone.

v. 11.

O LORD, inſtruct me in thy way;
I in thy truth will walk:
And unto thee my heart unite,
That I may fear thy name.

v. 12.

O LORD my God, I will give praiſe
To thee with all my heart;
And I will glorify thy name
To all eternity.

v. 13.

Becauſe thy mercy toward me
Hath been exceeding great:
Thou haſt delivered my ſoul
Safe from the loweſt hell.

v. 14.

O God, the proud againſt me riſe,
And troops of violent men;
Not ſetting thee before their face,
They perſecute my ſoul.

v. 15.

But thou art full of pity, Lord,
And a moſt gracious God,
Long-ſuffering, and plentiful
In mercy, and in truth.

v. 16.

O turn thou unto me thy face,
Have mercy upon me;
Thy ſtrength unto thy ſervant give,
And ſave thine handmaid's ſon.

v. 17.

O ſhew to me a ſign for good,
Let them that hate me ſee,

And be aſham'd; for thou, O LORD,
Didſt help and comfort me.

PSALM LXXXVII. Common Metre.

A Pſalm or Song for the Sons of Korah.

v. 1, 2.

HIS firm foundation he has laid
Upon the holy hills.
The LORD the gates of *Zion* loves
More than all *Jacob*'s tents.

v. 3.

Things that in glorious praiſe excel
Are ſaid concerning thee,
O thou the city, that belongs
Unto the mighty God.

v. 4.

To them that know me, I'll record
Rahab and *Babylon*;
See *Ethiope*, *Paleſtine*, and *Tyre*:
This man was born therein.

v. 5.

Of *Sion*, thus it ſhall be ſaid,
Theſe men in her were born:
And he, that is the LORD moſt high,
Himſelf ſhall 'ſtabliſh her.

v. 6, 7.

The LORD, when he the people writes,
Shall count, there theſe were born:
There ſingers, and muſicians are:
My ſprings are all in thee.

Pſalm LXXXVIII. Long Metre.

A Song or Pſalm for the Sons of Korah, *to the chief Muſician upon Mahalath Leannoth, Maſchil of* Heman *the* Ezrahite.

v. 1, 2.

O LORD, my ſaviour, and my God,
Before thee day and night I cry'd:
O let my prayer before thee come,
Incline thine ear unto my cry.

v. 3, 4.

For with diſtreſs my ſoul is fill'd,
My life draws nigh unto the grave.
They reckon me among the dead:
I am as one that hath no ſtrength:

v. 5.

As one that's free among the dead,
Or ſlain, and lying in the grave;
Whom thou doſt not remember more;
And from thine hand they are cut off.

v. 6, 7.

Thou laid'ſt me in the loweſt pit,
In darkneſſes, and in the deeps.
Hard upon me thine anger lies;
Thou chaſt'neſt me with all thy waves.

v. 8.

Thou haſt put far away from me
Them that are my familiar friends;
By them thou madeſt me abhor'd:
I am ſhut up, I can't come forth.

v. 9.

Mine eye with weeping is conſum'd,
By reaſon of affliction ſore:
LORD, I have daily call'd on thee,
To thee have I ſtretch'd out my hands.

Wilt

v. 10, 11.

Wilt thou ſhew wonders to the dead?
Shall dead men riſe, and ſpeak thy praiſe?
Shall in the grave thy love be told?
Or ſhall deſtruction ſpeak thy truth?

v. 12.

Shall the great wonders, thou haſt wrought,
In darkneſs be made manifeſt?
And ſhall thy righteouſneſs be known,
Where all remembrance ſhall be loſt?

v. 13, 14.

But I have cry'd to thee, O LORD,
Thee ſhall my morning pray'r prevent.
LORD, why doſt thou caſt off my ſoul?
Why hideſt thou thy face from me?

v. 15.

I am afflicted from my youth,
Like one juſt ready to expire;
And while thy terrours I endure,
My ſoul is with diſtraction fill'd.

v. 16, 17.

Thy fierce wrath is gone over me,
Terrours from thee have cut me off;
Round me they daily come like floods,
Together they encompaſs'd me.

v. 18.

All them that love me, and my friends,
Haſt thou put from me far away;
And they that my acquaintance were,
Are into darkneſs caſt by thee.

PSALM LXXXIX. Common Metre.

Maſchil of Ethan *the* Ezrahite.

v. 1.

WITH joy will I for ever ſing
The mercies of the LORD:
My mouth ſhall ſpeak thy faithfulneſs
To all poſterity.

v. 2.

For mercy ſhall be built, ſaid I,
For ever to endure:
Thy faithfulneſs thou ſhalt confirm
Within the very heav'ns.

v. 3.

I have a ſolemn cov'nant made
With him, whom I have choſe,
And to my ſervant *David* I
Confirm'd it by an oath.

v. 4.

Thy ſeed will I eſtabliſh ſure
To all eternity:
And firmly will build up thy throne
Thro' ev'ry future age.

v. 5.

O LORD, the heavens ſhall declare
Thy wonders and thy praiſe:
The congregation of thy ſaints
Shall praiſe thy faithfulneſs.

v. 6.

For who among the heavenly hoſts
Can with the LORD compare?
Which of the ſons of mighty men
Be likened to the LORD?

v. 7.

L M God, in th' aſſembly of the ſaints,
Is greatly to be fear'd:

And

And to be reverenc'd of all,
Which are around his throne.

v. 8.

Who is a ſtrong God like to thee,
O LORD, thou God of hoſts?
Thy faithfulneſs on ev'ry ſide
Doth compaſs thee about.

v. 9.

By thy great pow'r do'ſt thou controll
The raging of the ſea;
And when its ſwelling waves ariſe,
Thou mak'ſt them to be ſtill.

v. 10.

Rahab in pieces thou haſt broke,
As one in battle ſlain:
Thine enemies haſt thou diſperſt,
With thy reſiſtleſs arm.

v. 11.

To thee belong the heav'ns above,
Thine alſo is the earth,
The world, its fulneſs, all is thine;
For thou haſt founded them.

v. 12.

The north, the ſouth, were both produc'd
By thy creating pow'r:
Tabor and *Hermon*, ſhall rejoice,
And in thy name be glad.

v. 13.

Thou haſt a very mighty arm,
Thine hand in ſtrength excels.
O'er all thy works is thy right hand
Exalted very high.

v. 14.

The habitation of thy throne
Juſtice and judgment are:

Thy mercy and thy faithfulneſs
Shall go before thy face.

v. 15.

How greatly are the people bleſt,
That know the joyful ſound!
For in thy countenance's light,
O LORD, ſhall they go on.

v. 16.

They ſhall exceedingly rejoice
In thy name all the day:
And in thy righteouſneſs ſhall they
Be lifted up on high.

v. 17.

Becauſe thou, yea, thou only art
The glory of their ſtrength:
And in thy love and favour ſhown
Our horn ſhall be advanc'd.

v. 18.

Becauſe the LORD is our defence,
He is to us a ſhield;
The holy one of *Iſrael*
Is our almighty King.

v. 19.

Then in a viſion did'ſt thou ſpeak
Unto thy holy one,
And did'ſt declare, I have laid help
On one of mighty ſtrength:

v. 19, 20.

I rais'd one from the people choſe;
My ſervant *David* found:
And with mine oil of holineſs
Have I anointed him.

v. 21, 22.

With whom mine hand ſhall be confirm'd,
Mine arm ſhall make him ſtrong.

On him the foe ſhall not exact,
Nor vile men him afflict.

v. 23, 24.

Before him I'll beat down his foes,
And them that hate him plague.
My mercy and my faithfulneſs
Shall ſtill with him remain.

v. 24, 25.

And in my name his conqu'ring horn
Shall be exalted high:
And in the ſea I'll ſet his hand,
His right hand in the ſtreams.

v. 26, 27.

Thou art my father, he ſhall cry,
My God, my ſaving rock.
And him, my firſt born, I will make
Higher than earthly kings.

v. 28.

For him will I my mercy keep
To all eternity:
The covenant I made with him
Shall ſtand for ever faſt.

v. 29.

And I will alſo make his ſeed
For ever to endure:
His throne will I perpetuate
As heav'ns eternal days.

v. 30, 31.

But if his ſons forſake my law,
And from my judgments ſwerve;
If they my ſtatutes ſhall prophane,
And keep not my commands:

v. 32.

Then will I viſit with a rod
The treſpaſs they commit,

And their perverſe iniquity
Will I with ſtripes chaſtiſe.

v. 33.

Yet wholly will I not remove
My kindeſt love from him;
Nor will at any time permit
My faithfulneſs to fail.

v. 34, 35.

My covenant I will not break,
Nor what I've ſaid revoke.
Once by my holineſs I've ſworn,
To *David* I'll not lie.

v. 36, 37.

His ſeed, his throne, ſhall ever laſt
Before me as the ſun:
Fix'd ever as the moon in heav'n,
A faithful witneſs there.

v. 38.

Nevertheleſs thou haſt caſt off,
And greatly haſt abhor'd;
Yea, thou haſt been exceeding wroth
With thine anointed king.

v. 39.

Thou haſt made void the covenant
With thine own ſervant made:
Thou alſo haſt profan'd his crown,
And caſt it to the ground.

v. 40, 41.

Thou haſt broke all his hedges down,
And ruin'd his ſtrong holds.
He by all paſſengers is ſpoil'd,
By neighbours he's reproach'd.

v. 42, 43.

His foe's right hand thou haſt advanc'd,
Made all his en'mies glad:

Thou of his ſword haſt turn'd the edge,
Nor him in battle ſtaid.

v. 44, 45.

His glory thou haſt made to ceaſe,
His throne caſt to the ground:
Thou haſt cut ſhort his youthful days,
And cover'd him with ſhame.

v. 46.

How long, LORD, wilt thou hide thyſelf?
Shall it for ever be?
And ſhall thine indignation burn
Like a conſuming fire?

v. 47.

Do thou in thy remembrance bear
How ſhort a time I have:
Wherefore haſt thou created all
The ſons of men in vain?

v. 48.

What man of ſtrength is he that lives,
And death ſhall never ſee?
From the dominion of the grave
Shall he preſerve his ſoul?

v. 49.

Thy former loving kindneſſes,
O Lord, where are they now?
Which unto *David* thou haſt ſworn,
According to thy truth.

v. 50.

O Lord, remember the reproach
Upon thy ſervants caſt;
How I within my boſom bear
The mighty people's ſcorn:

v. 51.

Wherewith thy reſtleſs enemies
Reproached me, O LORD,

With

With which the footſteps they reproach'd
Of thine anointed king.

v. 52.

O let all bleſſing be aſcrib'd
Unto the LORD alone;
Long as eternal ages laſt
It ſhall be ſo, amen.

PSALM XC. Common Metre.

A Prayer of Moſes *the Man of God.*

v. 1, 2.

LORD, thou haſt been our dwelling place
Thro' ev'ry paſſing age:
Thou from eternity art God,
And to eternity;

v. 2, 3.

Before the mountains were brought forth,
Or thou had'ſt form'd the world.
Thou turneſt man to duſt, and ſay'ſt,
Return ye ſons of men.

v. 4.

For in thy ſight a thouſand years
Are but as yeſterday,
As yeſterday, when it is paſt,
Or as a watch by night.

v. 5.

As with a mighty ſpreading flood
Thou carry'ſt them away:
They are but like a morning ſleep,
Or as the tender graſs;

v. 6.

Which in the morning flouriſheth,
It ſprings, and groweth up;
But in the ev'ning 'tis cut down,
And withereth away.

v. 7, 8.

For by thine anger we're conſum'd,
And troubled by thy wrath:
Our treſpaſſes and ſecret ſins
Thou'ſt ſet before thy face.

v. 9, 10.

Our days are by thy wrath cut ſhort,
Our years ſpent as a tale:
The days of all our years amount
To threeſcore years and ten.

v. 10.

And if thro' ſtrength fourſcore we reach,
That ſtrength is toil and grief:
For it is ſpeedily cut off,
And then we fly away.

v. 11.

Whoſe underſtanding can conceive
What pow'r thine anger hath?
Even according to thy fear,
So is thy dreadful wrath.

v. 12.

To us this underſtanding give,
To reckon up our days,
That we may conſtantly apply
Our hearts to wiſdom's ways.

v. 13.

Return to us, O LORD, return;
How long wilt thou afflict?
O may it pleaſe thee to repent
For us thy ſervants ſake.

v. 14.

O with thy mercy ſpeedily
Let us be ſatisfied;
That all our days we may rejoice,
And be exceeding glad.

v. 15.

And make us greatly to rejoice,
According to the days
Wherein thou haſt afflicted us,
And years of our diſtreſs.

v. 16.

Unto thy ſervants let thy work,
Thy mighty work appear;
And make thy glory manifeſt
To their poſterity.

v. 17.

And let the beauty of the LORD
Our God be upon us:
On us eſtabliſh thou our works,
Yea, all our works confirm.

PSALM XCI. Common Metre.

v. 1.

HE that within the ſecret place
Of the moſt High reſides,
He under the Almighty's ſhade
In ſafety ſhall remain.

v. 2.

I of JEHOVAH will declare,
That he my refuge is,
He is my fortreſs, and my God;
In him I'll put my truſt.

v. 3.

He ſurely ſhall deliver thee
Out of the fowler's ſnare;
And he ſhall thee in ſafety keep
From the contagious plague.

v. 4.

He'll with his feathers cover thee,
His wings ſhall be thy truſt:

His never failing truth ſhall be
Thy buckler, and thy ſhield.

v. 5.

Thou ſhalt not be depreſt with fear,
For terrour in the night:
Nor for the arrow be afraid,
That in the day time flies.

v. 6.

Nor for the ſecret peſtilence,
That in the darkneſs walks:
Nor ſhalt thou that deſtruction fear,
That waſteth at noon day.

v. 7.

A thouſand at thy left ſhall fall,
Ten thouſand at thy right;
But notwithſtanding unto thee
It ſhall not once come nigh.

v. 8, 9.

Thine eyes ſhall but behold, and ſee
The wicked's recompence.
For thou haſt made the LORD moſt high,
My refuge; thy abode.

v. 10, 11.

On thee there ſhall no evil come,
Nor plague come nigh thine houſe:
For he ſhall to his angels give
A charge concerning thee:

v. 11, 12.

Thee ſhall they keep in all thy ways;
Their hands ſhall bear thee up,
Leſt thou at any time ſhould'ſt daſh
Thy foot againſt a ſtone.

v. 13.

Thou ſhalt upon the lion tread,
The adder thou ſhalt cruſh:

Young lions, and the dragon thou
Shalt trample under foot.

v. 14.

Becauſe he ſet his love on me,
I will deliver him:
And him I will advance on high;
For he hath known my name.

v. 15.

He ſhall direct his pray'r to me,
And I will anſwer him:
Yea, I will ſurely be with him
In his calamity:

v. 15, 16.

I will to him deliv'rance grant,
Honour on him confer;
Him ſatisfy with length of days;
And my ſalvation ſhew.

PSALM XCII. Common Metre.

A Song or Pſalm for the Sabbath-Day.

v. 1.

To render thanks unto the LORD
It is a comely thing,
And to ſing praiſes to thy name,
O thou who art moſt High.

v. 2.

To ſhew thy loving-kindneſs forth
In morning it is good;
And to declare thy faithfulneſs
In each returning night.

v. 3.

Upon a ten ſtring'd inſtrument,
Upon the pſaltery,
To ſhew them forth upon the harp,
Which gives a ſolemn ſound.

v. 4.

For thou haſt made me to rejoice
In thy great work, O LORD:
And I will triumph in the works,
Which thine own hands have wrought.

v. 5, 6.

How great, JEHOVAH, are thy works!
Thy thoughts are very deep:
A brutiſh man doth not diſcern,
Fools underſtand not this.

v. 7, 8.

When wicked men ſpring as the graſs,
When all the vile ſucceed;
They ſhall for ever be deſtroy'd:
But thou art ever high.

v. 9.

For lo, thine enemies, O LORD,
Thy foes, ſhall be cut off:
And all that work iniquity
Shall ſurely be diſpers'd.

v. 10.

But thou ſhalt lift my horn on high,
Like to the unicorn's;
And with freſh oil, when I am old,
I ſhall anointed be.

v. 11.

Mine eyes ſhall my deſire behold
Upon mine enemies;
Mine ears ſhall their deſtruction hear,
That up againſt me riſe.

v. 12.

But righteous men, like fruitful palms,
Shall ſtill be flouriſhing;
And like the cedars they ſhall grow,
Cedars of *Lebanon*.

Thoſe

v. 13, 14.

Thoſe planted in JEHOVAH's houſe,
In our God's courts ſhall thrive;
Shall bring forth fruit when they are old,
Still fat and flouriſhing.

v. 15.

To ſhew that upright is the LORD:
He is a rock to me,
And he from all unrighteouſneſs
Is altogether free.

PSALM XCIII. Long Metre.

v. 1.

THE LORD reigns, cloath'd with majeſty,
JEHOVAH is with ſtrength array'd,
With which he hath begirt himſelf:
The world is fix'd, it can't be mov'd.

v. 2, 3.

Of old eſtabliſh'd is thy throne;
And thou art from eternity.
The floods have lifted up, O LORD,
The floods have lifted up their voice:

v. 3, 4.

The floods lift up their roaring waves.
More mighty is the LORD on high,
Than is the noiſe of many floods,
Yea, than the ocean's mighty waves.

v. 5.

The teſtimonies, thou haſt giv'n,
In truth and faithfulneſs excel:
And holineſs becomes thine houſe,
O LORD, to all eternity.

PSALM XCIV. Common Metre.

v. 1.

O thou, JEHOVAH, mighty God,
Vengeance belongs to thee:
O God, to whom vengeance belongs,
Thy glory now display.

v. 2, 3.

Rise up thou judge of all the earth,
And recompence the proud.
How long shall wicked men, how long
Shall wicked men exult?

v. 4.

How long shall they, LORD, utter forth,
And grievous things express?
And they that work iniquity,
All of them, boast themselves?

v. 5, 6.

O LORD, thy people they destroy,
Thine heritage afflict:
The widow and the stranger slay,
And kill the fatherless.

v. 7, 8.

Yet say, JEHOVAH shall not see,
Nor *Jacob*'s God regard.
Ye brutish people understand;
When will ye fools be wise?

v. 9, 10.

Shall he not hear, that plants the ear?
Or see, that form'd the eye?
He that chastiseth heathen lands,
What! shall not he correct?

v. 10, 11.

And he that teacheth man to know,
Shall he not understand?

JEHOVAH

JEHOVAH knows the thoughts of man,
That they are vanity.

v. 12, 13.

He's bleſt, whom thou chaſtiſeſt, LORD,
And teacheſt from thy law;
To give him reſt from evil days,
'Till ſinners are deſtroy'd.

v. 14.

Becauſe the LORD will not caſt off
The people of his choice:
Neither will he in wrath forſake
His own inheritance.

v. 15.

But judgment unto righteouſneſs
Shall ſure return again:
And all that are of upright heart
Shall follow after it.

v. 16.

Who will ariſe in my behalf
Againſt an evil race?
'Gainſt workers of iniquity
Who will ſtand up for me?

v. 17, 18.

In ſilence I had almoſt dwelt,
But for the LORD my help:
LORD, when I ſaid, my foot doth ſlip,
Thy mercy held me up.

v. 19.

In the tumultuating thoughts,
That ſwarm within my breaſt,
The conſolations giv'n by thee
Afford my ſoul delight.

v. 20.

Shall e'er the throne of wickedneſs
Have fellowſhip with thee;

The throne, that gives eſtabliſhment
To miſchief by a law?

v. 21, 22.

Againſt the juſt man's ſoul they join,
And guiltleſs blood condemn:
But my defence, my rock's, the LORD,
My refuge is my God.

v. 23.

On them he will their ſin return,
And them ſhall he ſuppreſs:
The LORD our God ſhall cut them off
In their own wickedneſs.

PSALM XCV. Common Metre.

v. 1.

COME let us, with a joyful voice,
Unto JEHOVAH ſing:
And to our rock, our ſaviour ſhout,
With a triumphant noiſe.

v. 2.

Let us before his preſence come,
And render thanks to him;
Let us to him ſing pſalms of praiſe,
And make a joyful noiſe.

v. 3, 4.

For a great God JEHOVAH is,
Great king above all Gods.
The earth's great deeps are in his hand,
The ſtrength of hills is his.

v. 5.

To him belongs the ſpacious ſea;
For he created it:
And he by his almighty arm
Hath form'd the ſolid land.

O come

v. 6.

O come, and let us worſhip him,
And bowing down adore:
Before JEHOVAH let us kneel;
For he our Maker is.

v. 7.

Becauſe he is our God, and we
His paſture people are:
We are the ſheep led by his hand:
To day hear ye his voice.

v. 8.

See that you harden not your hearts,
As they at *Meribah*,
As in that known temptation day,
When in the wilderneſs.

v. 9.

Where your forefathers tempted me,
Prov'd me, and ſaw my works:
Thro' forty years have I been griev'd
By this rebellious race.

v. 10, 11.

I ſaid, this people err in heart,
They have not known my ways:
They ſhall not come into my reſt;
I've ſworn it in my wrath.

PSALM XCVI. Long Metre.

v. 1, 2.

O ſing a new ſong to the LORD:
Sing to JEHOVAH all the earth:
Sing to the LORD, and bleſs his name;
And his ſalvation daily ſhew.

v. 3, 4.

In heathen lands his glory tell,
His wond'rous works to all the world;

For

For great's the LORD, and great his praiſe,
Above all Gods he's to be fear'd:

v. 5, 6.

For heathen Gods all idols are:
But 'twas JEHOVAH made the heav'ns.
Honour, and majeſty's with him,
Beauty and ſtrength in's holy place.

v. 7, 8.

Ye people give unto the LORD,
Give to the LORD glory and ſtrength:
Give him the glory of his name:
With off'rings come into his courts.

v. 9.

Bow down yourſelves before the LORD
In beauties of his holineſs;
Before him come with reverence,
All ye inhabitants on earth.

v. 10.

Tell nations, that JEHOVAH reigns:
The world ſhall be eſtabliſh'd firm,
So fix'd, that it ſhall not be mov'd:
Juſtly ſhall he the people judge.

v. 11, 12.

Let heav'n and earth be fill'd with joy,
The ſea and all its fulneſs roar;
The fields, and all therein be glad;
Then ſhall the trees, the woods rejoice,

v. 13.

Before the LORD; becauſe he comes,
Becauſe he comes to judge the earth:
With juſtice he ſhall judge the world,
And all the people with his truth.

PSALM XCVII. Long Metre.

v. 1, 2.

THE LORD reigns, let the earth rejoice,
The multitude of iſles be glad.
Clouds, darkneſs, compaſs him about;
Juſt judgment 'ſtabliſheth his throne.

v. 3, 4.

A fire, that goes before his face,
Burns up his enemies around.
His light'nings fill'd the world with light;
The earth beheld, with trembling fiez'd.

v. 5, 6.

Hills melt like wax before the LORD,
Before the Lord of all the earth:
The heav'ns his righteouſneſs declare,
His glory all the people ſee.

v. 7.

Let all be with confuſion fill'd,
That worſhip graven images;
That of vain idols make their boaſt:
Bow down before him all ye Gods.

v. 8, 9.

Mount *Zion* heard it, and was glad,
And *Judah*'s daughters all rejoic'd;
By reaſon of thy judgments, LORD:
LORD, thou art high o'er all the earth:

v. 9, 10.

Above all Gods thou'rt far extoll'd.
Hate evil ye that love the LORD:
He keeps the ſouls of all his ſaints;
He frees them from the wicked's hand.

v. 11, 12.

Light for the righteous man is ſown,
And joy for men of upright heart.

Rejoice

Rejoice, ye righteous, in the LORD,
With thanks his holineſs record.

PSALM XCVIII. Common Metre.

A Pſalm.

v. 1.

O ſing a new ſong to the LORD,
For he hath wonders wrought:
His own right hand, his holy arm
Hath him the conqueſt gain'd.

v. 2.

And the ſalvation he hath wrought,
JEHOVAH hath made known:
His righteouſneſs hath he reveal'd
Before the heathen's ſight.

v. 3.

His mercy he hath call'd to mind,
His truth to *Iſra'l*'s houſe:
And the ſalvation of our God
Have all the nations ſeen.

v. 4.

Make to the LORD a joyful noiſe,
All ye that dwell on earth:
Lift up a loud triumphant voice,
Rejoice, and ſing his praiſe.

v. 5, 6.

With harps, with harps ſing to the LORD,
And with the voice of pſalms:
With trumpet, and with cornet ſhout
Before the LORD, the King.

v. 7, 8.

Let ſeas and all their fulneſs roar,
The world and all therein:
Let floods conſent to clap their hands,
And mountains ſhout for joy,

Before

v. 9.

Before the LORD; for lo, he comes,
He comes to judge the earth:
With juſtice he ſhall judge the world,
All men with equity.

PSALM XCIX. Common Metre.

v. 1.

JEHOVAH reigns a ſov'reign King,
Let men with trembling fear:
He ſits between the cherubims;
Let all the earth be mov'd.

v. 2, 3.

In *Zion* is JEHOVAH great,
Above all people high;
Then let them praiſe thy dreadful name,
Which great and holy is.

v. 4.

The mighty King doth judgment love,
And thou maintaineſt right:
In *Jacob* thou doſt execute
Judgment and righteouſneſs.

v. 5.

Do ye the LORD our God exalt,
And bowing down adore,
Before the footſtool of his throne:
The holy one is he.

v. 6.

Moſes, and *Aaron*, with his prieſts,
Samuel with them that pray'd;
They call'd upon JEHOVAH's name,
He granted their requeſt.

v. 7.

He in the pillar of a cloud
To them reveal'd his will:

His teſtimonies they obſerv'd,
The ordinance he gave.

v. 8.

Thou anſwer'dſt them, O LORD our God;
Thou, Lord, forgaveſt them:
Altho' thou didſt a juſt revenge
On their inventions take.

v. 9.

Exalt the LORD our God, bow down
Before his holy mount;
Becauſe the LORD, who is our God,
In holineſs excels.

PSALM C. Long Metre.

A Pſalm of Praiſe.

v. 1, 2.

MAKE to the LORD, a joyful noiſe,
O all ye kindreds of the earth:
With joy pay homage to the LORD:
With ſongs before his preſence come.

v. 3.

Know that JEHOVAH he is God,
He made us, and not we ourſelves:
We are his people, and the ſheep,
That on his pleaſant paſtures feed.

v. 4.

Enter his gates, and render thanks,
And come into his courts with praiſe;
Make your acknowledgements to him,
Aſcribing bleſſing to his name.

v. 5.

Becauſe the great JEHOVAH's good,
Eternally his mercy laſts:
His ſtedfaſt truth is ever ſure,
And ſhall thro' ev'ry age endure.

PSALM C. to the CXIII Pſalm Tune.

v. 1, 2, 3.

SHOUT to JEHOVAH all ye lands.
With chearfulneſs JEHOVAH ſerve:
With ſongs before his preſence come.
Know ye JEHOVAH he is God,
He made us, and not we ourſelves,
His people, and his paſture ſheep.

v. 4, 5.

Enter his gates with giving thanks,
And come into his courts with praiſe:
Be thankful to him, bleſs his name;
Becauſe JEHOVAH he is good,
His mercy ſhall for ever laſt:
His truth from age to age endures.

PSALM C. to the CXLVIII Pſalm Tune.

v. 1, 2, 3.

WITH joy ſhout to the LORD,
All kindreds of the earth:
With gladneſs ſerve the LORD,
Before him come with ſongs.
Know ye the LORD,
That he is God,
He made us all,
Not we ourſelves:

v. 3, 4.

And we his people are,
We are his paſture ſheep.
Enter his gates with thanks,
Come to his courts with praiſe;
Your gratitude
To him expreſs,
And always bleſs
His holy name.

Becauſe

v. 5.

Becauſe the LORD is good,
Abundant is his grace,
His boundleſs mercy laſts
To all eternity:
His ſtedfaſt truth,
And faithfulneſs
Thro' ev'ry age
The ſame endure.

PSALM CI. Common Metre.

A Pſalm of David.

v. 1, 2.

MERCY and judgment I will ſing,
I'll ſing to thee, O LORD.
Wiſely will I behave myſelf,
And in a perfect way.

v. 2.

O when wilt thou be pleas'd to come
In kindneſs unto me?
In my integrity of heart
I in my houſe will walk.

v. 3.

No wicked thing will I allow
To be before mine eyes:
I hate their work that turn aſide;
To me it ſhall not cleave.

v. 4.

The man that hath a froward heart
From me I'll put away;
And him, that works iniquity,
Will ever diſapprove.

v. 5.

Whoſo his neighbour ſhall defame,
That man will I cut off:

The haughty look, the proud in heart,
I never will endure.

v. 6.

I'll ſeek the faithful of the land,
That they with me may dwell:
Whoſe walk is in a perfect way,
He ſhall my ſervant be.

v. 7.

He ſhall not dwell within my houſe
That worketh with deceit:
Neither ſhall he that ſpeaketh lies,
Before my preſence ſtand.

v. 8.

Yea, all the wicked of the land
I quickly will deſtroy,
To cut all wicked doers off
From th' city of the LORD.

PSALM CII. Long Metre.

A Prayer of the Afflicted when he is overwhelmed, and poureth out his Complaint before the LORD.

v. 1, 2.

LORD, hear my pray'r, regard my cry;
Hide not thy face from me diſtreſs'd;
Incline thine ear, and when I call,
Grant me an anſwer ſpeedily.

v. 3, 4.

Becauſe my days conſume like ſmoke,
And as an hearth my bones are burnt:
My ſmitten heart fades like the graſs;
That I forget to eat my bread.

v. 5, 6.

My very bones cleave to my ſkin,
By reaſon of my moanful groans.
I'm like an owl, or pelican,
That's lonely in the wilderneſs.

I watch

v. 7, 8.

I watch, I'm like a ſparrow left,
That on the houſe top ſits alone.
My foes reproach me all the day,
Enrag'd, againſt me they are ſworn.

v. 9, 10.

For aſhes I have eat like bread;
With weeping I have mix'd my drink;
Becauſe of thine exceeding wrath;
For thou haſt rais'd, and caſt me down.

v. 11, 12.

My days are like a ſhade declin'd;
And I am wither'd like the graſs.
But thou, LORD, ever ſhalt endure,
And thy memorial evermore.

v. 13.

Thou in thy glory ſhalt ariſe,
And *Zion* in thy mercy ſave:
Becauſe the time to favour her,
Yea, the appointed time is come.

v. 14, 15.

For in her ſtones thy ſaints delight,
Her very duſt to them is dear.
So ſhall the heathen fear the LORD,
All kings on earth thy glory fear.

v. 16, 17.

JEHOVAH, when he *Zion* builds,
In his great glory ſhall appear.
The poor man's pray'r he will regard,
And he will not deſpiſe their cry.

v. 18.

This ſhall be left upon record
To generations yet to come:
The people, whom he ſhall create,
Shall celebrate JEHOVAH's praiſe.

v. 19, 20.

He from his holy place look'd down,
From heav'n the LORD beheld the earth;
To hear the pris'ners moanful groans,
And to releaſe the ſons of death:

v. 21, 22.

In *Sion* the LORD's name to tell,
And in *Jeruſalem* his praiſe;
When people meet with one conſent,
And kingdoms join to ſerve the LORD.

v. 23, 24.

My ſtrength he weak'ned in the way,
And of my life cut ſhort the days:
I ſaid, O take me not away,
My God, now in the midſt of life.

v. 24, 25.

Thy years throughout all ages laſt:
In the beginning thou haſt laid
The firm foundations of the earth,
And by thine hand the heav'ns were made.

v. 26.

They ſhall conſume, thou ſhalt endure:
They as a garment ſhall wax old;
Them as a veſture thou ſhalt change,
Yea, they ſhall ev'ry one be chang'd.

v. 27, 28.

But thou for ever art the ſame,
Thy years ſhall never have an end.
Thy ſervants children ſhall remain,
With thee their ſeed ſhall be confirm'd.

PSALM CIII. Common Metre.

A Pſalm of David.

v. 1, 2.

MY ſoul, and all within me, bleſs
JEHOVAH's holy name:
Bleſs thou JEHOVAH, O my ſoul;
Forget not all his gifts.

v. 3, 4.

'Tis he, that pardons all thy ſins;
Heals all thy ſickneſſes:
'Tis he, redeems thy life from death;
Crowns thee with kindeſt love.

v. 4, 5.

He thee with tender mercy crowns,
And fills thy mouth with good;
So that the vigour of thy youth
Like th' eagle's is renew'd.

v. 6, 7.

The LORD juſt judgment executes
For all that are oppreſt.
His ways to *Moſes* he made known;
His acts to *Iſrael*'s ſeed.

v. 8, 9.

The LORD is merciful and kind:
He is to anger ſlow:
Therefore he will not always chide;
Nor be for ever wroth.

v. 10.

His dealings with us have not been
After our treſpaſſes;
Neither hath he rewarded us
According to our ſins.

v. 11.

Becauſe, according to the height
Of heav'n above the earth,

Great

Great is his mercy towards thoſe,
That reverence his name.

v. 12.

Far as the eaſt itſelf is ſet
At diſtance from the weſt;
So far has he remov'd from us
Our various treſpaſſes.

v. 13, 14.

JEHOVAH pities all his ſaints,
As fathers their own ſons:
Becauſe he underſtands our frame;
Rememb'ring we are duſt.

v. 15, 16.

The days of man are as the graſs;
He like a flow'r grows up:
The winds paſs over it, 'tis gone;
Its place knows it no more.

v. 17.

But lo, the mercy of the LORD
From everlaſting is;
And to eternity remains
On them, that fear his name.

v. 17, 18.

And he diſplays his righteouſneſs
To children's children ſtill:
To ſuch as keep his covenant,
Obſerving his commands.

v. 19.

JEHOVAH has prepar'd his throne,
And ſet it in the heav'ns:
The kingdom of the LORD extends,
And ruleth, over all.

v. 20.

All ye his angels bleſs the LORD,
Ye that excel in ſtrength,

That gladly his commands fulfil,
And hearken to his voice.

v. 21.

Aſcribe ye bleſſing to the LORD,
All ye his num'rous hoſts:
Bleſs him ye miniſters of his,
That do his ſov'reign will.

v. 22.

Let all the works the LORD hath wrought,
Bleſs him in ev'ry place,
To which his vaſt dominions reach:
O bleſs the LORD my ſoul.

PSALM CIII. Long Metre.

v. 1, 2.

BLESS thou JEHOVAH, O my ſoul,
All in me bleſs his holy name:
Bleſs thou JEHOVAH, O my ſoul,
Forget not all his benefits.

v. 3, 4.

Who all thy treſpaſſes forgives;
Who healeth all thy ſickneſſes;
Who from the grave redeems thy life;
Who thee with love and mercy crowns.

v. 5, 6.

Who ſatisfies thy mouth with good:
Thy youth like th' eagle's is renew'd.
JEHOVAH juſtice executes,
Judgment for all, that are oppreſt.

v. 7, 8.

To *Moſes* he made known his ways,
His mighty acts to *Iſra'l*'s ſons.
The LORD is merciful and kind,
To anger ſlow, in mercy rich.

He

v. 9, 10.

He will not evermore contend;
Nor will for ever keep his wrath.
He dealt not with us, as we ſin'd,
Nor did our treſpaſſes requite.

v. 11, 12.

For, as heav'n's high above the earth,
Great is his mercy to his ſaints:
Far as the eaſt is from the weſt;
Far hath he born our ſins away.

v. 13, 14.

JEHOVAH's pity to his ſaints
Is like a father's to his ſons:
For he well underſtands our frame,
Rememb'ring that we are but duſt.

v. 15, 16.

Frail man, whoſe days are as the graſs,
Grows as a flower of the field;
The wind goes over it, 'tis gone;
Its place ſhall never know it more.

v. 17.

But the ſure mercy of the LORD
To them that fear him never fails:
His everlaſting righteouſneſs
To children's children is the ſame:

v. 18, 19.

To ſuch as keep his covenant,
And his commands obſerve and do.
The LORD in heav'n prepar'd his throne;
His kingdom ruleth over all.

v. 20.

All ye his angels, bleſs the LORD,
Ye angels, which in ſtrength excel,
That do his ſovereign commands,
And readily obey his word.

v. 21.

Aſcribe ye bleſſing to the LORD,
All ye his ſtrong and num'rous hoſts,
All ye that are his miniſters,
That do his ſov'reign will obey.

v. 22.

Aſcribe ye bleſſing to the LORD,
All ye his works in ev'ry place,
Where his dominion doth extend.
Bleſs thou JEHOVAH, O my ſoul.

PSALM CIV. Long Metre.

v. 1.

BLESS thou JEHOVAH, O my ſoul:
O LORD, who only art my God,
Thou art beyond conception great;
With honour cloath'd, and majeſty.

v. 2.

Who covereſt thyſelf with light,
As with a glorious robe array'd;
Who by thy power ſtretcheſt out
The heavens like a canopy.

v. 3.

Who in the waters firmly lays
The beams, on which his chambers reſt;
Who the ſwift cloud his chariot makes,
On wings of wind he takes his way.

v. 4, 5.

Who all his angels ſpirits makes;
His miniſters a flaming fire.
The earth's foundations he hath laid,
That it ſhould never be remov'd:

v. 6, 7.

Thou mad'ſt the deep its covering robe,
The waters o'er the mountains ſtood;

At thy rebuke they ſwiftly fled,
Thy thunder made them haſte away:

v. 8, 9.

By hills they riſe, by vales deſcend
Unto their place, which thou haſt fix'd:
Thou ſet'ſt a bound, they ſhall not paſs,
Nor ſhall return to drown the earth.

v. 10, 11.

Into the vales he ſends the ſprings,
They run along between the hills:
They ev'ry beaſt ſupply with drink,
Thence the wild aſſes quench their thirſt.

v. 12, 13.

By them the fowls of heaven dwell,
Which from between the branches ſing.
The hills he waters from above:
Earth with thy fruitful works is fill'd.

v. 14.

'Tis he that makes the graſs to grow,
That cattle be with food ſupply'd:
The herb for ſervice of mankind:
Out of the earth to bring forth food.

v. 15.

From thence doth he the wine produce,
That makes the heart of man rejoice;
And oil, that makes his face to ſhine,
And bread, that gives ſtrength to his heart.

v. 16, 17.

JEHOVAH'S trees are full of ſap;
His cedars, ſet in *Lebanon*:
That there the birds may build their neſts:
The ſtork the fir-tree makes her houſe.

v. 18, 19.

The wild goats to the mountains fly,
The conies ſhelter in the rocks.

The moon for ſeaſons he ordains;
The ſun well knows his going down.

v. 20, 21.

Thou makeſt darkneſs, and 'tis night,
Then creep forth all the foreſt beaſts:
After their prey young lions roar,
And ſeek their ſuſtenance from God.

v. 22, 23.

The ſun ariſeth, they retreat,
And lay them down within their dens.
Then man goes forth unto his work,
And labours 'till the ev'ning comes.

v. 24, 25.

How various are thy works, O LORD!
In wiſdom thou haſt made them all:
The earth is with thy riches fill'd;
So is this great and ſpacious ſea:

v. 25, 26.

Wherein are beaſts, and creeping things
Innumerable, great and ſmall:
There go the ſhips, the whale is there,
Whom thou haſt form'd to play therein.

v. 27, 28.

Theſe all expecting wait on thee,
Their food in ſeaſon to partake:
They gather what thou giveſt them;
Thine open hand fills them with good.

v. 29.

Thou do'ſt but hide thy countenance,
And they are ſuddenly diſtreſs'd:
Thou tak'ſt away their breath, they die,
And to their duſt do they return.

v. 30, 31.

Thou ſend'ſt thy ſpirit, they revive:
Thus is the face of th' earth renew'd.

JEHOVAH'S

JEHOVAH's glory ever laſts:
The LORD ſhall in his works rejoice.

v. 32, 33.

He looks upon the earth, it ſhakes:
Mountains he toucheth, and they ſmoke.
Unto JEHOVAH I will ſing
Thro' all my life to lateſt breath:

v. 33, 34.

I will ſing praiſes to my God,
So long as I a being have:
My muſings on him ſhall be ſweet;
I in JEHOVAH will be glad.

v. 35.

Let ſinners periſh from the earth,
And let the wicked be no more.
Bleſs thou JEHOVAH, O my ſoul.
Aſcribe ye praiſes to the LORD.

PSALM CIV. Proper Tune.

v. 1, 2.

MY ſoul to the LORD all bleſſing aſcribe:
JEHOVAH my God, thou art very great;
With honour and majeſty thou art adorn'd:
Thou cover'ſt thyſelf with the light as a robe.

v. 2, 3.

He ſtretches the heav'ns like curtains abroad;
The beams of his chambers lays in the floods:
And he for his chariot has taken the clouds:
And walketh upon the ſwift wings of the wind.

v. 4, 5.

His angels he makes pure ſpirits to be;
His ſervants a flame of glittering fire:
He founded the earth on its baſes ſo firm,
From thence it ſhall not be for ever remov'd:

v. 6, 7.

Thou cover'dſt it with the deep as a robe.
The waters above the mountains did ſtand:

Affrighted they flew from thine awful rebuke;
At voice of thy thunder they haſted away:
v. 8, 9.
By mountains they riſe, deſcend by the vales;
They come to the place, thou foundedſt for them:
Such bounds thou haſt fixed, as they cannot paſs;
Again they return not to cover the earth.
v. 10, 11.
Among the low vales he ſendeth the ſprings;
And they between hills do find out their way:
To every beaſt of the field they give drink:
From thence the wild aſſes their thirſting allay.
v. 12, 13.
The fowls of the heav'n have there their abode;
And there from between the branches they ſing.
The Lord from his chambers does water the hills.
The earth is ſuffic'd with the fruit of thy works.
v. 14, 15.
He cauſeth the graſs for cattle to grow;
And herb to bear food for ſervice of man:
Wine gladdens his heart; and oil brightens his face:
And bread giveth ſtrength to the heart of mankind.
v. 16, 17.
The trees of the LORD are filled with ſap;
The *Lebanon* cedars, planted by him:
The birds of the heaven do there make their neſts:
And as for the ſtork, her abode is the fir.
v. 18, 19.
High hills are a refuge for the wild goats:
The rocks for the conies are a retreat.
The moon for the ſeaſons he wiſely ordain'd:
The ſun knows the time of his gradual deſcent.
v. 20, 21.
Thou makeſt it dark, and then it is night;
Wherein all the beaſts o'th' foreſt creep forth:
And after their prey the young lions do roar;
And from the Almighty their ſuſtenance ſeek.

v. 22, 23.

The ſun does ariſe, themſelves they collect;
And lay themſelves down in dens, for retreat:
Then man goeth forth to his daily employ;
And labours all day, 'till the ev'ning returns.

v. 24, 25.

The works thou haſt wrought, how various, O LORD!
Thou madeſt them all with infinite ſkill.
The earth with thy riches is perfectly fill'd:
And ſo is this ſea, which is ſpacious and great.

v. 25, 26.

The reptiles therein all number exceed;
And creatures of life, the ſmall and the great:
And there go the ſhips; the Leviathan's there;
For him thou haſt formed to play in the ſea.

v. 27, 28.

Theſe all with dependance wait upon thee;
Thou giveſt to them their food in due time:
They gather whatever is giv'n by thee;
Thou op'neſt thine hand, they are filled with good.

v. 29, 30.

Thou hideſt thy face, and they are diſtreſs'd;
Made breathleſs they die, and turn to their duſt:
Thy ſpirit thou ſendeſt, and they are reviv'd:
And ſo thou reneweſt the face of the earth.

v. 31, 32.

JEHOVAH's great glory ever ſhall laſt.
The LORD in his works ſhall greatly rejoice.
He looks on the earth; and with trembling 'tis ſeiz'd:
He toucheth the mountains, and makes them to ſmoke.

v. 33, 34.

I'll ſing to the LORD, as long as I live;
Yea, while I exiſt, I'll ſing to my God:
And my meditation of him ſhall be ſweet;
And I in JEHOVAH will greatly rejoice.

v. 35.

Let ſinners from off the earth be conſum'd;
And let the unjuſt no longer remain.

My

My ſoul to JEHOVAH all bleſſing aſcribe.
O give ye JEHOVAH perpetual praiſe.

PSALM CV. Common Metre.

v. 1.

O render thanks unto the LORD,
And call upon his name:
Among the nations ſpread abroad
The works which he hath done.

v. 2, 3.

Sing unto him, ſing pſalms to him;
Tell all his wond'rous works.
Let them that ſeek the LORD rejoice:
Boaſt in his holy name.

v. 4, 5.

Seek ye JEHOVAH, and his ſtrength;
For ever ſeek his face.
Record the wonders he hath wrought,
And judgments of his mouth:

v. 6, 7.

O ye his ſervants, *Abr'ham*'s ſeed,
His choſen *Jacob*'s ſons.
He is the LORD, he is our God,
His judgments fill the earth.

v. 8.

He hath for ever kept in mind
The covenant he made;
And to a thouſand ages laſts
The word of his command.

v. 9, 10.

Which cov'nant he with *Abr'ham* made,
To *Iſaac* gave his oath;
And afterward confirm'd the ſame
To *Jacob* for a law;

To

v. 10, 11.

To *Iſrael* for a covenant
For ever to endure.
He ſaid, I'll give thee *Canaan*'s land
For thine inheritance:

v. 12, 13.

When they were few, yea, very few,
And ſtrangers in the land.
When they thro' various nations went;
And paſs'd from realm to realm:

v. 14, 15.

He ſuffer'd none to do them harm;
Kings for their ſakes reprov'd:
Nor mine anointed touch, ſaid he,
Nor do my prophets harm.

v. 16, 17.

He call'd for famine on the land;
Broke all the ſtaff of bread:
And *Joſeph* he before them ſent,
Who for a ſlave was ſold.

v. 18, 19.

His feet with heavy chains they bruis'd,
In iron he was laid:
Until his word of promiſe came;
Him the LORD's word had prov'd.

v. 20, 21.

The king to looſe him gave command,
The ruler ſet him free:
He made him lord o'er all his houſe,
Ruler of all he had:

v. 22.

That at his pleaſure he might bind
The princes of the land:
That he might teach his ſenatours,
And make his elders wiſe.

Then

v. 23.

Then did his father *Iſrael*
Down into *Egypt* come:
Jacob became a ſojourner
Within the land of *Ham*.

v. 24, 25.

The people greatly he increas'd,
Rais'd them above their foes.
He turn'd their hearts to hate his ſaints;
His ſervants to beguile.

v. 26, 27.

He then his ſervant *Moſes* ſent,
And *Aaron*, whom he choſe:
Among them they his wonders ſhew'd,
And ſigns in th' land of *Ham*.

v. 28, 29.

Darkneſs he ſent, and made it dark;
And they obey'd his word.
He turn'd their waters into blood,
And all their fiſh deſtroy'd.

v. 30, 31.

Their land brought forth great ſtore of frogs,
In chambers of their kings.
He ſpake, there come up ſwarms of flies,
And lice, in all their coaſts.

v. 32, 33.

For rain he gave them ſtorms of hail,
Fire flaming in their land.
He ſmote their vines, their fig-trees, broke
Their trees in all their coaſts.

v. 34, 35.

At his command the locuſts came,
And caterpillars ſwarm'd:
They ate their herbs throughout the land,
And fruit upon the ground.

v. 36, 37.

He ſmote their firſt born thro' the land,
The chief of all their ſtrength.
Inrich'd he brought his people forth,
None feeble in their tribes.

v. 38, 39.

Egypt was glad, when they went out;
For they were fill'd with fear.
A cloud he for a cov'ring ſpread,
And fire to ſhine by night.

v. 40, 41.

The people aſk'd, he brought them quails;
Fill'd them with bread from heav'n:
He clave the rock, waters guſh'd out,
Streams in the deſart flow'd.

v. 42, 43.

For on his holy word he thought,
And ſervant *Abraham*.
He brought his people forth with joy,
His choſen ſeed with ſongs.

v. 44.

He gave to them the pleaſant lands,
The heathen had poſſeſs'd;
And they inherited the fruit
Of other people's toil.

v. 45.

That they might carefully obſerve
The ſtatutes, he ordain'd,
And yield obedience to his laws.
Give praiſes to the LORD.

PSALM CVI. Long Metre.

v. 1.

ASCRIBE ye praiſes to the LORD,
O render thanks unto his name:
Becauſe the LORD is very good,
His mercy ever ſhall endure.

v. 2, 3.

Who can expreſs GOD's mighty deeds?
Or who can ſhew forth all his praiſe?
Bleſſed are they that judgment keep,
That always righteouſneſs perform.

v. 4.

JEHOVAH, O remember me
With thy free favour and regard,
Which to thy people thou did'ſt bear:
With thy ſalvation viſit me.

v. 5.

That I may ſee thy choſen's good,
That with their joy I may rejoice,
With which thou mak'ſt thy nation glad;
And glory with thine heritage.

v. 6, 7.

With our fore-fathers we have ſin'd,
Have treſpaſs'd, and done wickedly.
Our fathers did not underſtand
Thy wond'rous works in *Egypt* wrought.

v. 7, 8.

Thy many mercies they forgot;
Ev'n at the Red-ſea they rebel'd.
Yet for his name ſake them he ſav'd,
To manifeſt his mighty pow'r.

v. 9.

The ſea, the Red-ſea he rebuk'd,
And laid the waters channel bare:

He led them safely thro' the deeps,
As thro' the parched wilderness.

v. 10.

And thus he sav'd them from the hand
Of *Pharaoh*, their invet'rate foe:
And he redeem'd them from the pow'r
Of the pursuing enemy.

v. 11, 12.

The waters overflow'd their foes,
There was not one of them escap'd.
Then they believ'd his faithful words,
And then they gladly sung his praise.

v. 13, 14.

They very soon forgat his works,
Nor did they for his counsel wait:
But lusted in the wilderness,
And in the desart tempted God.

v. 15, 16.

He also gave them their request;
But leanness sent into their souls.
They envy'd *Moses* in the camp,
And *Aaron* too, JEHOVAH's saint.

v. 17, 18.

The op'ning earth on *Dathan* clos'd,
With all *Abiram*'s company.
A fire was kindled in their camp,
The flame consum'd their wicked race.

v. 19, 20.

They made a calf at *Horeb*'s mount,
And to the molten image bow'd:
Thus they their God, their glory, chang'd
To th' image of a grazing ox.

v. 21, 22.

Their God, their saviour, they forgot,
Who had great things in *Egypt* done:

Wrought

Wrought wonders in the land of *Ham*,
And by the Red-ſea dreadful things.

v. 23.

Therefore he ſaid, he'd cut them off,
Had not his choſen, *Moſes*, roſe,
And ſtood before him in the breach,
To turn away his waſting wrath.

v. 24, 25.

Yea, they deſpis'd the pleaſant land;
Nor did they in his word believe:
But ſtill they murmur'd in their tents,
Not heark'ning to JEHOVAH's voice.

v. 26, 27.

Therefore he lifted up his hand,
To make them in the deſart fall:
In nations to cut off their ſeed,
And ſcatter them in diſtant lands.

v. 28, 29.

They to *Baal-peor* join'd themſelves,
And ate the off'rings of the dead.
Thus their inventions ſtir'd his wrath;
And then the plague among them rag'd.

v. 30, 31.

Then *Phineas* roſe, and judgment wrought;
And thus the peſtilence was ſtay'd;
To him 'twas counted righteouſneſs,
Thro' ev'ry age for evermore.

v. 32, 33.

They anger'd him at *Meribah*,
And *Moſes* ſuffer'd for their ſakes:
Becauſe his ſpirit they provok'd,
And he ſpake raſhly with his lips.

v. 34, 35.

The nations they did not deſtroy,
Of whom the LORD commanded them:

But were among the heathen mix'd,
And learn'd of them their wicked works.

v. 36, 37.

And worſhip to their idols paid,
Which were to them a dreadful ſnare:
Yea, they their ſons and daughters ſlew
To devils, as a ſacrifice.

v. 38.

They ſhed the blood of innocents,
Even their ſons and daughters blood,
To *Canaan*'s idols ſacrific'd:
Thus was the land with blood defil'd.

v. 39, 40.

Thus with their works were they defil'd;
Their lewd inventions they embrac'd.
Then with his tribes the LORD was wroth,
And he abhor'd his heritage.

v. 41, 42.

To heathens he ſubjected them,
And over them their haters rul'd:
They, by their enemies oppreſt,
Were into cruel bondage brought.

v. 43.

Often had he deliver'd them:
Him by their counſel they provok'd,
Till they were weak'ned, and reduc'd,
Becauſe of their iniquities.

v. 44, 45.

Yet he regarded their diſtreſs,
When their loud cry had reach'd his ear;
And into his remembrance call'd
For them his holy covenant.

v. 45, 46.

In mercy plentiful and rich,
For them did he repent himſelf:

He gave them favour from their foes,
By whom they had been captive led.

v. 47.

Save us, JEHOVAH, O our God,
And from the heathen gather us,
That we may thank thy holy name:
So ſhall we triumph in thy praiſe.

v. 48.

Bleſs'd is JEHOVAH, *Iſrael*'s God,
From everlaſting evermore;
Let all the people ſay amen.
Aſcribe ye praiſes to the LORD.

PSALM CVII. Long Metre.

v. 1, 2.

O thank the LORD; for he is good;
Becauſe his mercy ever laſts:
Thus let the LORD's redeemed ſay,
Whom he hath from their foes redeem'd.

v. 3, 4.

He gather'd them from diſtant lands,
From eaſt, and weſt, from north, and ſouth.
Thro' lonely deſart ways they ſtray'd,
They found no city where to dwell.

v. 5, 6.

Waſted with hunger, and with thirſt,
Their ſoul in them was overwhelm'd.
They in their ſtraits cry'd to the LORD,
He ſav'd them out of their diſtreſs.

v. 7, 8.

By the right way he led them forth
Unto a city of abode.
Let men JEHOVAH's goodneſs praiſe,
And wond'rous works to ſons of men.

Becauſe

v. 9, 10.

ecauſe he ſatiates longing ſouls,
nd fills the hungry ſoul with good:
Vho ſit in darkneſs, and death's ſhade,
iron, and affliction bound.

v. 11, 12.

r they againſt God's word rebel'd;
he moſt High's counſel they deſpis'd:
heir heart with labour he ſubdu'd,
hey fell, and there was none to help.

v. 13, 14.

hey in their ſtraits cry'd to the LORD,
Vho ſav'd them out of their diſtreſs:
e brought them from death's gloomy ſhade;
nd he aſunder brake their bands.

v. 15, 16.

t men JEHOVAH's goodneſs praiſe,
nd wond'rous works to *Adam*'s ſons:
r he hath broke the gates of braſs,
ſunder cut the iron bars.

v. 17, 18.

ols are afflicted for their ſin,
nd for their groſs iniquities.
heir ſoul abhors all kind of meat:
ey to the gates of death draw nigh.

v. 19, 20.

hey in their ſtraits cry to the LORD,
e ſaves them out of their diſtreſs.
e ſent his word, and they were heal'd,
e from deſtruction ſet them free.

v. 21, 22.

t men JEHOVAH's goodneſs praiſe,
nd wond'rous works to ſons of men,
fer the ſacrifice of praiſe,
eclare his works in ſongs of joy.

They

v. 23, 24.

They who go down to ſeas in ſhips,
And on the ocean are employ'd,
Theſe do JEHOVAH's works behold,
Theſe ſee his wonders in the deep.

v. 25, 26.

At his command the ſtorms ariſe,
Which lift the ſwelling waves on high:
Up to the heavens now they mount,
Now to the depths deſcend again.

v. 26, 27.

Their ſoul thro' trouble melts away:
They ev'ry one reel to and fro,
And ſtagger like a drunken man,
Their ſkill is pos'd, their wiſdom fails.

v. 28, 29.

In trouble to the LORD they cry;
He brings them out of their diſtreſs.
He makes the raging ſtorm a calm,
So that the waves thereof are ſtill.

v. 30, 31.

Then they rejoice becauſe of reſt:
He brings them to their wiſh'd for port.
Let men JEHOVAH's goodneſs praiſe,
And wonders to the ſons of men.

v. 32, 33.

Let them exalt him in the church,
And praiſe him where the elders meet.
The rivers he a deſart makes,
Turns water ſprings to thirſty ground.

v. 34, 35.

A fruitful land he turns to ſalt,
For ſins of the inhabitants.
He turns the deſart into pools,
And dry ground into water ſprings.

v. 36, 37.

And there he makes the hungry dwell,
They habitable cities build:
The fields they ſow, and vineyards plant,
That they may yield increaſing fruit.

v. 38.

On them his bleſſing he beſtows,
And they are greatly multiplied:
He ſuffers not their flocks, or herds,
By any means to be decreas'd.

v. 39, 40.

Then they are weaken'd, and reduc'd
Thro' tyranny, diſtreſs, and grief.
He upon princes pours contempt,
Makes them in pathleſs deſarts ſtray.

v. 41, 42.

Yet ſets th' afflicted poor on high,
And makes them families like flocks.
The righteous ſhall behold with joy:
All wickedneſs ſhall ſtop its mouth.

v. 43.

Thoſe that with wiſdom are endu'd,
And will with care theſe things obſerve,
They, even they, ſhall underſtand
The loving kindneſs of the LORD.

PSALM CVIII. Common Metre.

A Song or Pſalm of David.

v. 1, 2.

MY heart is fix'd, O God, I'll ſing,
My glory ſhall give praiſe.
Awake up pſalt'ry, and my harp:
I early will awake.

v. 3.

Among the people I'll give thanks
Unto thy name, O LORD;

And I will celebrate thy praiſe
Among the heathen lands.

v. 4, 5.

For o'er the heav'ns thy mercy's great,
Thy truth unto the clouds.
Above the heav'ns be thou extol'd,
Thy glory o'er the earth.

v. 6.

That they, who are belov'd of thee,
May find deliverance:
Save with the pow'r of thy right hand,
And anſwer my requeſt.

v. 7.

God in his holineſs hath ſpoke,
Therefore will I rejoice:
I *Shechem's* city will divide,
And mete out *Succoth*'s vale.

v. 8.

Mine is the land of *Gilead*,
Manaſſeh ſhall be mine,
Ephraim's the chief of all my ſtrength,
Judah ſhall give my laws.

v. 9.

Moab will I my waſh pot make,
O'er *Edom* caſt my ſhoe;
Over the land of *Paleſtine*
I will in triumph ſhout.

v. 10.

Who will to me ſafe conduct give
Into the city ſtrong?
Who is it will direct my way
Up into *Edom*'s land?

v. 11.

O wilt not thou, the mighty God,
Thou, who had'ſt caſt us off?

And now, O God, wilt thou not go
To lead our armies forth?

v. 12, 13.

O give us help from our diſtreſs;
For vain's the help of man.
Thro' God we ſhall do valiant things;
For he'll tread down our foes.

PSALM CIX. Common Metre.

To the chief Muſician, a Pſalm of David.

v. 1, 2.

GOD of my praiſe, hold not thy peace,
Becauſe of wicked men;
Whoſe open mouth, whoſe lying tongue
Have falſly me accus'd.

v. 3.

They have encompaſs'd me about
With their malicious words:
Againſt me they have waged war,
Wholly without a cauſe.

v. 4, 5.

They, for my love, became my foes;
But I delight in pray'r:
Ill they rewarded me for good,
And hatred for my love.

v. 6, 7.

Set over him a wicked man;
Satan at his right hand:
When judged, let him be comdemn'd,
And let his pray'r be ſin.

v. 8, 9.

And make his days to be but few;
Another take his charge:
And let his ſons be fatherleſs;
His wife a widow make.

v. 10.

His children ſhall continually
Be vagabonds, and beg:
They ſhall be ſeeking after bread
In places deſolate.

v. 11, 12.

Extortioners ſhall catch his wealth;
Strangers his labour ſpoil:
Mercy to him ſhall none extend,
Nor to his orphan ſeed.

v. 13.

Total deſtruction ſoon ſhall ſeize
On his poſterity;
And in the next ſucceeding age
Their name be blotted out.

v. 14.

Surely his fathers ſins ſhall be
Remember'd by the LORD:
Nor ſhall his mother's treſpaſſes
Be ever blotted out:

v. 15.

They ſhall before JEHOVAH's face
Continually remain,
To root out the memorial
Of them from off the earth.

v. 16.

Becauſe he never mercy ſhew'd,
But ſtill oppreſt the poor;
Purſu'd the poor and needy man,
To ſlay the broke in heart.

v. 17.

As he in curſing pleaſure took,
Curſing on him ſhall come:
As bleſſing was not his delight,
It ſhall be far from him.

v. 18.

As curſing he his cloathing made,
Ev'n ſo ſhall curſing come
Like water to his inward parts,
Like oil into his bones:

v. 19.

It ſhall be to him as his veſt,
Which covers him about,
And as a girdle ſhall it be,
Wherewith he's always girt.

v. 20.

This is their wages from the LORD,
That are mine enemies:
This is the recompence of thoſe,
That have reproach'd my ſoul.

v. 21.

But do for me, O God the Lord,
For thine own glory's ſake;
Becauſe thy tender mercy's good,
Grant me deliverance.

v. 22, 23.

For I am poor and deſtitute,
My heart's within me pierc'd:
Like the declining ſhade I'm gone,
And as the locuſt toſs'd.

v. 24, 25.

My knees thro' faſting are infirm,
My fleſh of fatneſs fails.
They alſo made me their reproach;
Saw me, and ſhook their heads.

v. 26, 27.

Grant me thy help, O LORD my God,
Me in thy mercy ſave:
That they may know this is thine hand;
That thou haſt done it, LORD.

v. 28.

Let them curſe on, but do thou bleſs:
And when they ſhall ariſe,
They ſhall be with confuſion fill'd;
But make thy ſervant glad.

v. 29.

Then ſhall my reſtleſs enemies
Be cloathed with diſgrace:
Their own confuſion, as a cloke,
Shall be their covering.

v. 30.

But as for me, I with my mouth
Will greatly praiſe the LORD;
Yea, I his praiſes will advance
Among the multitude.

v. 31.

For he will be a preſent help
To the afflicted poor,
To ſave him from the will of thoſe,
That would condemn his ſoul.

PSALM CX. Common Metre.
A Pſalm of David.

v. 1.

JEHOVAH ſaid unto my Lord,
Sit thou at my right hand,
Until I make thine enemies
The footſtool of thy throne.

v. 2.

The LORD ſhall out of *Zion* ſend
The ſcepter of thy ſtrength:
In midſt of all thine enemies
Have thou the ſov'reign rule.

v. 3.

Thy people ſhall with willing mind
Devote themſelves to thee,

Upon

Upon that glorious day, wherein
Thou ſhalt thy pow'r diſplay.

v. 3.

In beauties of true holineſs
Thou haſt thy dew of youth,
More than the num'rous drops of dew
From early morning's womb.

v. 4.

JEHOVAH by himſelf hath ſworn,
And never will repent,
Of th' order of *Melchizedeck*
Thou art for ever prieſt.

v. 5.

The Lord, who is at thy right hand,
Shall ſtrike thro' mighty kings,
Upon that awful day, in which
His indignation burns.

v. 6.

Among the nations he ſhall judge,
Fill them with bodies ſlain:
And he ſhall ſurely wound the head
Over a mighty land.

v. 7.

Out of the river he ſhall drink,
Which runneth in the way;
Therefore ſhall he lift up his head,
His conqu'ring head on high.

PSALM CX. Long Metre.

v. 1.

JEHOVAH ſaid unto my Lord,
Sit thou advanc'd at my right hand,
Until I make thine enemies
To be a footſtool for thy feet.

v. 2.

The LORD ſhall out of *Zion* ſend
The ſcepter of thy mighty ſtrength:
And thou ſhalt have the ſov'reign rule
In midſt of all thine enemies.

v. 3.

Moſt willing ſhall thy people be,
When thou thy power ſhalt diſplay:
In holy beauties, thou ſhalt have
Thy youth, like dew from morning's womb.

v. 4.

JEHOVAH by himſelf hath ſworn,
And never, never will repent;
Thou art a prieſt for evermore,
Of th' order of *Melchizedeck*.

v. 5, 6.

The Lord, who is at thy right hand,
Shall in his anger ſtrike thro' kings:
Among the heathen he ſhall judge,
With carcaſſes he'll fill the plains:

v. 7.

He'll wound the head o'er many lands,
He of the water-brook ſhall drink,
Which runs in his appointed way;
Therefore ſhall he lift up the head.

PSALM CXI. Long Metre.

v. 1.

ASCRIBE ye praiſes to the LORD:
I'll praiſe the LORD with all my heart,
In the aſſembly of the ſaints,
And where the congregation meet.

v. 2, 3.

Great are JEHOVAH's works, ſought out
By all, that take delight therein:

Majeſtic,

Majeſtic, glorious, is his work;
Eternal is his righteouſneſs.

v. 4.

He a memorial hath ordain'd
Of the great wonders he hath wrought:
Full of compaſſion is the LORD,
Rich and abundant is his grace.

v. 5.

Conſtant ſupplies of food he gave
To them that reverence his name:
And in remembrance will retain
His covenant for evermore.

v. 6.

He hath unto his people ſhewn
The mighty power of his works;
That he might make them to poſſeſs
The heritage of heathen lands.

v. 7, 8.

His works, both truth, and judgment are:
All his commands are very ſure:
Fix'd they remain for evermore,
In truth and uprightneſs perform'd.

v. 9.

He to his tribes redemption ſent:
His covenant hath hē ordain'd
To laſt to all eternity:
Holy and reverend is his name.

v. 10.

To fear the LORD is wiſdom's ſource:
Good underſtanding have all they,
That yield obedience to his laws:
His praiſe endures for evermore.

PSALM CXII. Common Metre.

v. 1.

O render praiſes to the LORD.
How bleſſed is the man,
Who fears the LORD, and takes delight
Greatly in his commands!

v. 2, 3.

His ſeed on earth ſhall be renown'd:
The upright race be bleſt:
Riches and wealth are in his houſe,
His righteouſneſs endures.

v. 4, 5.

To th' upright light in darkneſs ſprings:
He's gracious, kind, and juſt.
A good man favour ſhews, and lends;
His ways with judgment guides.

v. 6.

Aſſuredly he ſhall remain,
He never ſhall be mov'd:
In everlaſting memory
The righteous ſhall abide.

v. 7.

He ſhall not be with fear oppreſs'd
At evil tidings heard;
Becauſe his heart is firmly fix'd,
Confiding in the LORD.

v. 8.

Firmly eſtabliſh'd is his heart,
He ſhall not be afraid,
'Till he ſhall ſee his heart's deſire
Upon his enemies.

v. 9.

He hath diſpers'd, reliev'd the poor;
His righteouſneſs endures:

With

With honour alſo ſhall his horn
Exalted be on high.

v. 10.

The workers of iniquity
Shall ſee it, and be griev'd;
Shall gnaſh their teeth, and melt away,
And their deſire ſhall fail.

PSALM CXII. Long Metre.

v. 1.

O celebrate JEHOVAH's praiſe.
Bleſſed is he that fears the LORD;
The man that taketh great delight
In the commands which he hath giv'n.

v. 2, 3.

His ſeed on earth ſhall be renown'd:
The race of th' upright ſhall be bleſs'd.
Riches and wealth are in his houſe;
His righteouſneſs for ever laſts.

v. 4, 5.

To th' upright light in darkneſs ſprings:
He's kind, compaſſionate, and juſt.
A good man favour ſhews, and lends;
And his affairs with prudence guides.

v. 6, 7.

He ſurely never ſhall be mov'd:
The juſt ſhall never be forgot:
He ſhall not evil tidings fear;
His fixed heart truſts in the LORD.

v. 8.

Firmly prepared is his heart,
He ſhall not be with fear oppreſs'd;
'Till he ſhall ſee his heart's deſire
Accompliſh'd on his enemies.

v. 9.

He plentifully hath diſpers'd ;
Gifts he hath given to the poor :
His righteouſneſs for ever laſts ;
His horn with honour ſhall be rais'd.

v. 10.

The wicked ſhall behold, and vex,
Shall gnaſh his teeth, and melt away :
And the deſire of wicked men
Shall utterly conſume away.

PSALM CXIII. Proper Tune.

v. 1, 2.

UNTO JEHOVAH render praiſe ;
O ye the ſervants of the LORD ;
His praiſes be your ſweet employ :
Praiſe ye the LORD's moſt glorious name.
O bleſſed be JEHOVAH's name
From this time forth for evermore.

v. 3, 4, 5.

From riſing to the ſetting ſun
JEHOVAH's name is to be prais'd.
The LORD is high o'er all the earth ;
His glory is above the heav'ns.
Who's like unto the LORD our God,
Who hath is dwelling place on high ?

v. 6, 7.

He infinitely condeſcends
Things in the heavens to behold,
And ſee what's done upon the earth.
He raiſeth up the deſtitute
Out of the duſt, wherein he lay,
And from the dunghill lifts the poor.

That

v. 8, 9.

That he may make the needy ſit
With men of princely dignity,
With princes that his people rule.
He makes the barren wife keep houſe,
Mother of children, full of joy.
Aſcribe ye praiſes to the LORD.

PSALM CXIII. Common Metre.

v. 1.

ASCRIBE ye praiſes to the LORD,
O celebrate his praiſe;
All ye the ſervants of the LORD,
Praiſe ye JEHOVAH's name.

v. 2, 3.

O bleſſed be JEHOVAH's name
Henceforth for evermore:
From riſing to the ſetting ſun
JEHOVAH's name be prais'd.

v. 4, 5.

The LORD's above all nations high,
His glory o'er the heav'ns.
Who's like unto the LORD our God,
Whoſe dwelling is on high?

v. 6, 7.

Who condeſcendeth to behold
Things done in heav'n and earth.
The poor and needy he exalts
From dunghill and the duſt.

v. 8.

That he may ſet them with the men
Of princely dignity:
He makes them with the princes ſit,
That o'er his people rule.

v. 9.

He maketh her that never bare
To have a family,
Mother of children, full of joy.
Give praiſes to the LORD.

PSALM CXIV. Common Metre.

v. 1.

WHEN *Iſrael*, from oppreſſion freed,
Went out from *Egypt*'s coaſts,
The houſe of *Jacob* from a land
Of ſtrange and barb'rous ſpeech,

v. 2, 3.

Judah his ſanctuary was,
He over *Iſrael* rul'd.
The *Red-ſea* then beheld, and fled;
Jordan was driven back.

v. 4, 5.

Like rams the lofty mountains leap'd;
The little hills like lambs.
O ſea, what ail'd thee, that thou fled'ſt?
Jordan, what drove thee back?

v. 6, 7.

Why did ye mountains ſkip like rams,
Ye little hills like lambs?
Tremble, O earth, before the Lord,
When *Jacob*'s God appears.

v. 8.

'Tis he, that turn'd the ſtony rock
Into a ſtanding pool;
'Tis he, that made the very flint
With ſtreams of water flow.

PSALM CXV. Common Metre.

v. 1.

NOT unto us, not unto us,
But to thy name, O LORD,
Give thou the glory, for thy truth,
And for thy mercy's ſake.

v. 2, 3.

For wherefore ſhould the heathen ſay,
Where's now their mighty God?
But lo, our God is in the heav'ns,
His pleaſure he fulfils.

v. 4, 5.

Silver and gold their idols are,
Made by the hands of men:
A mouth they have, but never ſpeak,
And eyes, but cannot ſee.

v. 6, 7.

Ears have they, but they do not hear;
Noſes, but have no ſmell:
Hands have they, but they handle not;
And feet, but never walk:

v. 7, 8.

Nor ever ſpeak they thro' their throat.
Like them their makers are;
And ſo is ev'ry one of thoſe,
That puts his truſt in them.

v. 9, 10.

O *Iſrael*, truſt thou in the LORD;
He is their help, their ſhield:
O *Aaron*'s houſe, truſt in the LORD;
Their help, their ſhield is he.

v. 11, 12.

Who fear the LORD, truſt in the LORD;
He is their help, their ſhield.

Of

Of us the LORD hath mindful been;
He'll us with bleſſings crown.
v. 12, 13.
He'll bleſs the houſe of *Iſrael*,
The houſe of *Aaron* bleſs.
Them will he bleſs, that fear the LORD,
The ſmaller with the great.
v. 14, 15.
To you, to you, the LORD ſhall add,
And your poſterity.
You are the bleſſed of the LORD,
Which heav'n and earth hath made.
v. 16, 17.
The heav'n, the heavens are the LORD's;
But th' earth he gave to men.
The dead praiſe not the LORD, nor they,
That down to ſilence go.
v. 18.
But as for us, we will aſcribe
Bleſſing unto the LORD,
From this time forth for evermore.
Give praiſes to the LORD.

PSALM CXV. Long Metre.

v. 1.
NOT unto us, not unto us,
But, O JEHOVAH, to thy name
Give thou the glory, for thy truth,
And for thy tender mercy's ſake.
v. 2, 3.
For wherefore ſhould the heathen ſcoff,
And ſay, where's now their mighty God?
Behold our God is in the heav'ns,
And all his pleaſure he hath done.

v. 4, 5.

Their idols gold and ſilver are,
And faſhion'd by the hands of men.
A mouth they have, but never ſpeak;
Eyes have they, but they do not ſee.

v. 6, 7.

Ears have they, but they do not hear;
And noſes, but they have no ſmell:
Hands have they, but they handle not;
And feet they have, but never walk:

v. 7, 8.

Nor ever ſpeak they thro' their throat.
Like unto them their makers are;
And ſo is ev'ry one of thoſe,
That place their confidence in them.

v. 9, 10.

O *Iſrael*, truſt thou in the LORD:
He is their help, he is their ſhield:
Truſt in the LORD, O *Aaron*'s houſe:
He is their help, their ſhield is he.

v. 11, 12.

Who fear the LORD, truſt in the LORD;
He is their help, he is their ſhield.
JEHOVAH hath remember'd us;
Bleſſings on us he will beſtow.

v. 12, 13.

He'll bleſs the houſe of *Iſrael*;
The houſe of *Aaron* he will bleſs:
Yea, them will he with bleſſings crown
That fear the LORD, both ſmall and great.

v. 14, 15.

The LORD will ſtill increaſe you more,
Both you and your poſterity.
You are the bleſſed of the LORD,
Who made the heavens, and the earth.

v. 16, 17.

The heav'n, the heavens are the LORD's;
The earth he gave the ſons of men.
They that are dead praiſe not the LORD,
Nor they that to the grave deſcend.

v. 18.

But as for us, we will aſcribe
All bleſſing to the name of JAH,
From this time forth for evermore.
O render praiſes to the LORD.

PSALM CXVI. Common Metre.

v. 1, 2.

I love the LORD, becauſe he heard
My voice, and my requeſt.
I'll call upon him, while I live,
Who bow'd to me his ear.

v. 3.

The ſorrows, yea, the pangs of death
Have compaſs'd me about;
The pains of hell took hold on me;
Diſtreſs and grief I found.

v. 4.

In this my ſore diſtreſs, I call'd
Upon JEHOVAH's name:
Deliver thou my ſoul, O LORD,
I humbly thee beſeech.

v. 5, 6.

Gracious, and righteous is the LORD,
Our God is merciful.
The LORD the ſimple doth preſerve:
When low he ſuccour'd me.

v. 7.

O thou my ſoul return again
Unto thy quiet reſt;

Because the LORD hath given thee
A bountiful supply.

v. 8.

Because thou hast releas'd my soul,
And kept me from the grave;
Thou hast my weeping eyes from tears,
My feet from falling, freed.

v. 9, 10.

Before JEHOVAH will I walk,
Whilst in the world I live.
I have believ'd; therefore I spoke:
Greatly was I distress'd.

v. 11, 12.

When I was in my haste, I said,
That all men liars were.
What shall I render to the LORD,
For all his gifts to me?

v. 13, 14.

I'll of salvation take the cup,
And on JEHOVAH call:
Now to the LORD I'll pay my vows,
In all his people's sight.

v. 15.

The death of all that fear the LORD,
Of ev'ry gracious saint,
Is in the great JEHOVAH's sight
Of an exceeding price.

v. 16.

O verily thy servant am,
I am thy servant, LORD:
Of thine handmaid am the son,
And thou hast loos'd my bonds.

v. 17, 18.

Thank off'rings will I render thee,
And on JEHOVAH call.

Now

Now to the LORD I'll pay my vows
In all his people's ſight.

v. 19.

Within the court-yards of the houſe,
JEHOVAH's dwelling place,
In midſt of thee, *Jeruſalem.*
Give praiſes to the LORD.

PSALM CXVII. Common Metre.

v. 1, 2.

ALL lands, all people, praiſe the LORD,
For his rich grace to us.
Eternal is JEHOVAH's truth.
Give praiſes to the LORD.

PSALM CXVII. Long Metre.

ALL lands, all people, praiſe the LORD,
For his kind mercy's great to us.
Eternal is JEHOVAH's truth.
Aſcribe ye praiſes to the LORD.

PSALM CXVII. to the CXLVIII Pſalm Tune.

O all ye nations, ſing
The praiſes of the LORD:
All people him extol,
For his great love to us.
JEHOVAH's truth
For ever laſts.
Aſcribe ye praiſe
Unto the LORD.

PSALM CXVIII. Common Metre.

v. 1, 2.

O thank the LORD, for he is good,
His mercy never fails.
Now let the houſe of *Iſrael* ſay,
His mercy hath no end.

v. 3, 4.

Now let the houſe of *Aaron* ſay,
His mercy never fails:
Let all that fear the LORD now ſay,
His mercy hath no end.

v. 5.

I to the LORD ſent up my voice,
When I was in diſtreſs;
The LORD to me an anſwer gave,
And freed me from my ſtraits.

v. 6, 7.

The LORD is for me, I'll not fear
What man to me can do:
JEHOVAH alſo takes my part,
With them that ſuccour me.

v. 7, 8.

I therefore my deſire ſhall ſee
Upon mine enemies.
'Tis better in the LORD to truſt,
Than to confide in man.

v. 9, 10.

'Tis better in the LORD to truſt,
Than to confide in kings.
All nations compaſs'd me about,
Thro' GOD I'll cut them off.

v. 11.

They compaſs'd me on ev'ry ſide,
They compaſs'd me around;

But

But I will in JEHOVAH's name
Them utterly deſtroy.

v. 12.

They compaſs'd me about like bees;
They're quench'd like fire of thorns;
For I will in JEHOVAH's name
Them utterly deſtroy.

v. 13, 14.

Sore did'ſt thou thruſt to make me fall;
But the LORD ſuccour'd me:
The LORD's my ſtrength, he is my ſong,
He my ſalvation is.

v. 15.

The voice of joy and victory
In juſt men's tents reſounds;
Becauſe the right hand of the LORD
Performeth valiantly.

v. 16.

The right hand of the mighty LORD
Exalted is on high:
The right hand of the mighty LORD
Performeth valiant deeds.

v. 17.

I ſhall not die; but live to tell
JEHOVAH's wond'rous works.
The LORD hath ſorely chaſt'ned me;
Yet ſav'd me from the grave.

v. 18, 19.

O ſet the gates of righteouſneſs
Wide open unto me;
That I may enter into them;
There will I praiſe the LORD.

v. 20, 21.

This is JEHOVAH's gate, by which
The righteous ſhall go in.

ee will I praiſe, who heard'ſt my pray'r,
And haſt my ſaviour been.

v. 22, 23.

e ſtone, the builders have refus'd,
s now head corner ſtone:
is is the doing of the LORD,
'Tis wond'rous in our eyes.

v. 24, 25.

is is the day, the LORD hath made,
n it we'll ſhout for joy.
RD, I beſeech, ſave now; O LORD,
end now proſperity.

v. 26.

ſſed be he, that comes to us
n great JEHOVAH's name:
bleſſing we pronounce on you,
Out of JEHOVAH's houſe.

v. 27.

d is JEHOVAH, who alone
o us hath given light:
d ye the ſacrifice with cords
Unto the altar's horns.

v. 28, 29.

ou art my God, thee will I praiſe,
My God, I'll thee exalt.
hank the LORD, for he is good;
His mercy ever laſts.

PSALM CXVIII. Long Metre.

v. 1, 2.

) thank the LORD, for he is good;
His mercy doth for ever laſt.
w let the ſeed of *Iſrael* ſay,
s mercy ever ſhall endure.

Now

v. 3, 4.

Now let the houſe of *Aaron* ſay,
His mercy does for ever laſt.
Let them that fear the LORD, now ſay,
His mercy ever ſhall endure.

v. 5.

I then upon JEHOVAH call'd,
When I was ſtrait'ned, and diſtreſs'd:
The LORD to me an anſwer gave,
And ſet me in a ſpacious place.

v. 6, 7.

I will not be afraid of man;
Becauſe JEHOVAH takes my part.
The LORD's with them that ſuccour me:
My haters I ſhall ſee ſubdu'd.

v. 8, 9.

'Tis better in the LORD to truſt,
Than to put confidence in man:
'Tis better in the LORD to truſt,
Than 'tis on princes to confide.

v. 10, 11.

All nations compaſs'd me about;
But thro' the LORD I'll cut them off:
They compaſs'd, yea, they compaſs'd me;
But thro' the LORD I'll cut them off.

v. 12.

They compaſs'd me about like bees;
They're quenched like the fire of thorns:
For in the great JEHOVAH's name
Them I will utterly deſtroy.

v. 13, 14.

Sore haſt thou thruſt, to make me fall;
But I was ſuccour'd by the LORD.
The LORD's my ſtrength, he is my ſong,
He my ſalvation is become.

v. 15, 16.

e voice of joy and victory
in the tents of righteous men;
cauſe the right hand of the LORD
r them performeth valiant things.

v. 16, 17.

alted is the LORD's right hand,
e LORD's right hand doth valiantly.
hall not die; but I ſhall live
celebrate JEHOVAH's works.

v. 18, 19.

e ~~LORD~~ hath ſorely chaſt'ned me;
t hath not giv'n me up to death.
en the gates of righteouſneſs;
ill go in, and praiſe the LORD.

v. 20, 21.

is is the great JEHOVAH's gate,
which the righteous enter in.
praiſe thee, who haſt heard my pray'r,
d my ſalvation art become.

v. 22, 23.

e ſtone, the builders have refus'd,
now become head corner ſtone:
is is the doing of the LORD,
d it is wond'rous in our eyes.

v. 24, 25.

is is the day, the LORD hath made;
e gladly will rejoice therein.
e, I beſeech thee, now, O LORD;
LORD, ſend now proſperity.

v. 26.

ſſed be he, that comes to us,
at comes in great JEHOVAH's name:
bleſſing we pronounce on you,
t of JEHOVAH's ſacred houſe.

God

v. 27.

God is JEHOVAH, who alone
Hath made the light on us to ſhine.
Come ye, and bind the ſacrifice
With cords unto the altar's horns.

v. 28, 29.

Thou art my God, thee will I praiſe,
Thou art my God, I'll thee exalt.
O thank the LORD, for he is good:
His mercy ever ſhall endure.

PSALM CXVIII, to the Old CIV, or Hanover-Tune.

v. 1, 2.

GIVE thanks to the LORD, becauſe he is good:
His mercy moſt free for ever endures.
Let *Iſrael* his people unite to proclaim,
His merciful kindneſs for ever endures.

v. 3, 4.

Let all *Aaron*'s houſe unite to proclaim,
His mercy moſt free for ever endures.
Let all ſuch as rev'rence JEHOVAH, now ſay,
His merciful kindneſs for ever endures.

v. 5, 6.

The LORD I invok'd, in deepeſt diſtreſs:
He anſwer'd, and ſet me in a large place.
JEHOVAH is for me; I never will fear:
What is it that mortals can do unto me?

v. 7, 8.

The LORD is for me, with thoſe on my ſide:
I therefore ſhall ſee my hope on my foes.
'Tis better to place on JEHOVAH my truſt,
Than ever to put any truſt upon man.

v. 9, 10.

'Tis better to truſt JEHOVAH alone;
Than ever to put on princes my truſt.
All nations ſurrounded me, but in the name
Of mighty JEHOVAH, will I cut them off.

v. 11, 12.

They compaſs'd me round, they compaſs'd me round,
But in the LORD's name will I cut them off.
They compaſs'd me round like a number of bees:
But, lo, they are quench'd as the burning of thorns;

v. 12, 13, 14.

For in the LORD's name will I cut them off.
At me thou haſt thruſt, O envious foe,
That I might fall down; but the LORD was my help.
My ſtrength, and my ſong, and my ſafety's the LORD.

v. 15, 16.

The tents of the juſt with praiſes reſound.
JEHOVAH's right hand does valiant exploits.
JEHOVAH's right hand is exalted on high.
JEHOVAH's right hand doth victorious deeds.

v. 17, 18.

I ſhall not now die, but ſurely ſurvive:
And I ſhall declare the works of the LORD.
The LORD, in his chaſt'ning, hath chaſt'ned me ſore,
But hath not deliver'd me over to death.

v. 19, 20.

Wide open the gates of righteouſneſs ſet;
I'll enter therein, with praiſe to the LORD.
This, this is the gate of JEHOVAH moſt high:
And they that are righteous ſhall enter therein.

v. 21, 22.

I'll praiſe thee, for thou haſt heard my requeſt;
And freely haſt ſent ſalvation to me.
The ſtone, which the builders did proudly reject,
Is now the head ſtone of the corner become.

v. 23, 24.

Lo, this is the work JEHOVAH hath wrought;
And 'tis in our eyes a marvellous work.
This, this is the day which JEHOVAH hath made;
We will be triumphant, and joyful therein.

v. 25, 26.

O LORD, I intreat, deliver us now:
LORD now, I beſeech, proſperity ſend.

He's bleſſed, that comes in the name of the LORD:
We've bleſſed you out of the houſe of the LORD.

v. 27.

Our God is the LORD, and 'tis he alone
Hath cauſed the light upon us to ſhine:
Come let us the feſtival ſacrifice bind,
With cords to the horns of the altar with joy.

v. 28, 29.

Thou, thou art my God, thy name will I praiſe;
Yea, thou art my God, I thee will exalt.
Give thanks to JEHOVAH, becauſe he is good:
Becauſe his free mercy for ever endures.

PSALM CXIX.

ALEPH. Part the Firſt, Common Metre.

v. 1, 2.

BLEST are the upright men, whoſe walk
Is in JEHOVAH's law:
Who ſeeking him with all the heart,
His teſtimonies keep.

v. 3, 4.

They no iniquity commit;
But in his ways they walk.
Thou haſt commanded us to keep
Thy precepts carefully.

v. 5, 6.

O that thou would'ſt direct my ways
Thy ſtatutes to obey!
When I reſpect all thy commands,
I ſhall not be aſham'd.

v. 7, 8.

I'll praiſe thee with an upright heart,
When taught thy judgments juſt.
Thy ſtatutes I'll obſerve with care:
Leave me not utterly.

Part

BETH. Part the Second, Common Metre.

v. 9, 10.

How ſhall a young man cleanſe his way?
By cleaving to thy word.
Thee have I ſought with all my heart:
Guide me by thy commands.

v. 11, 12.

I've hid thy word within my heart,
Leſt thee I ſhould offend.
For ever bleſt art thou, O LORD;
Thy ſtatutes teach thou me.

v. 13, 14.

I all the judgments of thy mouth
Have with my lips declar'd.
Thy teſtimonies were my joy,
Above all riches far.

v. 15, 16.

I'll in thy precepts meditate,
And will thy ways regard:
I'll in thy ſtatutes take delight,
And not forget thy word.

GIMEL. Part the Third, Long Metre.

v. 17, 18.

Deal with thy ſervant bountcouſly,
That I may live and keep thy word.
Open mine eyes, that I may ſee
The wond'rous things thy law contains.

v. 19, 20.

I am a ſtranger in the earth,
O hide not from me thy commands.
My longing ſoul breaks with deſi e
After thy judgments all my days.

v. 21, 22.

Thou haſt rebuk'd the proud, accurs'd,
Which go aſtray from thy commands.
Remove from me contempt, and ſcorn,
For I've thy teſtimonies kept.

v. 23, 24.

Princes, combin'd, againſt me ſpake;
Thy ſervant on thy ſtatutes thought.
Thy teſtimonies are my joy,
My conſtant counſellours are they.

DALETH. Part the Fourth, Long Metre.

v. 25, 26.

Quicken my ſoul, that cleaves to duſt,
According to thy faithful word.
Thou heard'ſt, when I declar'd my way;
Make me thy ſtatutes underſtand.

v. 27, 28.

Teach me the way of thy commands,
So ſhall I ſpeak thy wond'rous works.
Strengthen my ſoul, that melts for grief,
According to thy faithful word.

v. 29, 30.

Remove from me the liars way:
And grant me graciouſly thy law.
The way of truth I made my choice,
Thy judgments I before me laid.

v. 31, 32.

I've to thy teſtimonies cleav'd,
LORD, let me not be put to ſhame.
I'll run the way of thy commands,
When e'er thou ſhalt enlarge my heart.

HE: Part the Fifth, Common Metre.

v. 33, 34.

Teach me thy ſtatutes way, O LORD,
I'll keep it to the end.
Inſtruct me, and I'll keep thy law,
Keep it with all my heart.

v. 35, 36.

Lead me in paths of thy commands;
For they are my delight.
Unto thy laws incline my heart,
And not to avarice.

v. 37, 38.

Turn off mine eyes from vanity;
In thy way quicken me.
Unto thy ſervant, fearing thee,
Eſtabliſh thou thy word.

v. 39, 40.

Turn from me the reproach I fear;
For good thy judgments are.
Lo, I have for thy precepts long'd;
Revive me in thy truth.

VAU. Part the Sixth, Common Metre.

v. 41, 42.

Send me thy mercies, ſave me, LORD,
According to thy word;
So ſhall I anſwer all reproach;
For in thy word I truſt.

v. 43.

O do not take the word of truth
Utterly from my mouth;
Becauſe my ground of ſtedfaſt hope
Hath in thy judgments been.

v. 44, 45.

So ſhall I always keep thy law,
Even for evermore:
And I ſhall walk at liberty;
For I thy precepts ſeek.

v. 46, 47.

I'll of thy teſtimonies ſpeak
Before kings, not aſham'd.
In thy commands I'll take delight,
Which I have greatly lov'd.

v. 48.

To thy commands, which I have lov'd,
Will I lift up my hands.
The meditations of my heart
Shall on thy ſtatutes dwell.

ZAIN. Part the Seventh, Common Metre.

v. 49, 50.

Unto thy ſervant mind thy word,
On which thou mad'ſt me hope.
This is my comfort in diſtreſs,
That thy word quickens me.

v. 51, 52.

The proud have treated me with ſcorn;
But I have kept thy law.
Thy ancient judgments I recall'd,
O LORD, and comfort found.

v. 53, 54.

Becauſe the wicked break thy law,
Horrour took hold on me.
In this my houſe of pilgrimage
Thy ſtatutes are my ſongs.

v. 55, 56.

Thy name I call'd to mind by night,
O LORD, and kept thy law.

And this I had; becauſe I kept
Thy precepts carefully.

CHETH. Part the Eighth, Common Metre.

v. 57, 58.

JEHOVAH, thou my portion art;
I ſaid, I'll keep thy words.
I ſought thy face with all my heart;
Shew me thy promis'd grace.

v. 59, 60.

I to thy teſtimonies turn'd,
When on my ways I thought.
I haſted, and made no delay,
Thy precepts to obſerve.

v. 61, 62.

Sinners, combin'd, have robbed me:
I've not forgot thy law.
I'll riſe to give thee midnight thanks
For thy juſt judgments ſake.

v. 63, 64.

With all that fear thee I reſort,
Thoſe who thy precepts keep.
Thy mercies fill the earth, O LORD;
Thy ſtatutes teach thou me.

TETH. Part the Ninth, Long Metre.

v. 65, 66.

Well with thy ſervant thou haſt dealt,
O LORD, according to thy word.
Wiſdom and knowledge teach thou me;
For I have thy commands believ'd.

v. 67, 68.

Before I was chaſtis'd, I ſtray'd;
But now do I obſerve thy word.

Moſt good thou art, and good thou do'ſt;
Make me thy ſtatutes underſtand.

v. 69, 70.

The proud againſt me forg'd a lie:
I'll keep thy laws with all my heart.
Their ſtupid heart is fat as greaſe;
But in thy law is my delight.

v. 71, 72.

Affliction ſure was good for me,
That ſo I might thy ſtatutes learn.
Far better is thy law to me
Than mines of ſilver, and of gold.

JOD. Part the Tenth, Common Metre.

v. 73.

Thy hands have made, and faſhion'd me;
Make me to underſtand:
That I the knowledge may attain
Of thy moſt juſt commands.

v. 74.

Then they that fear thee will be glad,
When me they ſhall behold;
Becauſe I with expecting hope
Have waited for thy word.

v. 75.

I know aſſuredly, O LORD,
Thy judgments to be right,
And that in very faithfulneſs
Thou haſt afflicted me.

v. 76.

O let thy loving kindneſs, LORD,
My conſolation be,
According to thy promiſes
To me thy ſervant made.

v. 77, 78.

Let thy kind mercies bring me life;
For thy law's my delight.
Shame my perverſe, proud, cauſeleſs foes:
I on thy precepts muſe.

v. 79, 80.

Turn them to me, that fear thy name,
And teſtimonies know.
Sound in thy ſtatutes make my heart,
That I be not aſham'd.

CAPH. Part the Eleventh, Common Metre.

v. 81, 82.

My ſoul for thy ſalvation faints;
But in thy word I hope.
Mine eyes fail for thy word, and ſay,
When wilt thou comfort me?

v. 83.

For like a bottle in the ſmoke
I ſurely am become:
Nevertheleſs I don't forget
Thy ſtatutes to obſerve.

v. 84.

How many are thy ſervant's days?
O when wilt thou ariſe,
Judgment to execute on thoſe,
That perſecute my ſoul?

v. 85, 86.

The proud have digged pits for me,
Which are againſt thy law.
Help me, I'm wrongfully purſu'd:
All thy commands are truth.

v. 87.

They to conſume me on the earth
Had very near prevail'd;

Nevertheleſs I've not forſook
The way of thy commands.

v. 88.

According to thy kindeſt love
O quicken thou my ſoul;
So ſhall I carefully obſerve
The record of thy mouth.

LAMED. Part the Twelfth, Common Metre.

v. 89, 90.

Thy word is ſettled in the heav'n
For evermore, O LORD:
Thy never failing faithfulneſs
Abides thro' ev'ry age.

v. 90, 91.

Thou haſt eſtabliſhed the earth,
It ſhall not be remov'd:
By thy decree they now remain;
For all thy ſervants are.

v. 92.

But as for me, unleſs thy law
Had been my chief delight,
When with affliction overwhelm'd,
I had been quite conſum'd.

v. 93, 94.

Thy precepts I will ne'er forget,
By which thou quickned'ſt me.
O ſave thou me, for I am thine;
Thy precepts I have ſought.

v. 95.

For me the wicked lie in wait,
To take away my life:
The teſtimonies of thy mouth
I'll carefully review.

I verily

v. 96.

I verily have ſeen an end
Of all perfection here;
But thy command's of large extent,
Yea, 'tis exceeding broad.

MEM. Part the Thirteenth, Common Metre.

v. 97.

O what an ardent love I bear
Unto thy ſacred law!
It is my meditation's theme,
My ſtudy all the day.

v. 98.

Me thou haſt made, thro' thy commands,
Far wiſer than my foes;
Becauſe they are continually
Preſent before mine eyes.

v. 99.

I have more underſtanding gain'd,
Than all my teachers have;
Becauſe thy teſtimonies are
My meditation ſtill.

v. 100, 101.

I'm wiſer, than the ancients are;
For I thy precepts keep.
From all falſe ways I turn'd my feet,
That I might keep thy word.

v. 102, 103.

I from thy judgments have not ſtray'd;
For I was taught by thee.
How ſweet thy words are to my taſte!
As honey to my mouth.

v. 104.

I by the help of thy commands
Have underſtanding gain'd;

Therefore

Therefore I utterly abhor
All falſe deceitful ways.

NUN. Part the Fourteenth, Long Metre.

v. 105, 106.

Thy word's a lamp unto my feet;
It is a light unto my path.
What I have ſworn I will perform;
I will thy righteous judgments keep.

v. 107, 108.

I'm much afflicted; quicken me,
O LORD, according to thy word.
O LORD, accept my thankful praiſe;
Make me thy judgments underſtand.

v. 109, 110.

My ſoul is daily in my hand;
Yet do I not forget thy law.
The wicked laid a ſnare for me;
Yet err'd I not from thy commands.

v. 111, 112.

Thy records, which rejoice my heart,
I for my laſting portion took.
I have inclin'd my heart to keep
Thy ſtatutes, alway to the end.

SAMECH. Part the Fifteenth, Long Metre.

v. 113, 114.

I hate vain fluctuating thoughts;
But greatly do I love thy law.
Thou art my hiding place, my ſhield:
My hope is fixed on thy word.

v. 115, 116.

Depart from me ye wicked men;
For I will keep my God's commands.
With promis'd aid ſuſtain my life;
Nor let my hope be put to ſhame.

Uphold

v. 117, 118.

Uphold me, and I ſhall be ſafe:
Thy ſtatutes always I'll reſpect.
All thoſe, that from thy ſtatutes err,
Thou treadeſt down, for their deceit.

v. 119, 120.

Sinners thou haſt remov'd like droſs:
Therefore thy records do I love.
My fleſh doth quake for fear of thee:
I of thy judgments am afraid.

AIN. Part the Sixteenth, Common Metre.

v. 121, 122.

Judgment, and juſtice, I have done;
Let me not be oppreſt.
Be ſurety for thy ſervant's good,
And ſave me from the proud.

v. 123, 124.

Mine eyes for thy ſalvation fail,
And for thy righteous word.
In mercy with thy ſervant deal;
And me thy ſtatutes teach.

v. 125, 126.

I am thy ſervant, make me wiſe,
That I may know thy laws.
'Tis time for thee, O LORD, to work;
They have made void thy law.

v. 127, 128.

Therefore do I love thy commands
Above the fineſt gold.
Hence I count all thy precepts right,
And all falſe ways I hate.

Part

PE. Part the Seventeenth, Long Metre.

v. 129, 130.

My ſoul thy teſtimonies keeps,
For they are very wonderful.
The entrance of thy words gives light,
And wiſdom to the ſimple gives.

v. 131, 132.

With open mouth, and panting heart,
Eager I long'd for thy commands.
Look thou on me, thy mercy ſhew,
As unto thoſe, that love thy name.

v. 133, 134.

Order my footſteps in thy word,
And let no ſin o'er me prevail.
From man's oppreſſion ſet me free,
And ſo will I thy precepts keep.

v. 135, 136.

With favour on thy ſervant ſhine;
Make me thy ſtatutes underſtand.
Rivers of tears run down mine eyes;
Becauſe they do not keep thy law.

TSADDI. Part the Eighteenth, Common Metre.

v. 137, 138.

With thee is righteouſneſs, O LORD;
Upright thy judgments are.
Thy teſtimonies, thy commands,
Are righteouſneſs and truth.

v. 139, 140.

Becauſe my foes forget thy words,
My zeal conſumed me.
Therefore thy ſervant loves thy word,
Becauſe 'tis very pure.

Tho'

v. 141, 142.

Tho' I am ſmall, and much deſpis'd,
I don't forget thy law.
Eternal is thy righteouſneſs,
And thy law is the truth.

v. 143.

Great anguiſh and diſtreſs of ſoul
Have taken hold of me:
Nevertheleſs thy pure commands
Are daily my delights.

v. 144.

The righteouſneſs of thy commands
For ever ſhall endure:
Give me an underſtanding heart,
And then I ſhall have life.

KOPH. Part the Nineteenth, Long Metre.

v. 145, 146.

With all my heart I cry'd, O LORD,
Hear me; thy ſtatutes will I keep:
To thee I cry'd, O ſave thou me;
Thy teſtimonies I'll obſerve.

v. 147, 148.

My cries prevent the morning dawn;
In hope I waited for thy word:
Mine eyes prevent night watches too,
To meditate upon thy word.

v. 149.

According to thy kindeſt love,
Hear thou the voice of my requeſt:
According to thy judgments juſt,
JEHOVAH, quicken thou my ſoul.

v. 150, 151.

Lo, they draw nigh, that ſeek my hurt;
They are eſtranged from thy law:

But, O JEHOVAH, thou art near;
All thy commands are faithfulneſs.

v. 152.

As for thy teſtimonies pure,
This have I underſtood of old,
That thou haſt firmly founded them;
And they for ever ſhall remain.

RESH. Part the Twentieth, Common Metre.

v. 153.

Conſider the afflicted ſtate,
In which I am oppreſs'd;
And grant to me deliverance:
I don't forget thy law.

v. 154, 155.

Plead thou my cauſe, ſave, quicken me,
According to thy word.
Salvation's far from wicked men;
Thy ſtatutes they neglect.

v. 156.

How very great, and manifold,
Thy tender mercies are!
According to thy judgments, LORD,
O quicken thou my ſoul.

v. 157.

Many my perſecutors are,
Many mine enemies:
Yet from thy teſtimonies, Lord,
I have not turn'd aſide.

v. 158, 159.

I ſaw tranſgreſſors, and was griev'd;
For they kept not thy word.
See, how I love thy precepts, LORD;
In mercy quicken me.

From

v. 160.

From the beginning is thy word
Inviolable truth:
Thy righteous judgments, ev'ry one,
For ever ſhall endure.

SCHIN. Part the Twenty-firſt, Common Metre.

v. 161, 162.

Princes purſu'd me without cauſe;
But thy word awes my heart.
I at thy faithful word rejoice,
As one that finds great ſpoil.

v. 163, 164.

Lying I hate, and do abhor;
But thy law do I love.
Sev'n times a day I give thee praiſe,
For thy juſt judgments ſake.

v. 165, 166.

Great peace have they that love thy law;
Nothing ſhall them offend.
I hop'd for thy ſalvation, LORD,
And thy commands obey'd.

v. 167, 168.

My ſoul thy teſtimonies kept,
With love exceeding great.
Thy laws, thy records, I have kept;
For thou ſee'ſt all my ways.

TAU. Part the Twenty-ſecond, Common Metre.

v. 169.

JEHOVAH, let my earneſt cry
Come near before thy face:
Give me an underſtanding heart,
According to thy word.

O let

v. 170.

O let my ſupplicating voice
Have near acceſs to thee;
And grant to me deliverance,
According to thy word.

v. 171, 172.

When thou haſt me thy ſtatutes taught,
My lips ſhall utter praiſe.
My tongue ſhall celebrate thy word:
All thy commands are right.

v. 173, 174.

Let thy right hand be my ſupport:
Thy precepts I have choſe.
I long'd for thy ſalvation, LORD:
Thy law is my delight.

v. 175.

O ſtill uphold my ſoul in life,
And it ſhall give thee praiſe:
And let thy righteous judgments be
My ſuccour, and relief.

v. 176.

Like a loſt ſheep I went aſtray;
Thy wand'ring ſervant ſeek,
Becauſe I have not yet forgot
The way of thy commands.

PSALM CXX. Common Metre.

A Song of Degrees.

v. 1, 2.

I when diſtreſs'd cry'd to the LORD,
He anſwer'd my requeſt.
LORD, reſcue me from lying lips,
From a deceitful tongue.

v. 3, 4.

O thou falſe tongue, what's thy reward?
What ſhall be done to thee?

Sharp

Sharp arrows of a mighty one,
With coals of juniper.

v. 5.

Ah! woe is me, that ſojourning
In *Meſech* I abide,
That I am thus conſtrain'd to dwell
In *Kedar*'s ſavage tents.

v. 6, 7.

My ſoul hath long uneaſy dwelt
With him that hateth peace.
I am for peace, but when I ſpeak,
They are diſpos'd for war.

PSALM CXXI. Common Metre.

A Song of Degrees.

v. 1, 2.

I'LL to the hills lift up mine eyes,
From whence proceeds my help:
My ſuccour from JEHOVAH comes,
Who made both heav'n, and earth.

v. 3, 4.

He will not let thy foot be mov'd;
Thy keeper ſlumbers not:
Behold, he ſlumbers not, nor ſleeps,
That keepeth *Iſr'el* ſafe.

v. 5, 6.

The LORD's thy ſhade on thy right hand,
Thy keeper is the LORD.
The ſun ſhall not ſmite thee by day,
Nor ſhall the moon by night.

v. 7, 8.

Thee from all ill the LORD ſhall keep,
He ſhall preſerve thy ſoul;
Thy going out, and coming in
Henceforth for evermore.

PSALM CXXII. Long Metre.

A Song of Degrees of David.

v. 1, 2.

GLAD was I, when they ſaid to me,
Into the LORD's houſe let us go.
Our feet ſhall ſtand within thy gates,
Within thy gates, *Jeruſalem.*

v. 3, 4.

Jerus'lem's like a city built,
That is compact, and uniform:
Whither the tribes, the tribes of JAH
To *Iſr'el*'s teſtimony go:

v. 4, 5.

That they may give JEHOVAH praiſe,
And render thanks unto his name:
For there are thrones of judgment ſet,
The thrones of *David*'s royal houſe.

v. 6, 7.

Peace on *Jeruſalem* implore:
They that love thee, ſhall well ſucceed.
Let peace abound within thy walls,
And glory fill thy palaces.

v. 8, 9.

Both for my friends, and brethren's ſake,
Now will I ſay, peace be in thee:
And, for our God JEHOVAH's houſe,
I will ſeek thy proſperity.

PSALM CXXIII. Short Metre.

A Song of Degrees.

v. 1, 2.

BEHOLD, I lift mine eyes
To thee, who dwell'ſt in heav'n:
Ev'n as the eyes of ſervants look
Unto their maſters hand.

v. 2.

And as a maiden's eyes
Are to her miſtreſs's hand,
ur eyes wait on the LORD our God,
Until his mercy comes.

v. 3.

Have mercy on us, LORD,
Have mercy upon us;
or we are filled with contempt,
Exceedingly diſdain'd.

v. 4.

Our ſoul is greatly fill'd
With their inſulting ſcorn,
ho dwell at eaſe; and with contempt,
Pour'd on us by the proud.

PSALM CXXIV. Common Metre.

A Song of Degrees of David.

v. 1, 2.

HAD not the LORD been on our ſide,
May *Iſr'el* now declare,
ad not JEHOVAH been for us,
When men againſt us roſe;

v. 3, 4.

hen had they ſwallow'd us alive,
In their inflamed wrath:
he waters had o'erwhelm'd us then,
The ſtream gone o'er our ſoul:

v. 5, 6.

hen the proud water's ſwelling flood
Over our ſoul had gone.
eſs'd be the LORD, who gave not us
A prey unto their teeth.

v. 7, 8.

ur ſoul is like a bird eſcap'd
From fowler's broken ſnare.

Our

Our help is in JEHOVAH's name,
Who made both heav'n, and earth.

PSALM CXXV. Common Metre.

A Song of Degrees.

v. 1.

THE men that in JEHOVAH truſt,
Shall be like *Sion*'s mount,
A mount which cannot be remov'd,
But ever firm endures.

v. 2.

As mountains are on ev'ry ſide
Around *Jeruſalem*,
Around is people is the LORD,
Henceforth for evermore.

v. 3.

The rod of ſinners ſhall not reſt
Upon the juſt man's lot;
Leſt righteous men put forth their hands
Unto iniquity.

v. 4.

Do thou extend thy goodneſs, LORD,
To them that goodneſs love:
Do good to ev'ry one of thoſe,
That are of upright heart.

v. 5.

But ſuch, as turn to crooked ways,
The LORD ſhall lead them forth
With workers of iniquity;
But *Iſr'el* ſhall have peace.

PSALM CXXVI. Common Metre.

A Song of Degrees.

v. 1.

WHEN great JEHOVAH turn'd again
Sion's captivity,
Then, overcome with ſweet ſurpriſe,
We were like them that dream.

v. 2.

Then was our mouth with laughter fill'd,
Our tongues with ſongs of joy:
Then heathens ſaid, the LORD for them
Hath magnify'd his deeds.

v. 3, 4.

The LORD hath done great things for us,
Which fill our hearts with joy.
Our captives turn again, O LORD,
As ſtreams in ſouthern lands.

v. 5, 6.

With joy they'll reap, who ſow in tears:
He that goes weeping forth,
Bearing choice ſeed, ſhall ſure return,
And bring his ſheaves with joy.

PSALM CXXVI. Long Metre.

v. 1, 2.

WHEN the LORD *Sion*'s captives freed,
Surpris'd, we were like them that dream:
Then was our mouth with laughter fill'd;
Our tongues were fill'd with ſongs of joy.

v. 2, 3.

Then they among the heathen ſaid,
The LORD hath done great things for them.
The LORD hath done great things for us,
Whereof we are exceeding glad.

Turn

v. 4, 5.

Turn our captivity again,
O LORD, as ſtreams in ſouthern lands.
The men that ſow their ſeed in tears,
Shall have their reaping time in joy.

v. 6.

The ſower that goes forth, and weeps,
Bearing with him his precious ſeed,
Shall doubtleſs come again with joy,
And with him bring his fruitful ſheaves.

PSALM CXXVII. Common Metre.

A Song of Degrees for Solomon.

v. 1.

EXCEPT JEHOVAH build the houſe,
The builders work in vain:
Unleſs the LORD the city keep,
In vain the watchman wakes.

v. 2.

Early and late in vain you toil,
And eat the bread of cares:
So he, to his beloved, gives
Quiet refreſhing ſleep.

v. 3, 4.

Lo, ſon's JEHOVAH's portion are;
Children are his reward.
Like arrows in a ſtrong man's hand
Are children of the youth.

v. 5.

O happy is the man that hath
His quiver full of them!
They ſhall not be aſham'd, but ſpeak
With en'mies in the gate.

PSALM CXXVII. Long Metre.

v. 1.

EXCEPT JEHOVAH build the houſe,
The builders labour but in vain:
Except the LORD the city keep,
'Tis but in vain the watchman wakes.

v. 2.

'Tis vain for you to riſe betimes,
And 'tis as vain to ſit up late,
To eat the bread of anxious care:
He ſo gives his beloved ſleep.

v. 3, 4.

Lo, children are GOD's heritage,
Fruit of the womb is his reward.
As arrows in a mighty hand,
Ev'n ſo are children of the youth.

v. 5.

Bleſſed, O bleſſed is the man,
That hath his quiver fill'd with them!
Becauſe they ſhall not be aſham'd;
But ſpeak with th' enemy in the gate.

PSALM CXXVIII. Common Metre.

A Song of Degrees.

v. 1, 2.

BLESSED is he, that fears the LORD,
Whoſe walk is in his ways:
For of thy labour thou ſhalt eat;
Bleſt thou! 'tis well with thee.

v. 3.

Thy wife ſhall, like a ſpreading vine,
With fruit thine houſe adorn:
Thy children, like young olive plants,
Shall round thy table ſtand.

v. 4, 5.

Behold, the man ſhall thus be bleſt,
That truly fears the LORD.
JEHOVAH out of *Sion* hill
Will thee with bleſſings crown.

v. 5, 6.

Thou ſhalt thro' all thy life behold
Salem's proſperity.
Thy children's children thou ſhalt ſee,
And peace on *Iſrael*.

PSALM CXXVIII. Long Metre.

v. 1, 2.

BLESSED is he, that fears the LORD,
The man, that walketh in his ways:
For of thy labour thou ſhalt eat;
O happy thou! 'tis well with thee.

v. 3.

Thy wife ſhall, like a ſpreading vine,
Be fruitful, and adorn thy houſe:
Thy children, like young olive plants,
Around thy table ſhall appear.

v. 4, 5.

Behold, thus ſhall the man be bleſt,
The happy man, that fears the LORD.
JEHOVAH out of *Sion* hill
On thee his bleſſing ſhall command.

v. 5, 6.

Thou ſhalt thro' all thy life behold
Jeruſalem's proſperity.
Thy children's children thou ſhalt ſee,
And peace on *Iſr'el* ſhalt behold.

PSALM CXXIX. Common Metre.

A Song of Degrees.

v. 1, 2.

Now, from my youth, may *Iſr'el* ſay,
Oft they afflicted me:
Oft they diſtreſs'd me from my youth;
But yet have not prevail'd.

v. 3, 4.

The plowers plow'd upon my back,
They made their furrows long.
The LORD is righteous, he hath cut
The cords of wicked men.

v. 5, 6.

O let all thoſe, that *Sion* hate,
Be turned back with ſhame:
Be they like graſs upon the houſe,
Which dies before 'tis ripe:

v. 7.

Of which the mower cannot find
Enough to fill his hand:
Neither can he that bindeth ſheaves,
From thence his boſom fill.

v. 8.

None, that paſs by, on you pronounce
The bleſſing of the LORD;
None ſay, we in JEHOVAH's name
Bleſſings on you implore.

PSALM CXXX. Common Metre.

A Song of Degrees.

v. 1, 2.

LORD, from the depths to thee I cry'd;
Hear thou my voice, O Lord;
Let thine attentive ear regard
The voice my requeſt.

v. 3, 4.

LORD, ſhould'ſt thou mark iniquities,
O Lord, who then ſhall ſtand?
But there forgiveneſs is with thee,
That ſo thou may'ſt be fear'd.

v. 5, 6.

I wait, my ſoul waits for the LORD,
And in his word I hope.
More does my ſoul long for the Lord,
Than they that watch, for morn:

v. 6, 7.

Yea, more than thoſe, again, I ſay,
That watch for morning light.
Let *Iſr'el* in JEHOVAH hope,
For mercy is with him.

v. 7, 8.

Yea, there is alſo plentiful
Redemption with the LORD:
And he ſhall *Iſrael* redeem
From all iniquities.

PSALM CXXX. Long Metre.

v. 1, 2.

LORD, from the depths I cry'd to thee;
Attend unto my voice, O Lord:
O Lord, bow down thine ear, and hear
The humble voice of my requeſt.

v. 3, 4.

Should'ſt thou, LORD, mark iniquities,
O Lord, who in thy ſight ſhall ſtand?
But with thee there forgiveneſs is,
That men may reverence thy name.

v. 5, 6.

My ſoul doth for JEHOVAH wait,
I wait, and in his word I hope:

Far

Far more my ſoul longs for the Lord,
Than watchmen long for morning dawn.

v. 7, 8.

Let *Iſr'el* in JEHOVAH hope:
For there is mercy with the LORD:
Plenteous redemption is with him;
He'll *Iſr'el* from all ſins redeem.

PSALM CXXXI. Short Metre.

A Song of Degrees of David.

v. 1.

MY heart's not haughty, LORD,
Nor lofty are my eyes;
Nor do I exerciſe myſelf
In things too great, and high.

v. 2.

I ſurely have behav'd,
And quieted my ſoul,
Like children from the mother wean'd:
I'm as a weaned child.

v. 3.

O then let *Iſr'el*'s ſeed
With expectation wait;
Let them upon JEHOVAH wait,
Henceforth for evermore.

PSALM CXXXII. Long Metre.

A Song of Degrees.

v. 1, 2.

REMEMBER *David*, LORD, for good,
And all th' afflictions he endur'd:
How he unto JEHOVAH ſware,
And vow'd to *Jacob*'s mighty God.

v. 3, 4.

Sure in my houſe I will not reſt,
Nor will go up into my bed:

I will not give ſleep to mine eyes,
No ſlumber ſhall my eyelids cloſe:
v. 5, 6.
'Till for the LORD I find a place,
An houſe for *Jacob*'s mighty God.
Lo, we heard, 'twas at *Ephratah*:
We found it then in *Judah*'s plains.
v. 7, 8.
We'll to his tabernacles go,
And at his footſtool will adore.
Ariſe, O LORD, into thy reſt:
Thou, and the ark of thy great ſtrength.
v. 9, 10.
Array thy prieſts with righteouſneſs;
And make thy ſaints to ſhout for joy:
And, for thy ſervant *David*'s ſake,
Reject not thine anointed's face.
v. 11.
The LORD in truth to *David* ſware,
And from it he will not depart;
Of them that from thy loins proceed,
I'll ſet upon thy royal throne.
v. 12.
And if thy ſons my cov'nant keep,
And teſtimonies, I ſhall teach;
Then ſhall thy children's children ſit
Upon thy throne for evermore.
v. 13, 14.
Becauſe the LORD hath *Sion* choſe:
He hath deſir'd it for his ſeat.
This is my reſt for evermore:
Here will I dwell, 'twas my deſire.
v. 15, 16.
I'll her proviſion greatly bleſs;
I'll ſatisfy her poor with bread:

Her

Her prieſts I'll with ſalvation clothe;
Her ſaints ſhall ſhout aloud for joy.

v. 17, 18.

I'll there make *David*'s horn to bud:
I've mine anointed's lamp ordain'd.
His enemies I'll clothe with ſhame;
His crown ſhall flouriſh on his head.

PSALM CXXXIII. Common Metre.

A Song of Degrees of David.

v. 1.

BEHOLD, how excellent it is,
What pleaſure it affords,
When brethren do together dwell
In unity and love.

v. 2.

Like precious oil on *Aaron*'s head,
Deſcending on his beard;
When to the border of his robe
The fragrant oil ran down.

v. 3.

As dew that falls on *Hermon*'s hill,
Or that on *Sion*'s mount:
His bleſſing, there the LORD commands,
Ev'n life for evermore.

PSALM CXXXIV. Common Metre.

A Song of Degrees.

v. 1.

BEHOLD, all ye JEHOVAH bleſs,
Ye ſervants of the LORD,
Which thro' the watches of the night
Stand in JEHOVAH's houſe.

v. 2, 3.

Lift up your hands in holineſs,
And bleſs JEHOVAH's name.

The LORD, who made both heav'n and earth,
Thee out of *Zion* bleſs.

PSALM CXXXV. Common Metre.

v. 1.

ASCRIBE ye praiſes to the LORD,
O praiſe JEHOVAH's name;
All ye, the ſervants of the LORD,
His praiſes celebrate.

v. 2.

Ye, that continually ſtand
Within JEHOVAH's houſe,
Ye, that aſſemble in the courts
Of our God's holy place.

v. 3.

Aſcribe ye praiſes to the LORD,
Becauſe the LORD is good:
O ſing ye praiſes to his name;
For pleaſant is th' employ.

v. 4.

Becauſe JEHOVAH hath made choice
Of *Jacob* for himſelf,
For his peculiar treaſure he
Hath choſen *Iſrael*'s ſeed.

v. 5, 6.

Becauſe I know, the LORD is great;
Our Lord's above all Gods:
The LORD hath done whate'er he pleas'd
In heav'n, earth, ſeas, and deeps.

v. 7.

He from the ends of all the earth
Makes vapours to aſcend:
He maketh light'nings with the rain,
Brings wind out of his ſtores.

Smote

v. 8, 9.

Smote *Egypt*'s firſt-born, man, and beaſt:
He ſigns and wonders ſent,
O *Egypt*, in the mid'ſt of thee,
On *Pharaoh* and his hoſt.

v. 10, 11.

Nations he ſmote, ſlew mighty kings:
Sihon the *Amorite*,
Og king of *Baſhan*, and the realms
Throughout all *Canaan*'s land:

v. 12.

And gave the land, which they poſſeſs'd,
For an inheritance,
An heritage to *Iſr'el*'s ſeed,
The people of his choice.

v. 13.

Thy name, JEHOVAH, ſhall endure
To all eternity;
And thy memorial, O LORD,
Thro' ev'ry future age.

v. 14.

Becauſe the LORD will ſurely judge
His people in his truth:
And for his ſervants, when oppreſt,
He will repent himſelf.

v. 15, 16.

Silver and gold, the work of men,
The heathen idols are:
A mouth they have, but never ſpeak;
Eyes, but they cannot ſee.

v. 17, 18.

Ears have they, but they hear no ſound;
No breath is in their mouth.
Like unto them their makers are,
And all that truſt in them.

v. 19.

O *Iſrael*'s poſterity
Give bleſſing to the LORD:
O ye, that are of *Aaron*'s houſe,
Bleſs ye JEHOVAH's name.

v. 20.

Aſcribe ye bleſſing to the LORD,
O ye of *Levi*'s houſe;
All ye, that do JEHOVAH fear,
Give bleſſing to the LORD.

v. 21.

Bleſſed, O bleſſed be the LORD
From *Sion*'s holy hill,
Who dwelleth at *Jeruſalem*.
Give praiſes to the LORD.

PSALM CXXXVI. Long Metre.

Note, This Pſalm may be ſung as Common Metre, by omitting the Word [Becauſe] in every ſecond and fourth Line.

v. 1, 2.

O thank the LORD, for he is good:
Becauſe His mercy ever laſts.
Give thanks unto the God of Gods;
Becauſe His mercy never fails.

v. 3, 4.

Give thanks unto the Lord of Lords;
Becauſe His mercy's ever ſure.
Who only mighty wonders does;
Becauſe His mercy hath no end.

v. 5, 6.

To him, whoſe wiſdom made the heav'ns;
Becauſe His mercy ever laſts.
Who o'er the waters ſpread the earth;
Becauſe His mercy never fails.

To

v. 7, 8.

To him that made great lights above;
Becauſe His mercy's ever ſure.
Who made the ſun to rule by day;
Becauſe His mercy hath no end.

v. 9, 10.

The moon, and ſtars, to rule by night;
Becauſe His mercy ever laſts.
To him that *Egypt*'s firſt-born ſmote;
Becauſe His mercy never fails.

v. 11, 12.

He from among them *Iſr'el* brought;
Becauſe His mercy's ever ſure.
With mighty hand, and out-ſtretch'd arm;
Becauſe His mercy hath no end.

v. 13, 14.

To him that parted the Red-ſea;
Becauſe His mercy ever laſts.
And thro' the mid'ſt made *Iſr'el* paſs;
Becauſe His mercy never fails.

v. 15, 16.

But there drown'd *Pharaoh*, and his hoſt;
Becauſe His mercy's ever ſure.
Who thro' the deſart led his tribes;
Becauſe His mercy hath no end.

v. 17, 18.

To him who mighty princes ſmote;
Becauſe His mercy ever laſts.
And vanquiſh'd kings of great renown;
Becauſe His mercy never fails.

v. 19, 20.

Sihon the king of *Amorites*;
Becauſe His mercy's ever ſure.
And *Og*, who *Baſhan*'s ſcepter ſway'd;
Becauſe His mercy hath no end.

v. 21, 22.

He to his ſervants gave their land;
Becauſe His mercy ever laſts.
An heritage to *Iſr'el*'s ſeed;
Becauſe His mercy never fails.

v. 23, 24.

He thought on us in low eſtate;
Becauſe His mercy's ever ſure.
And hath redeem'd us from our foes;
Becauſe His mercy hath no end.

v. 25, 26.

He doth all fleſh with food ſupply;
Becauſe His mercy ever laſts.
O to the God of heav'n give thanks;
Becauſe His mercy never fails.

PSALM CXXXVII. Long Metre.

v. 1, 2.

BY *Babel*'s ſtreams we ſat, we wept,
When *Sion* we remember'd there.
On willows, in the mid'ſt thereof,
We hung our, once melodious, harps.

v. 3.

For they that led us captive, there
Requir'd from us to hear a ſong:
Our ſpoilers call'd for mirth, and ſaid,
Sing to us one of *Sion*'s ſongs.

v. 4, 5.

How ſhall we ſing JEHOVAH's ſong,
Whilſt we are in a ſtranger's land?
If thee, O *Salem*, I forget,
Let my right hand forget her ſkill.

v. 6.

If I do not remember thee,
Let my tongue to my palate cleave:

If I, above my higheſt joy,
Do not prefer *Jeruſalem*.

v. 7.

Remember, LORD, to *Edom*'s race,
Jeruſalem's afflictive day;
For thus the ſons of *Edom* ſaid,
Raſe, raſe it to the very ground.

v. 8, 9.

O *Babel*'s daughter, doom'd to fall;
Bleſs'd he, that ſhall repay our wrongs:
O happy he, that then ſhall take,
And daſh thy babes againſt the ſtones.

PSALM CXXXVIII. Long Metre.

A Pſalm of David.

v. 1, 2.

THEE will I praiſe with all my heart;
Before the Gods I'll ſing thy praiſe:
I will my adoration pay
Towards thy holy dwelling place.

v. 2.

I, for thy loving kindneſs ſake,
And for thy truth, will praiſe thy name;
For thou haſt magnify'd thy word
Far above all thy name beſide.

v. 3, 4.

Thou, when I cry'd, did'ſt anſwer me,
And fortify'd'ſt my ſoul with ſtrength.
All kings on earth ſhall praiſe thee, LORD,
When to thy words they ſhall attend.

v. 5, 6.

They in JEHOVAH'S ways ſhall ſing;
For great's the glory of the LORD.
The LORD, tho' high, reſpects the meek;
But afar off he knows the proud.

v. 7.

Tho' I in mid'ſt of trouble walk,
Yet thou wilt cauſe me to revive:
Thine hand ſhall quell mine en'mies wrath,
Thy right hand my ſalvation bring.

v. 8.

JEHOVAH will moſt perfectly
Accompliſh what concerneth me:
For ever, LORD, thy mercy laſts:
Confirm the works thy hands have wrought.

PSALM CXXXIX. Common Metre.

To the chief Muſician, a Pſalm of David.

v. 1, 2.

ME thou haſt ſearch'd, and known, O LORD;
Thou know'ſt my ſitting down,
My riſing up; my diſtant thoughts
By thee are underſtood.

v. 3, 4.

Thou try'ſt my path, my lying down,
Thou markeſt all my ways:
For not a word is in my tongue,
But, LORD, thou know'ſt it well.

v. 5, 6.

Thou doſt encompaſs me around,
On me thou lay'ſt thine hand.
Knowledge too wonderful for me,
Too high for me to reach!

v. 7.

O whither ſhall I take my way,
Thy Spirit to avoid?
And whither ſhall I take my flight,
Thy preſence not to find?

v. 8.

If up to heav'n I ſhould aſcend,
There thou haſt thine abode;

Or

Or if I make my bed in hell,
Behold, ſtill thou art there.

v. 9, 10.

If I ſhould take the morning's wings,
And dwell in utmoſt ſeas;
There by thy hand I ſhall be led,
And held by thy right hand.

v. 11.

If I ſhould ſay, aſſuredly
Darkneſs ſhall cover me;
Even the night, with piercing rays,
Shall round about me ſhine.

v. 12.

Yea, darkneſs hideth not from thee;
But night ſhines as the day;
Thick darkneſs, and the cleareſt light
Are both alike to thee.

v. 13.

For, lo, thou haſt poſſeſs'd my reins,
And thou haſt cover'd me,
When I in ſecret was enclos'd
Within my mother's womb.

v. 14.

I'll praiſe thee; for I'm fearfully
And wonderfully made:
And, that thy works are marvellous,
My ſoul is well aſſur'd.

v. 15.

My ſubſtance was not hid from thee,
When 'twas in ſecret made:
When I was curiouſly wrought,
As in the loweſt earth.

v. 16.

Thine eyes my unform'd ſubſtance view'd,
Thy book nam'd ev'ry part,

The days in which they ſhould be form'd,
E'er any of them were.

v. 17.

How precious alſo are thy thougths,
Thy thoughts to me, O God!
O how their number is increas'd,
Amazing is their ſum!

v. 18.

If I would count them, they exceed
The number of the ſands:
And whenſoever I awake
Lo, I am ſtill with thee.

v. 19, 20.

O God, thou wilt the wicked ſlay:
Hence then ye men of blood.
For thee they wickedly revile,
Thy foes prophane thy name.

v. 21.

Do I not hate all them, O LORD,
That hatred bear to thee?
Am not I ſorely griev'd with thoſe,
Againſt thee who ariſe?

v. 22, 23.

To them I perfect hatred bear,
Count them mine enemies.
Search me, O God, and know my heart,
Try me, and know my thoughts:

v. 24.

And ſee if any wicked way
There be in me unknown,
And in the everlaſting way
Be thou my conſtant guide.

PSALM CXL. Common Metre.

To the chief Muſician, a Pſalm of David.

v. 1, 2.

SAVE me, O LORD, from evil men,
From men of violence:
Who miſchief in their hearts deviſe;
Daily prepar'd for war.

v. 3.

Sharp as a ſerpent's pointed ſting
They wet their ſland'rous tongues,
And under their invenom'd lips
The adders poiſon lies.

v. 4.

Preſerve me, LORD, from wicked hands,
And from the furious man;
From him, who purpos'd in his heart
To overthrow my ways.

v. 5.

The proud have hid a ſnare for me,
Their cords they have conceal'd;
By the way ſide they ſpread a net,
For me they ſet their gins.

v. 6.

But I unto JEHOVAH ſaid,
Thou only are art my God:
LORD, to the voice of my requeſt
Give an attentive ear.

v. 7.

O GOD the Lord, thou haſt the ſtrength
Of my ſalvation been,
And in the day of battle thou
Haſt cover'd ſafe my head.

v. 8.

O do not thou, JEHOVAH, grant
The wicked man's deſire,

And

And further not his vile device,
Leſt they exalt themſelves.

v. 9.

As for the head, the chief of thoſe,
That compaſs me about,
Let all the miſchief of their lips
Upon themſelves be pour'd.

v. 10.

Let burning coals upon them fall,
Caſt them into the fire,
Into deep pits let them be thrown,
That they may riſe no more.

v. 11.

Let not a man of evil tongue
Be 'ſtabliſh'd in the earth:
Evil ſhall hunt the furious man,
'Till he be overthrown.

v. 12.

I know, the LORD will plead the cauſe
Of him that is diſtreſs'd;
He alſo will maintain the right
Of the afflicted poor.

v. 13.

The righteous ſurely ſhall give thanks
Unto thy holy name;
And they that are of upright heart
Shall in thy preſence dwell.

PSALM CXLI. Common Metre.

A Pſalm of David.

v. 1.

To thee, O Lord, I ſend my cry,
Make haſte to my relief:
Bow down thine ear unto my voice,
When unto thee I call.

v. 2.

As incenſe let my fervent pray'r
Aſcend before thy face,
The ſolemn lifting up my hands,
As th' ev'ning ſacrifice.

v. 3.

LORD, ſet a watch before my mouth,
And ſtrictly guard my lips:
Let me not have my heart inclin'd,
To any evil thing.

v. 4.

Let me not join in ſin with them,
That work iniquity:
Nor let me on the danties feed,
Which are by them prepar'd.

v. 5.

Let me be ſmitten by the juſt,
It ſhall a kindneſs prove;
And let him give me his reproof,
It ſhall be precious oil;

v. 5.

'Tis oil, it ſhall not break my head:
And I will yet go on
To offer up my pray'r for them,
In their calamities.

v. 6.

Their judges ſhall be overthrown
In rough and ſtony ways:
Then to my words, for they are ſweet,
Shall they incline their ear.

v. 7.

As when one cuts and cleaveth wood,
And on the earth it lies,
So do our bones unbury'd lye,
Scatter'd around the grave.

v. 8.

But unto thee, O GOD the Lord,
Mine eyes are lifted up:
O leave not deſtitute my ſoul;
In thee is all my truſt.

v. 9, 10.

Keep me from ſnares, they laid for me,
From gins of wicked men.
In their own net let ſinners fall,
Whilſt I eſcape ſecure.

PSALM CXLII. Common Metre.

Maſchil of David, *a Prayer when he was in the Cave.*

v. 1.

I to JEHOVAH with my voice
ſent up my fervent cry:
I with my voice unto the LORD
My ſupplication made.

v. 2, 3.

To him I pour'd out my complaint,
I ſhew'd him my diſtreſs.
Within me when my ſpirit fail'd,
Then did'ſt thou know my path.

v. 3, 4.

They in my way laid ſecret ſnares:
I look'd around, and ſaw;
None took my part, my refuge fail'd,
None cared for my ſoul.

v. 5.

I cry'd to thee, O LORD, I ſaid,
To thee alone I fly;
Thou art the portion of my ſoul,
While in the land I live.

Attend

v. 6.

Attend unto my fervent cry;
For I'm brought very low:
Me from my perſecutors ſave,
Who are too ſtrong for me.

v. 7.

Out of the priſon bring my ſoul,
That I may praiſe thy name:
The juſt ſhall compaſs me about;
For thou ſhalt favour me.

PSALM CXLIII. Common Metre.
A Pſalm of David.

v. 1.

GIVE ear unto my prayer, O LORD,
My ſupplications hear:
Give me an anſwer in thy truth,
And in thy righteouſneſs.

v. 2.

And into judgment enter not
With me thy ſervant, Lord;
For no man, living, in thy ſight,
Shall e'er be juſtify'd.

v. 3.

For th' enemy purſu'd my ſoul,
Smote down my life to th' earth:
In darkneſs he hath made me dwell,
Forgotten as the dead.

v. 4.

Therefore my ſpirit, thro' diſtreſs,
In me is overwhelm'd,
My very heart in me is fill'd
With anguiſh and ſurprize.

v. 5.

I call to mind the days of old,
On all thy works I muſe:

I medi-

I meditate upon the work,
Thy mighty hands have wrought.

v. 6.

To thee do I ſtretch forth my hands,
To thee I make my prayer:
My longing ſoul thirſts after thee,
As thirſty land for rain.

v. 7.

LORD, hear with ſpeed, my ſpirit fails:
Hide not thy face from me;
Leſt I ſhould ſoon become like them,
That to the pit deſcend.

v. 8.

Thy loving-kindneſs, in the morn,
Cauſe me with joy to hear;
Thou art my truſt; make me to know
The way that I ſhould walk.

v. 8, 9.

For I lift up my ſoul to thee:
Deliver me, O LORD,
And ſave me from mine enemies;
Thou art my hiding place.

v. 10.

Inſtruct thou me to do thy will;
Becauſe thou art my God:
Let thy good ſpirit lead me on
Into the upright land.

v. 11.

O, for the glory of thy name,
JEHOVAH, quicken me:
According to thy righteouſneſs
My ſoul from trouble free.

v. 12.

And, by thy tender mercy mov'd,
Cut off mine enemies;

Them

Them that afflict my ſoul deſtroy;
For I thy ſervant am.

PSALM CXLIV. Long Metre.

A Pſalm of David.

v. 1.

BLESSED, O bleſſed be the LORD,
Who is my everlaſting rock;
'Tis he inſtructs my hands to war,
Teaches my fingers in the fight.

v. 2.

My goodneſs, and my ſtrong reſort,
My high tow'r, my deliverer,
My ſhield, and he in whom I truſt:
For me my people he ſubdues.

v. 3.

JEHOVAH, what is earthly man,
That thou of him ſhould'ſt knowledge take!
Or what the ſon of wretched man,
That thou ſhould'ſt make account of him!

v. 4, 5.

Frail man is like to vanity,
His days like ſhadows flee away.
LORD, bow thy heavens, and come down,
The mountains touch, and they ſhall ſmoke.

v. 6.

Diſcharge thy dreadful light'nings round,
Mine enemies ſhall be diſpers'd;
And ſhoot thy pointed arrows forth,
And to deſtruction bring them down.

v. 7, 8.

Stretch forth thine hand, and reſcue me
From waters great, from ſtrangers hands;
Whoſe mouth ſpeaks lying vanity,
Their right hand is with falſhood fill'd.

Upon

v. 9.

Upon the pſaltr'y will I ſing
A new ſong unto thee, O God;
And on a ten ſtring'd inſtrument
Will I ſing praiſes to thy name.

v. 10.

For it is he alone, who gives
Safety, and viſtory to kings:
Who to his ſervant *David* ſends
Deliv'rance from the hurtful ſword.

v. 11.

O reſcue, and deliver me
Out of the hand of ſtranger's ſons;
Whoſe mouth ſpeaks lying vanity,
Their right hand is with falſhood fill'd.

v. 12.

That ſo our ſons may be like plants,
Grown up to greatneſs in their youth;
Our daughters be as corner ſtones,
Poliſh'd, and like a palace carv'd.

v. 13.

And that our garners may be full,
Affording us all kind of ſtores;
Our fruitful flocks may thouſands bear,
And tens of thouſands in our ſtreets.

v. 14.

And that our oxen may be ſtrong,
Fitted for their laborious work:
No breaking in, nor going out,
And no complaining in our ſtreets.

v. 15.

O happy muſt that people be,
That are in ſuch a proſp'rous ſtate:
Yea, greatly is that people bleſt,
Who have JEHOVAH for their God.

PSALM CXLV. Common Metre.

David's *Pſalm of Praiſe.*

v. 1, 2.

MY God, O KING, I'll thee extol,
And ever bleſs thy name:
Yea, I will bleſs thee ev'ry day;
Thy name I'll ever praiſe.

v. 3, 4.

Great is the LORD, much to be prais'd;
His goodneſs none can ſearch:
Age unto age ſhall praiſe thy works,
And ſhew thy mighty acts.

v. 5, 6.

Thy glorious honour, majeſty,
And wond'rous works, I'll ſpeak:
They'll tell thy mighty dreadful acts:
Thy greatneſs I'll declare.

v. 7.

The mem'ry of thy goodneſs great
They largely ſhall relate,
And celebrate thy righteouſneſs
In loud triumphant ſongs.

v. 8.

JEHOVAH in his grace abounds;
He's with compaſſion fill'd;
In mercy he is very rich;
But is to anger ſlow.

v. 9, 10.

He's good to all; o'er all his works
His tender mercies are.
Thee all thy works ſhall praiſe, O LORD,
And thee thy ſaints ſhall bleſs.

v. 11, 12.

They ſhall thy kingdom's glory tell,
And of thy pow'r ſhall talk:

To ſhew men's ſons his mighty acts,
His kingdom's glorious ſtate.

v. 13, 14.

Thy kingdom doth for ever laſt,
Thy throne thro' ev'ry age.
The LORD upholds all them that fall,
And raiſes all bow'd down.

v. 15, 16.

The eyes of all ſeek food from thee,
Which thou in ſeaſon giv'ſt:
Thine open hand fills the deſire
Of ev'ry living thing.

v. 17, 18.

The LORD is juſt in all his ways,
Holy in all his works.
The LORD is nigh to all that call,
That call on him in truth.

v. 19.

He will accompliſh the deſire
Of them that fear his name:
He alſo will regard their cry,
And will their ſaviour be.

v. 20.

JEHOVAH doth in ſafety keep
All them that love his name:
But all that work iniquity
He'll utterly deſtroy.

v. 21.

My thankful mouth continually
Shall ſpeak JEHOVAH's praiſe:
Let all fleſh bleſs his holy name,
Henceforth for ever more.

PSALM CXLV. Long Metre.

David's *Pſalm of Praiſe.*

v. 1, 2.

I'LL thee extol, my God, O KING,
For ever will I bleſs thy name:
Yea, I will bleſs thee ev'ry day;
And praiſe thy name for ever more.

v. 3, 4.

Great is the LORD, much to be prais'd:
His greatneſs none can comprehend.
Age unto age ſhall praiſe thy works,
And ſhall thy mighty acts declare.

v. 5, 6.

Thy glorious honour, majeſty,
And wond'rous works, will I relate.
Men of thy dreadful works ſhall ſpeak:
And I thy greatneſs will declare.

v. 7.

They ſhall abundantly rehearſe
The mem'ry of thy goodneſs great,
And in triumphant ſongs of joy
Shall celebrate thy righteouſneſs.

v. 8, 9.

The LORD's compaſſionate and kind;
To anger ſlow, in mercy rich:
He's good to all; o'er all his works
His free, his tender mercies are.

v. 10, 11.

Thy works ſhall all ſhew forth thy praiſe;
And thee, O LORD, thy ſaints ſhall bleſs:
Thy kingdom's glory they ſhall tell;
They of thy mighty pow'r ſhall ſpeak.

v. 12, 13.

To ſhew men's ſons his mighty acts,
His kingdom's glorious majeſty.

Thy kingdom ſhall for ever ſtand,
Thy ſov'reign rule thro' ev'ry age.

v. 14, 15.

The LORD upholds all them that fall,
And raiſeth all that are bow'd down.
The eyes of all attend on thee,
In ſeaſon thou giv'ſt them their food.

v. 16, 17.

Thou do'ſt with open hand ſupply
The wants of ev'ry living thing.
The LORD is juſt in all his ways,
Holy is he in all his works.

v. 18, 19.

The LORD is nigh to all that call,
To all that call on him in truth:
He will accompliſh the deſire
Of them that reverence his name.

v. 19, 20.

He alſo will regard their cry,
And will to them ſalvation bring:
All that love him, the LORD preſerves;
But all the wicked he'll deſtroy.

v. 21.

My thankful mouth ſhall never ceaſe
To celebrate JEHOVAH's praiſe:
Let all fleſh bleſs his holy name
For ever and for evermore.

PSALM CXLVI. Long Metre.

v. 1, 2.

PRAISE ye the LORD: praiſe him my ſoul.
I, while I live, will praiſe the LORD;
I will ſing praiſes to my God
As long as I a being have.

Truſt

v. 3, 4.

Truſt not in kings, nor ſons of men,
In whom is no ſalvation found:
He breathleſs to the earth returns;
His thoughts all periſh in that day.

v. 5, 6.

Bleſt man! whoſe aid is *Jacob*'s God,
Whoſe hope is in the LORD his God:
Who heav'n, earth, ſeas, and all things made:
Who keeps his truth for evermore.

v. 7.

Who, for the ſouls that are oppreſs'd,
Doth righteous judgment execute:
Who giveth to the hungry food:
JEHOVAH ſets the pris'ners free.

v. 8, 9.

Sight to the blind JEHOVAH gives:
The LORD lifts up the bowed down:
JEHOVAH doth the righteous love:
The ſtranger too the LORD preſerves:

v. 9, 10.

Orphans, and widows he relieves;
But overthrows the ſinner's way.
The LORD thy God, O *Zion*, reigns
Thro' ev'ry age. Praiſe ye the LORD.

PSALM CXLVII. Common Metre.

v. 1.

PRAISE ye the LORD; for it is good
Praiſe to our God to ſing;
Becauſe great pleaſure it affords,
And comely is his praiſe.

v. 2, 3.

The LORD builds up *Jeruſalem*,
Brings *Iſr'el*'s outcaſts home.

Them that are broke in heart he heals,
And bindeth up their wounds.

v. 4, 5.

He tells the number of the ſtars,
He calls them all by name.
Great is our Lord, and great his pow'r;
His wiſdom's infinite.

v. 6, 7.

JEHOVAH lifteth up the meek:
He caſts the wicked down.
Sing with thankſgiving to the LORD,
With harps praiſe ye our God:

v. 8.

Who overſpreads the heav'n with clouds,
For th' earth preparing rain:
He makes the tender graſs to grow
Upon the higheſt hills.

v. 9, 10.

He feeds young ravens, when they cry:
He gives the beaſt his food.
In horſe's ſtrength he don't delight,
Nor in the legs of man.

v. 11.

But in all ſuch as fear his name
JEHOVAH takes delight:
He takes great pleaſure in all thoſe,
That in his mercy hope.

v. 12, 13.

O praiſe the LORD, *Jeruſalem*:
O *Zion*, praiſe thy God.
Thy gates, thy bars, he hath made ſtrong:
Thy ſons within thee bleſt.

v. 14, 15.

He peace within thy borders makes,
Fills thee with fineſt wheat.

On earth he ſends forth his command,
His word moſt ſwiftly runs.

v. 16, 17.

The hoar froſt he like aſhes ſpreads:
He giveth ſnow like wool:
Like morſels he caſts forth his ice:
Who can withſtand his cold?

v. 18.

He ſendeth forth his ſov'reign word,
And makes them to diſſolve:
He makes his warmer wind to blow,
The waters flow again.

v. 19.

Unto his ſervant *Jacob*'s ſeed
He manifeſts his word;
His ſtatutes, and his judgments juſt
He makes to *Iſr'el* known.

v. 20.

He hath not in like manner dealt
With any other land;
Neither have they his judgments known.
Praiſe ye, praiſe ye the LORD.

PSALM CXLVIII. Proper Tune.

v. 1, 2, 3.

FROM heav'n praiſe ye the LORD,
And praiſe him in the heights.
Him let all angels praiſe:
Praiſe him all ye his hoſts.
O give him praiſe
Ye ſun and moon:
Give praiſe to him
All ſtars of light.

v. 4, 5, 6.

Praiſe him ye heav'ns of heav'ns,
Ye waters o'er the heav'ns;
Let them the LORD's name praiſe:
He ſpake, and they were made,
He 'ſtabliſh'd them
For evermore,
And his decree
Shall never paſs.

v. 7, 8, 9.

From th' earth praiſe ye the LORD,
Ye dragons, and all deeps:
Fire, vapours, hail and ſnow,
And ye tempeſtuous winds,
Which do his will.
Mountains and hills,
Ye fruitful trees,
And cedars all.

v. 10, 11, 12, 13.

All cattle, ev'ry beaſt,
Things creeping, flying fowl:
Kings of the earth, and peers,
People of all degrees:
Judges on earth,
Young men, and maids;
Old men, and babes,
Praiſe ye the LORD.

v. 13.

Let all unite to praiſe
The great JEHOVAH's name,
Becauſe his name alone
Is truly excellent;
His glo y is
Exalted high,

Above

Above the earth,
Above the heav'n.

v. 14.

He alſo will exalt
His choſen people's horn;
The praiſe of all his ſaints,
Even of *Iſrael*'s ſeed;
A people near
Unto himſelf.
Aſcribe ye praiſe
Unto the LORD.

PSALM CXLVIII. Long Metre.

v. 1, 2.

PRAISE ye the LORD, JEHOVAH praiſe
From th' heavens; praiſe him in the heights.
All ye his angels give him praiſe:
Give praiſe to him all ye his hoſts.

v. 3, 4.

Shew forth his praiſe, ye ſun and moon,
And praiſe him all ye ſtars of light.
Ye heav'ns of heav'ns his praiſe advance,
And waters, that are o'er the heav'ns.

v. 5, 6.

O let them praiſe JEHOVAH's name;
For he commanded, they were made:
For ever he eſtabliſh'd them;
Made a decree, that ſhall not paſs.

v. 7, 8.

Praiſe ye JEHOVAH from the earth,
Ye dragons, and all mighty deeps:
Fire, hail, ſnow, vapour, ſtormy winds,
All which his ſov'reign word fulfil.

v. 9, 10.

Ye lofty mountains, ev'ry hill,
All cedars, and ye fruitful trees:

Wild

Wild beasts, all cattle, flocks and herds,
All creeping things, and flying fowl:

v. 11, 12.

Kings of the earth, men of all ranks,
Princes, all judges of the earth:
And in his praise, young men and maids,
And hoary heads, and children join.

v. 13.

Let them JEHOVAH's name extol;
His name alone is excellent:
His glory highly is advanc'd
Above the earth, above the heav'ns.

v. 14.

And he exalts his peoples horn,
The praise of all his gracious saints;
Of *Israel*'s posterity,
A people near him. Praise the LORD.

PSALM CXLIX. Common Metre.

v. 1.

PRAISE ye the LORD. With a new song
Sing to JEHOVAH's name;
In the assembly of his saints
His praises celebrate.

v. 2.

In him, that hath created him,
Let *Israel* rejoice:
Let *Sion*'s children all be glad,
And joyful in their King.

v. 3.

Let them give praises to his name
With the melodious flute:
And let them celebrate his praise
With timbrels and with harps.

For

v. 4.

For in the people of his choice
JEHOVAH takes delight:
With garments of ſalvation he
Will beautify the meek.

v. 5, 6.

In glory let the ſaints rejoice,
And ſhout upon their beds:
Let God's high praiſes fill their mouth,
A two edg'd ſword their hand.

v. 7, 8.

Vengeance to take on heathen lands,
The nations to chaſtiſe:
Their nobles and their kings to bind
In fetters, and in chains.

v. 9.

Juſtly to execute on them
The judgment on record:
This honour all his ſaints ſhall have.
Give praiſes to the LORD.

PSALM CL. Common Metre.

v. 1.

PRAISE ye the LORD. Sing praiſe to God
Within his holy place:
And praiſe him in the firmament,
Which his great pow'r diſplays.

v. 2.

Becauſe of all his mighty acts
His glorious praiſe proclaim:
According to his excellence,
And greatneſs, ſhew his praiſe.

v. 3, 4.

Praiſe him with pſal'try, and with harp,
Praiſe him with trumpet's ſound:

With

With timbrels, with ſtring'd inſtruments,
With organs, and with flutes.

v. 5, 6.

Loud cymbals in his praiſe employ,
Cymbals of lofty ſound.
Let all, that breath, JEHOVAH praiſe.
Praiſe ye, praiſe ye the LORD.

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ISAIAH XII. In Common Metre.

A joyful Thankſgiving of the Church to God, for his Mercies.

v. 1.

O LORD, I will thy praiſes ſing;
For tho' thou waſt diſpleas'd,
Thine anger now is turn'd away,
And thou doſt comfort me.

v. 2.

Lo, God to me ſalvation is,
I'll truſt, and will not fear;
The LORD JEHOVAH is my ſtrength,
My Saviour and my ſong.

v. 3, 4.

And therefore ye ſhall waters draw
With gladneſs from the wells,
From whence ſalvation ever ſprings.
Praiſe GOD, call on his name:

v. 4, 5.

Among the people ſhew his deeds,
Declare, his name is great:
Sing to the LORD, for he hath done
Great things; known thro' the earth.

v. 6.

O thou that doſt in *Zion* dwell,
Cry out, and ſhout aloud;
For in the mid'ſt of thee is great
Iſr'el's moſt holy one.

Isaiah XII, in Long Metre.

v. 1.

O Lord, I will thy praiſes ſing;
For tho' thou waſt diſpleas'd with me,
Thine anger now is turn'd away;
Thy comforts have refreſh'd my ſoul.

v. 2.

Lo, God to me ſalvation is,
In him I'll truſt, and will not fear:
The Lord Jehovah is my ſtrength,
He's my ſalvation, and my ſong.

v. 3, 4.

Therefore with gladneſs ſhall ye draw
Waters from inexauſted wells,
From whence ſalvation ever ſprings.
Praiſe ye the Lord, proclaim his name:

v. 4, 5.

Among the people ſhew his deeds;
Say, that exalted is his name:
Sing to the Lord, for he hath done
Moſt glorious things; known thro' the earth.

v. 6.

With joyful acclamations ſhout,
O thou that dwell'ſt in *Zion*'s mount;
For in the mid'ſt of thee is great
The holy one of *Iſrael*.

Angels Song, Luke ii. v. 19. Common Metre.

To God that dwells in higheſt heav'ns
All glory be aſcrib'd;
On earth be peace, and free good-will
Towards the ſons of men.

The

The ſame, Short Metre.

To God in higheſt heav'ns
All glory be aſcrib'd;
On earth be peace, and free good-will
Towards the ſons of men.

Rev. v. v. 9. Long Metre.

Worthy art thou to take the book,
Worthy to open all its ſeals;
For thou waſt ſlain, and by thy blood
Thou haſt redeem'd us to our God:

Haſt bought us out of ev'ry land,
From ev'ry kindred, people, tongue;
Haſt made us kings and prieſts to God,
And we ſhall reign upon the earth.

The ſame, Common Metre.

Worthy art thou to take the book,
And open all its ſeals;
For thou waſt ſlain, and by thy blood
Haſt us to God redeem'd:

Haſt bought us out of ev'ry land,
All people, ev'ry tongue;
To our God made us kings and prieſts,
And we on earth ſhall reign.

Rev. v. v. 13. Long Metre.

To him that ſits upon the throne,
And to the Lamb that hath been ſlain,
Be bleſſing, honour, glory, pow'r,
To all eternity. Amen.

The ſame, Common Metre.

To him that ſits upon the throne,
And to the Lamb, aſcribe
All bleſſing, honour, glory, pow'r,
For evermore. Amen.

The ſame, Short Metre.

To him that ſits enthron'd,
And to the Lamb, aſcribe
All bleſſing, honour, glory, pow'r,
For evermore. Amen.